

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA



With Thrilling Adventures ^{OF THE}
FAMOUS ROOSEVELT
EXPEDITION

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DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH FEROCIOUS BEASTS.

HUNTING BIG GAME

IN THE

WILDS OF AFRICA

CONTAINING

THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF THE

FAMOUS ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION

In Search of Lions, Rhinoceri, Elephants, Hippopotami and other
Ferocious Beasts of the Jungle and Plain

INCLUDING

JOURNEYS IN UNKNOWN LANDS, MIRACULOUS ESCAPES, CURIOUS
CUSTOMS OF SAVAGE RACES, AND MARVELOUS DIS-
COVERIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT

TOGETHER WITH

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, FERTILE VAL-
LEYS, VAST FORESTS, MIGHTY RIVERS AND CATARACTS,
INLAND SEAS, MINES OF UNTOLD WEALTH, Etc., Etc.

THE WHOLE COMPRISING A

**Vast Treasury of all that is Marvelous and Wonderful
in Darkest Africa**

By J. MARTIN MILLER, the Celebrated Author and Traveler

Embellished with a Great Number of Striking Pictures of Fero-
cious Beasts and Scenes in the African Wilderness.

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INTRODUCTION.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is not only a great Statesman, but he is also the most Renowned Hunter in the World. His Famous Voyage, beginning at New York, March 23, 1909—nineteen days after he had turned the reins of Government over to his successor—took him directly into the Jungles of Africa, inhabited by the wildest of wild beasts and wild men.

When it was announced that our distinguished Ex-President was to undertake this expedition, he was pronounced by college professors and others, through the press of the United States and Europe, as foolhardy in contemplating such a hazardous trip. From one end of the country to the other the newspapers printed accounts of the dangers he would encounter, and it was widely predicted that Theodore Roosevelt could never return alive.

Members of his family, including his old nurse who cared for him when a child, admonished him of the dangers of his undertaking. With Mrs. Roosevelt he called at the home of his governess at her Grammercy Park home to say good bye. The old woman, with tears in her eyes, kissed him good bye and cautioned him to be careful.

"I have read in the papers," said she, "such awful things; that you will surely catch an incurable fever, of the 'sleeping sickness;' that a deadly reptile will bite you; that an African insect will sting you to death; that the savage men will massacre you; that the treacherous leopard will spring upon you without warning; that the ferocious lion will surely get you, and Oh!" To this the undisturbed man of iron merely smiled and bid the constant companion of his childhood days an affectionate farewell.

The Hamburg-American Line had made special preparations in fitting up the same suite of rooms on the steamship Hamburg that the Kaiser had occupied on his famous Mediterranean voyage.

As the ship steamed from her docks at Hoboken a distinguished party, close friends of the Ex-President, crowded the steamer, many of them following her to Sandy Hook in chartered boats in paying their respects to the man who had ruled over the destinies of this nation for seven years.

Daily bulletins from the steamer, en route to Naples with its distinguished passenger and his son Kermit, were chronicled in newspapers throughout the world. Other steamships plying the ocean received marconigrams daily telling the passengers about the progress of the voyage. At Gibraltar, the little British possession at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, a cordial reception was tendered to Col. Roosevelt.

While the former President insisted that he was traveling in strict *incognito* and surely not in any sense as a public man, probably the most elaborate and royal reception was tendered him upon his arrival at Naples that has ever been given any public dignitary or private individual at that port.

During his stay in Italy Col. Roosevelt visited the site of Messina destroyed by earthquake, fire and tidal wave on December 28, 1908, when 200,000 people lost their lives. Through the Ex-President the thanks of the people of Italy were extended, flashed by the electric-wires encircling the globe to the remotest corners of the earth, for the generosity of the United States government in so promptly sending substantial aid.

In the Tropics the Animal World is full of wonders, and very fascinating. Birds and Insects with colors rivalling the hues of the rainbow; graceful Fishes flashing through the water; Animals ponderous as the Elephant, others nimble as the Squirrel and others coated with furs of finest texture and richest beauty—what an assemblage is here presented of the marvels of the Tropics.

The work describes the Four-Handed Animals which bear the closest resemblance to men; Apes, including the huge Gorilla, Baboons, and Monkeys whose mischievous pranks amuse both old and young. The reader passes from one captivating sight to another and is entranced at every step. He visits the monsters in their native jungles. In the trees above him, Birds of Paradise and

kindred Beauties display their charms. Giraffes dash across the plains; Zebras frolic; Lions and Leopards prowl through their accustomed haunts; and Camels, "the Ships of the Desert," speed away over the sandy wastes.

The monstrous Hippopotamus rolls sluggishly through the water. That oddity of the Animal World, the Kangaroo, with the young in its pouch, leaps through the thicket. Horned Animals of every variety and singular beauty, discovered by famous explorers, are depicted and give absorbing interest to the pages of this work.

Rhinoceroses tax all the skill of the hunter to capture them, presenting a hide so thick and tough as to defy an ordinary bullet to penetrate it. This and other thick-skinned animals are little less than monstrosities, while at the other extreme we have such attractive creatures as the Arabian Horse, and the Guereza with its silver mantle.

Bears are animals much more pleasant to read about than to meet. Found in almost every quarter of the globe, they furnish material for hunters' thrilling tales of conflicts and hair-breadth escapes. The Bear tribe, the Goat family, these are all pictured as the naturalist and explorer find them. This work is delightfully entertaining. It is more: it is very instructive; it is an educator for all readers.

Elephants display an intelligence that surprises everybody. Swiftmess, grace and beauty belong to the Deer and Gazelle. Creatures that fly, others that burrow; others that crawl—in short, the peculiar characteristics of all the Animal tribes are fully described, accompanied with incidents and anecdotes that enrich and make attractive every page of this superb volume.

The feathered tribes discourse such music as makes our orchestras commonplace. Their nests rival the architecture of man. The colors of these charming creatures of the air eclipse the splendors of fashion. Some of them are grotesque in looks and habits, but are all portrayed in a manner that delights the reader.

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ANIMALS. REPTILES AND FISH OF THE TROPICS.



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT



ROOSEVELT AS A HUNTER WHEN A YOUNG MAN



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT WRITING HIS LAST MESSAGE IN HIS OFFICE,
AT THE WHITE HOUSE



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COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT LEADING A CHARGE OF THE
ROUGH RIDERS



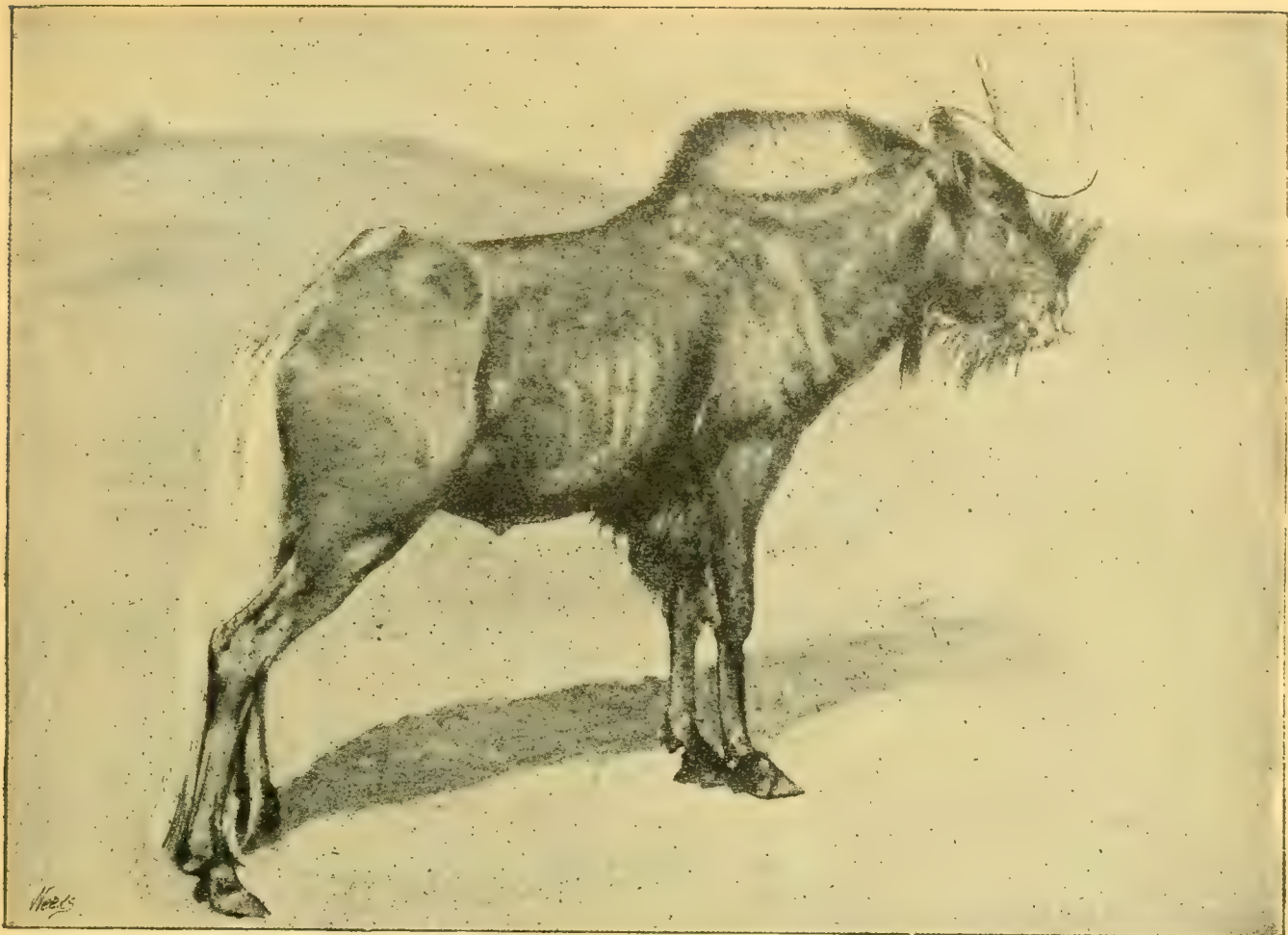
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS OR RIVER HORSE
COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED SEVERAL OF THESE MONSTERS



SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICHES



A MONKEY CHASE



THE WHITE-TAILED GNU



BRUSH-TAILED PORCUPINE



THE FAMOUS ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION
VIEWS SHOWING PART OF THE OUTFIT TAKEN BY COL. ROOSEVELT ON
HIS TRIP THROUGH THE WILDS OF AFRICA



THE SECRETARY BIRD

AN INHABITANT OF AFRICA AND IS INVALUABLE IN DESTROYING SNAKES



THE VULTURE

A SCAVENGER THAT IS FOUND IN VARIOUS PARTS OF AFRICA



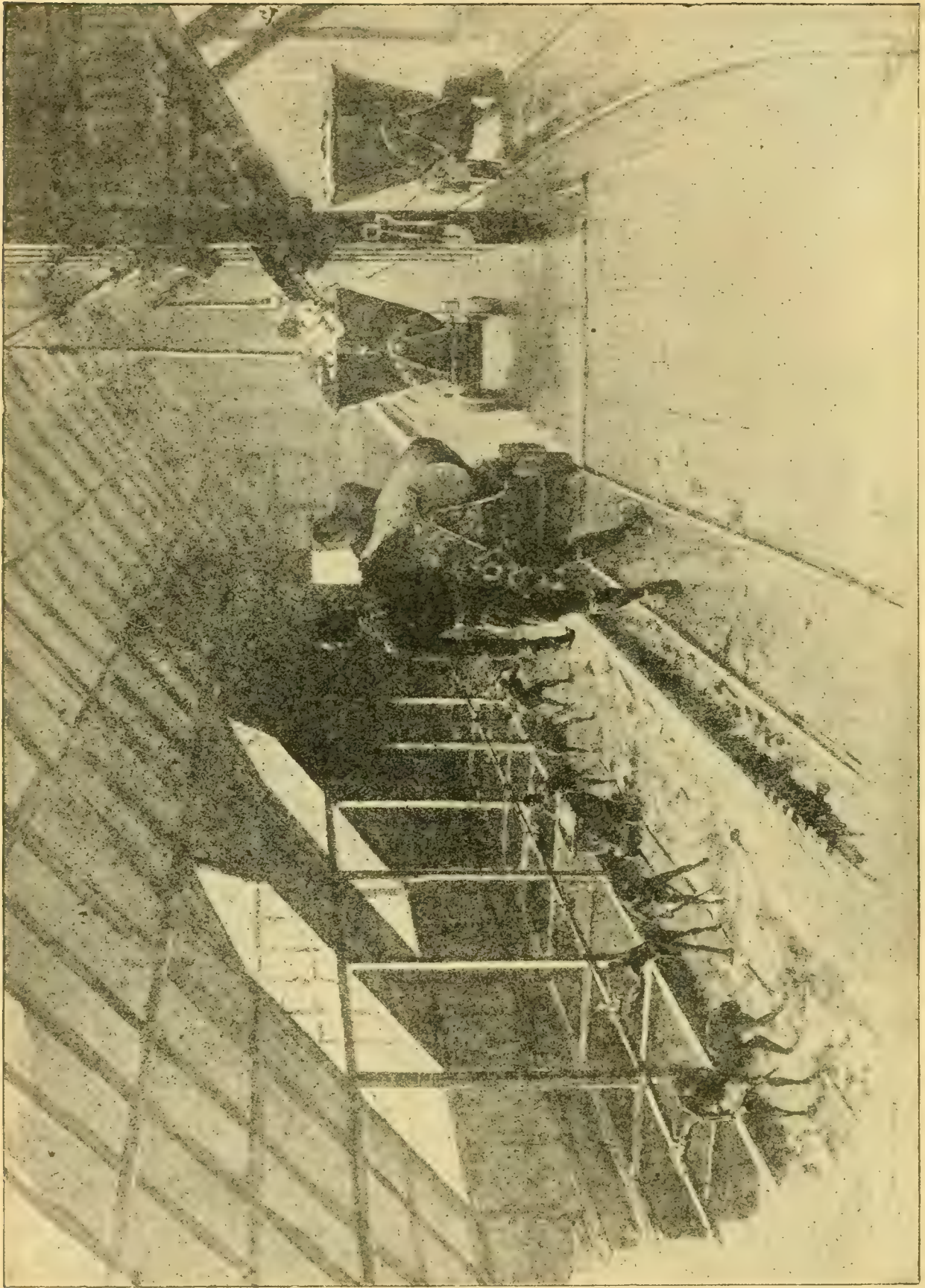
EXPLORING PARTY ON THE MARCH-SCENE IN AFRICA



CROCODILES ABUNDANT IN THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF TROPICAL AFRICA

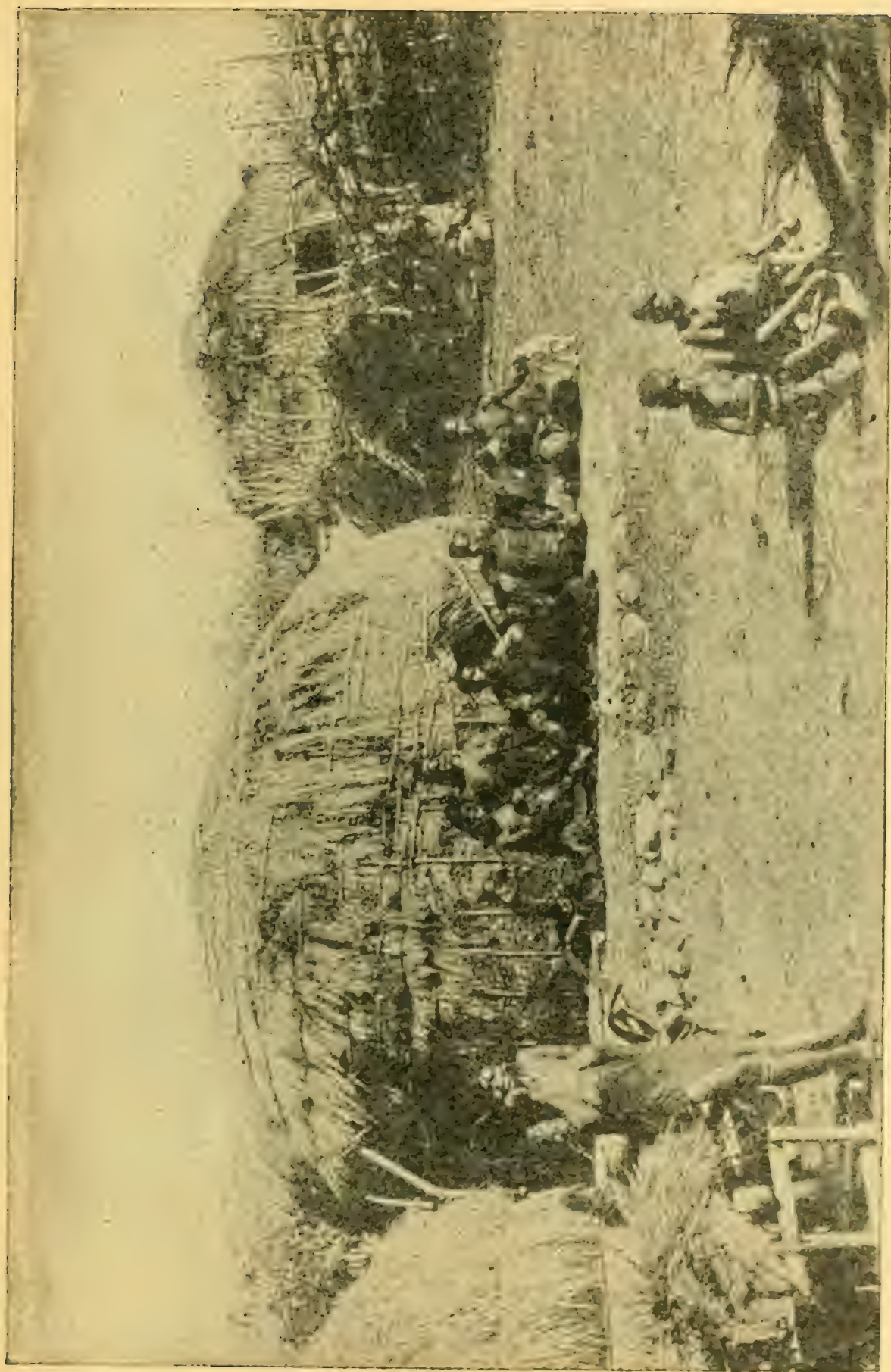


A MADDENED RHINOCEROS CAME WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF COL. ROOSEVELT IN ITS WILD CHARGE.
A SINGLE SHOT AND THIS DREADED BEAST OF THE JUNGLE WAS KILLED.



JOHANNESBURG MINE—TRANSVAAL

SORTING HOUSE WHERE THE QUARTZ AND WASTE ROCK ARE SEPARATED



KAFFIR KRAALS, SHOWING CHILDREN IN THE FOREGROUND

HOMES OF THE DIFFERENT SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBES ARE BUILT IN BETTLEMENTS AND CONSIST OF A FRAME-WORK WHICH IS THATCHED, THERE ARE NO DOORS OR WINDOWS EXCEPT ONE SMALL OPENING. A FAMILY OF TWENTY OR MORE WILL OCCUPY ONE KRAAL



COL. ROOSEVELT AND HIS LIVING QUARTERS WHILE
IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I.

THOUSANDS CHEER FORMER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DEPARTURE FOR AFRICA—EVERY SHIP, FERRY BOAT AND TUG JOINED IN THE DEMONSTRATION SHRILLY WITH THEIR WHISTLES—THE TWO FORTS GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK HARBOR FIRED THE EX-PRESIDENT'S SALUTE—PRESIDENT TAFT SENDS FAREWELL BY HIS MILITARY AIDE—COL. ROOSEVELT REPLIES CHARACTERISTICALLY BY TELEGRAPH—HIGH OFFICIALS AND DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS PAY THEIR RESPECT AND AT THE SHIP SAY: "BON VOYAGE ET AU REVOIR."

MARCH 4, 1909, was the most disagreeable Inauguration Day ever witnessed at Washington. The terrific storm had blocked trains and leveled telegraphic wires. Thousands of people en route to witness the ceremonies incident to the transfer of the Presidency of the United States from Theodore Roosevelt to William Howard Taft, never reached Washington at all. The storm was so severe in snow, wind and low temperature that the regulation ceremonies outside the capitol building were abandoned entirely.

It was remarked, facetiously of course, that the furious storm was brought about because a strenuous man was relinquishing his hold on the ship of state and that the man who is the greatest personal force in the world, influenced the very elements. Moreover, this king of human strenuosity was soon to match his vigorous, constant action against the king of animal strenuosity in fearlessness, ferocity and endurance, the lion.

On March 23, at 11 A. M., Col. Roosevelt boarded the steamship Hamburg for the first stage of his voyage to Africa.

His departure was one of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed in New York. Not since the time when General Grant began his tour of the world was such a farewell given to a departing citizen; and the old timers who were present when the civil war hero

left the country say the acclaim given him could not compare with that which Theodore Roosevelt received.

There were present men high in politics, finance, and business, officials and former officials, and thousands of people in all walks of life. It was all a grand occasion in which the participants shouted and smiled with tears in their eyes.

Probably nothing could have shown more clearly the deep feel-

ing of affection and respect for Col. Roosevelt than the behavior of the crowds which punctuated the way from his home at Oyster Bay to the dock of this steamship.

Upon the steamer President Taft was represented by his military aid, Capt. Archibald W. Butt, of the quartermaster's department of the army, who brought to the former chief executive a letter from the present occupant of the White House, wishing him "Goodby and the best of luck," the favorite ex-



COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

pression of the retired President, and a gold scale inscribed with the name, "Theodore Roosevelt."

"Give my best wishes to the President," Col. Roosevelt said to Butt. Then he sent the following telegram:

"The President, Washington:—Parting thanks, love and sincerity.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

When the former President finally reached his suite of five rooms (the same once occupied by the Kaiser) which had been reserved for him he found therein Senator Root, who was Secretary of State during his last administration; Senator Lodge of Massachusetts—"Cabot," as Col. Roosevelt calls him; and Mrs. Cowles, the wife of Admiral Cowles of the navy, who is the former President's sister. Then Col. Roosevelt looked out of the door at the mass of humanity gathered before it. He saw Mr. Loeb.

"Come, Loeb; come here," he cried. He grasped Loeb by the hand and gave him a pull which brought him past the two policemen who were guarding the portals of the room. He saw a magazine writer.

"Let the muckraker in," he called with a friendly intonation.

Some one said: "Here are five Rough Riders, Col. Roosevelt, who want to see you."

"Let the Rough Riders pass," he replied.

PROVISION FOR COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

Those who were in the room saw that the steamship company had made provision for the comfort and happiness of Mr. Roosevelt. Upon the walls were portraits of Mrs. Roosevelt and of President Taft, pictures of the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, and other decorations which would appeal especially to the distinguished passenger.

The bugle sounded for all ashore. Ropes were cast off and the Hamburg backed slowly into the river. The crowds upon the pier began to cheer, the whistles of every factory and steamboat in the vicinity shrieked with might and main, and the German band aboard the Hamburg played the Irish tune of "Garry Owen." Col. Roosevelt passed to the port side of the navigating bridge and waved his hat to the crowd.

During the voyage Col. Roosevelt followed the ship's prescribed routine. He took breakfast at 8, luncheon at 1 and dinner at 7 o'clock.

A sensational report was sent in great detail, from Horta, Island of Fayal, Azores, where the steamship called, that an attempt

had been made by a steerage passenger to assassinate the former President. The story was cabled all over the world and printed by the sensational press in elaborate details even to the placing of the would-be-assassin in irons.

Upon reaching Gibraltar Col. Roosevelt, learning that such a story had been sent out, indignantly denied it. After doing this he went to the deck belonging to the third class passengers and shook the hand of each. He expressed himself as feeling that a great injustice had been done the poor people traveling in the steerage and he desired to express to them his sympathy that even one among them had been singled out by a sensational press for such a scandal when there was no reason for it.

At Gibraltar Col. Roosevelt was cordially received by United States Consul Greevy and Vice Consul Nichols as well as by the British Governor.

RECEPTION AT NAPLES.

The reception given Col. Roosevelt upon arrival at Naples was probably the most cordial and elaborate ever given at that city. Thousands had come from all parts of Europe to greet the ex-President. Sojourners in Europe congregated at Naples by the hundreds awaiting his arrival. The preparations for transferring the baggage and hunting outfit of Col. Roosevelt had been arranged by the United States Consul. Ambassador Griscom had come down to Naples from Rome to do honor to our former chief executive of this Nation. Journalists from London, Berlin, Paris and Rome gathered at Naples to write their impressions of the distinguished American. Many of them printed elaborate character sketches of him.

The steamer Admiral left Naples soon after midnight, and, after so strenuous a day, the ex-President was not long in seeking rest. Arising early that morning, Col. Roosevelt was soon out on the deck armed with a pair of marine glasses. The air was balmy and the sunshine brilliant. After the buffeting they had received on the voyage from Gibraltar to Naples the trip through the Strait of Messina and down the coast was like sailing on a lake.

The whole morning was spent on deck, and Col. Roosevelt had a good opportunity to learn much from those of the party who had been through the thrilling experience of the earthquake concerning the tragic details of that disaster. He was particularly interested in the stories told by Signor Trincerì, the prefect of Messina, who, under orders from Premier Giolitti, was to accompany Col. Roosevelt on his inspection of the city. The prefect was wounded in the wreck of his own home.

About 11 o'clock the Admiral passed close to the Lipari Islands, the volcano Stromboli, which the ancients regarded as the seat of Æolus, the god of the winds, standing up hugely against the blue sky. From the cone of the volcano, more than 3,000 feet high, a column of smoke rose majestically and was swept far away in fleecy clouds. The village of Stromboli, all white like a Moorish town, lay low down by the sea.

VISITS WRECK OF CITY.

All that was left of the population of Messina gathered near the landing place to witness the arrival of the distinguished party. As the Admiral approached the shore the ex-President made exactly the same remark as hundreds of others who have visited the ruins and observed them from afar, "There is more standing than I expected."

The Admiral arrived at Messina about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and was saluted by the Re Umberto, with the king on board. Almost immediately Captain Pfeister, the former Italian military attache at Washington and now aid to Admiral Mirabello, was taken to the Admiral in a launch and inquired for Col. Roosevelt. To him he said the king sent his compliments and would have great pleasure in receiving the former President of the United States. Col. Roosevelt's face lit up with a pleasant smile, and, accompanied by his son, Kermit, and Ambassador Griscom, he proceeded at once to the battleship.

The king met the party at the head of the gangway and greeted the ex-President effusively, shaking him warmly by the hand. He did not wish, he said, to allow the opportunity to pass of making the

personal acquaintance of so distinguished a man. Above all, he wanted personally to thank the ex-President for the help extended by America at the time of the earthquake. "You are now able," he added, "to understand better what a terrible disaster it was."

Col. Roosevelt replied, thanking the sovereign for the compliment paid him in inviting him to come aboard the *Re Umberto*. He said that the American people did not wish thanks for what they had done, as they had merely tried to do their duty, and knew no better way to confront the immense need than by their work and contributions.

The conversation then turned to the hunting trip to Africa, the king saying that his tastes also ran in that direction. He mentioned the expedition of the Count of Turin in Africa and expressed the hope that Col. Roosevelt would meet the count there.

HAVE PICTURES TAKEN.

After more than half an hour's conversation the king accompanied his guest ashore, where a photograph was taken of a group consisting of his majesty, the ex-President, Kermit and the American ambassador. At the suggestion of the king Col. Roosevelt snapped a picture of his majesty, Admiral Mirabello, Kermit and Ambassador Griscom.

Before leaving the king saluted Col. Roosevelt, wishing him a happy and successful trip and much good luck in the way of hunting. He asked Col. Roosevelt to promise that he would visit Rome on his return, when the queen would be pleased to make his acquaintance. The king then took his departure, not wishing to accompany the party over the ruins. Col. Roosevelt was charmed with the courtesy of the king, and declared that it was the most interesting half-hour he had spent since he left the United States.

At the close of the interview Col. Roosevelt went ashore and inspected the ruins of the city, the desolation of which moved him strongly. When he saw behind those shells of what once were the walls of splendid palaces he was perfectly aghast, saying that it was impossible to form any idea of the completeness of the disaster without ocular demonstration.

Col. Roosevelt and his party penetrated into the interior of the town, now a desert waste, practically composed of a gigantic rubbish heap, from twenty to thirty feet in height. Great blocks of stone and ancient columns lay scattered among the rubbish, where dangerous walls had been pulled down. The line of streets was preserved only by tracks worn by the civilian survivors, the soldiers and the police.

Considerable trouble was experienced in making their way through the city. Rain, which soon began to fall, added greatly to the difficulties of the journey, as the mud was very deep.

The ex-President's departure from the city to go aboard his steamer was marked with scenes that moved him to emotion. Although it was raining heavily by this time, the people gathered in crowds. The women kissed their hands to him, the children threw flowers in his path and the men cheered wildly. It was a spontaneous greeting to one who had been their friend. Turning to one of the members of his party, Col. Roosevelt said:

"I am glad and proud as an American citizen that my country could do something to help this immense disaster, for which even all the assistance in the world would be insufficient."

He then boarded the steamer Admiral, which just at sunset hoisted her anchors and proceeded on her way to Mombasa, Africa.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE FROM NAPLES TO EAST AFRICA.

THE steamship Admiral conveyed ex-President Roosevelt from Naples to Mombasa, British East Africa. On the voyage the former President came in touch with the Dark Continent, for most of his fellow passengers were officials or residents of East Africa. To live in Africa is to be absorbed by it, to love it, to fear it, and to long for it. Those who have once felt its spell seldom are free from it. To know Africa well is to feel that all other countries are tame, commonplace, and lacking in the dramatic flavor which adds such spice to life out there.

All of Col. Roosevelt's fellow passengers talked Africa to him. They told him of their hopes and plans if they happened to be newcomers, or of their experiences and achievements if they were old residents. These fellow passengers were for the most part English and German, about half and half, with a sprinkling of Portuguese.

As the steamship line is German and subsidized by the German government, precedence is generally given to distinguished German passengers, but Col. Roosevelt had the seat of honor at the captain's table. The ex-President was regaled with some "tall" stories, but they always have the quality unusual to "tall" stories elsewhere of being true.

On these trips the English passengers will pre-empt the forward part of the deck. They have pre-empted the best parts of Africa. They take the best wherever they can get it. It's a national trait which does not endear them to the rest of the world, but when you have the best affection of those you've bested may not be necessary to your enjoyment.

The Germans will take the after part of the deck and say they prefer it. The Americans, if there are any, may be found between the two, while the Portuguese will lurk in corners or stay below, indulging in seasickness so violent and uncalled-for that you will

wonder if they are of the same race as Vasco da Gama, Cortez and those other great navigators.

The German ship in which the distinguished ex-President was a passenger came from Hamburg and touched at Lisbon and Marseilles before arriving at Naples. Leaving Naples, the ship passed through the Bocca, as the two-mile-wide strait between the Campanella (the point of the Sorrentian peninsular) and the Island of Capri is called. Through this channel Ulysses sailed, Æneas passed this way in his flight from Troy to found a new race in a new land. And so many ships of so many nationalities have since glided between these rocky promontories that to name the nationalities would be to skim the history of civilization.

Our good German ship turns in toward the huge cliff which rises on Capri's eastern edge and is crowned by the ruins of a splendid Roman villa, and as it does so, gives three clear toots. It is the captain's greeting to a party of Germans who came with him from Hamburg to Naples. There is always a group of Germans who have the good sense to come by this round-about but charming route to southern Italy.

FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

The ex-President probably passed Stromboli at sunset on a clear glowing day or by night, when the fountain of fire flares up and then rolls bubbling and seething down to the sea. From the steamer this splendid volcano seems to rise right out of the sea, with no shore or resting place at the base. Symmetrical and awful, it lifts its angry mouth to heaven and spouts fury at the gods, like a creature in torment. Seen against a blazing evening sky and mirrored in glassy, opalescent waters, it is a sight never to be forgotten.

A harrowing fascination must now lie in the dreadful desolation to be seen in passing through the Strait of Messina. For Messina and Reggio lie so close on either hand, as you go through the straits, that with glasses you can see the people and vehicles in the streets. Now all is silent and still there, under a pall of devastation which it will take years to lift.

Three days across the always restless Mediterranean—each day

growing warmer—brought Col. Roosevelt to Port Said, the meeting place of the Occident, the Orient and the tropics. While the ship was coaled here by the sweating, naked, chattering, odoriferous natives running back and forth, up and down, like ants on an ant hill, the ex-President was escorted ashore and shown the sights, the canal offices, the native quarters, the public buildings and new hotels.

I would rather go with you up some of the queer side streets, poking into some of the queer shops, looking at some of the queer people—and there are such extraordinary specimens of the human race walking tranquilly about, as if they were quite at home here, and as if we were the abnormal species and not they. Nubians, black and shiny, Sudanese of many colors and tribes, Egyptians, Arabs from the bare red mountains of the Holy Land, all wearing the tints of the rainbow, so harmonized and blended as to make a wild, rhythmical symphony of color, and with the glare of the earth and sky as a clamorous chorus.

NEW RACE OF TEDDY DONKEYS.

Every resident of Port Said, black and white and yellow, was out to see the great American whose name is known the world over. And after his visit a new race of Teddy donkeys sprung up in Egypt, each one guaranteed to future visitors as being the only one ex-President Roosevelt rode. Jeering, cringing, importuning, clamorous, the children of the desert, the scum of Arabia and Africa pressed about him. And when night fell and they sat in groups about the glowing charcoal of their braziers, cooking coffee or kous-kous under the vast spaces of the starry Egyptian night, they related stories of meeting with the ex-President, of how he looked and walked, what he wore, etc.—stories which will in time grow into fables and myths among the people, where story tellers still take the place of books and newspapers.

Nothing in his whole voyage probably was more interesting to the ex-President than his trip through the Suez Canal. He is parent of the Panama Canal. It was perhaps his favorite among the great undertakings of his administration, and his personal in-

spection of it enabled him to make a close comparison between the two great canals. The Suez Canal is, of course, a very different proposition from that of Panama, though the problem of part of the latter is similar to that of the whole of the Suez Canal, whose sandy shelving banks necessitate a constant dredging which is the day and night task of the canal guardians.

The ex-President's ship glided so silently, so slowly through the narrow channel that at times it seemed as if it was not moving. The low flat level shores, stretching in alternate wastes of sand and water to the horizon, are so uniform that there is no feature by which to mark progress. On the eastern horizon the mountains of the Holy Land rise like a pink vision of lonely desolation. How many years did those unfortunate sons of Israel wander in that dreary land far away to our left?

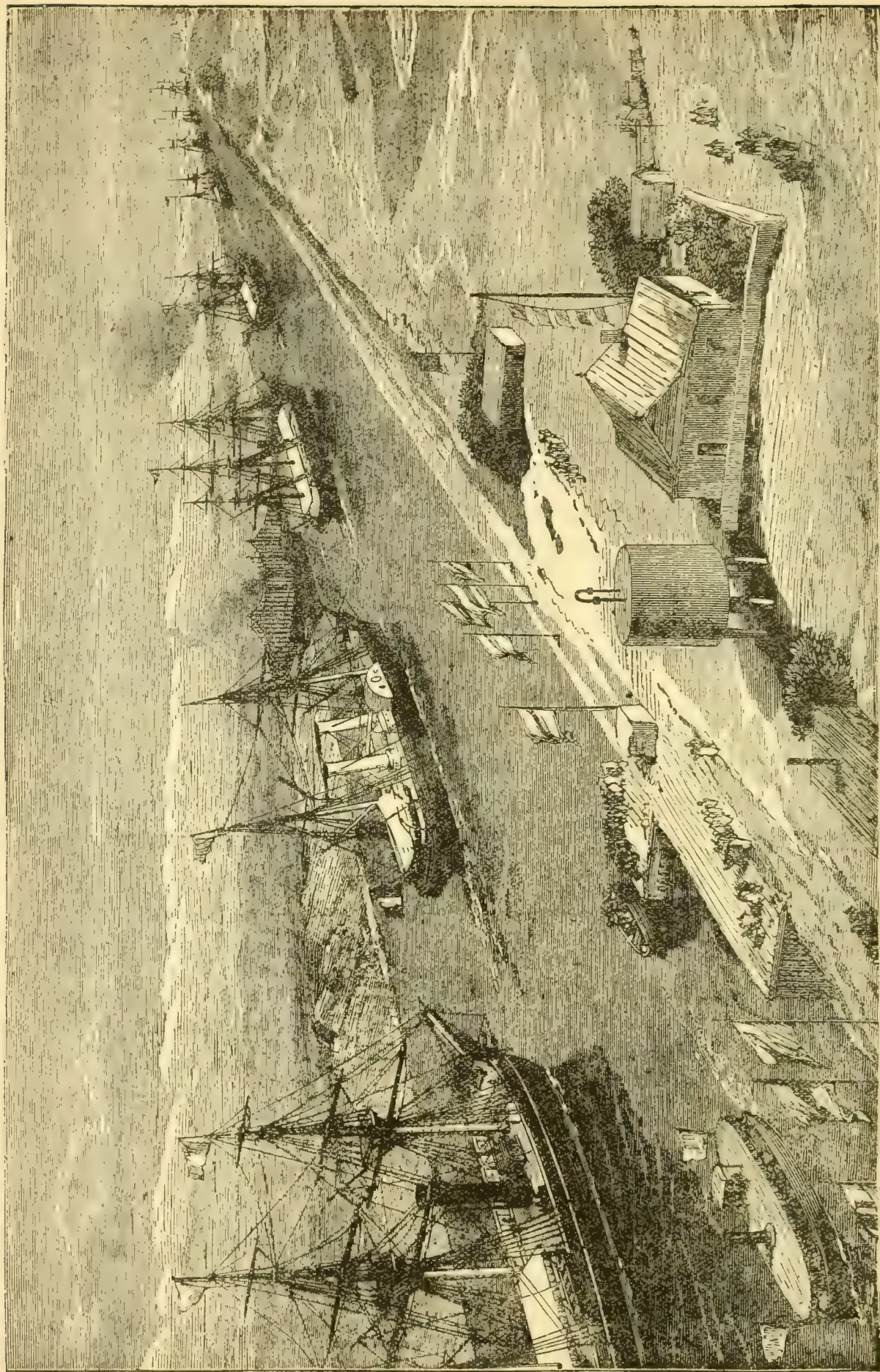
NEATLY KEPT CANAL STATIONS.

Natives, some on camels, some on donkeys and some on sandaled feet, travel with the ship or pass it going the other way. Occasionally, like anthills, Arab settlements rise out of the sand on either side, taking on the color of the desert which drifts about them. Or we come to the neatly kept canal stations, all numbered, which stand at regular intervals along the way. To pass each other steamers must wait in appointed widenings of the channel.

The Bitter Sea spreads out to emphasize the monotony. Always it is sand, sand, sand, and the still and glassy channel and the tremendous firmament on high, blazing by day and all a-glitter by night, bending over the sand and water and shutting it in like a huge brass bell. Beyond Suez, which lies at the Red Sea end of the canal, one comes to the place where the children of Israel passed safely through the divided waters which then rose and engulfed Pharaoh and his hosts. Ah! those wonderful descendants of Jacob! They "wrote the Book," (Exodus 14: 22, 28).

It was at this point that the ex-President passed under the shadow almost of Mount Sinai, where Moses and Aaron ascended and the Lord promulgated the ten commandments, (Exodus 20).

No place on the whole route looks more forbidding and utterly



THE SUEZ CANAL—PROCESSION OF SHIPS. COL. ROOSEVELT TOOK GREAT INTEREST IN THE TRIP THROUGH THE CANAL.

forsaken of God and man than the bare, red peaks and mountains that encircle the Gulf of Suez. Not a blade of grass could grow there, not the boldest cactus. You look and long to see a lonely lion roaring out his grief—it would seem so meet in those fierce solitudes.

The heat grows very stuffy and moist when you get into the Red Sea, where the sun of the tropics begins to make itself a feature of your days in joyous, exquisite sunrises, burning, intolerable noons and sunsets of ineffable splendor. If you are wise you will join the deck sleepers who have their beds made up in the airy stretches of the promenade decks on steamer chairs and benches. Even with electric fans going, sleep in cabins is not to be compared to that which you get above, fanned by night winds, blowing across the softly heaving water, with the stars blinking down at you and the call from the forward watch at the prow floating back to you.

ARRIVAL AT ADEN.

Some bleak, bare, red islands rise and menace you and fade away as you steam toward Aden. A stop at Port Sudan puts you in touch with the Upper Nile and the mysterious hinterland, that hotbed of the most dangerous type of religious fanaticism. Then one morning you will wake to find the fierce, red peaks that frown over Aden frowning over you as well, as the ship lies at anchor in the greenest of pale green water. A clamorous throng of natives in little boats is swarming about the steamer offering ostrich feathers, shells, ivory, sandalwood and all the queer products of Asia and Africa (of a very inferior quality).

But it is best to go ashore while the ship coals again. Before you go do notice the men who are coaling. Lean to emaciation, rather long in the limb, their black skins look gray because they dye their sprouting, wooly locks a carrotty red. Naked as they were born, this uncanny tribe run up and down the ship's sides with their little baskets of dusty coal. Already the smell of the coal dust is in the nostrils. Let us hurry down to the tender waiting to take us ashore, before our nice, white suits are smutty.

The one thing to do at Aden is to drive to the wells, said by some to have been built by Solomon, which you may believe or not

as you like. We are somewhere east of Suez now, where "there ain't no ten commandments," and each man's personal opinion is his own affair.

It is very glaring, very hot on the water front of Aden, and the prospect of a drive in one of the little, ramshackle, covered phaetons will be alluring, even if the horses are poor, dilapidated, ill-fed beasts who threaten to collapse before getting half the way. The callous indifference of the Orient to suffering in man or beast is creeping into your blood. The easy brutality of the tropics is becoming a part of you. Your grandfather was an abolitionist. Your father was the president of the S. P. C. A., but you are beginning to look on the clamorous encroaching crowd about you as "dirty niggers" to be beaten away if necessary, while the mangy, ill-fed cur who slinks from your path, and the gaunt, little horse who prepares to drag you on the sandy road are alike objects of indifference to you.

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

You are glad of the pith helmet you bought at Port Said, glad of your thin white suit and the green-lined pongee umbrella your friend from India advised you to get as your rickety vehicle crawls noisily along the blazing, dusty stretch of road leading from the landing place. A fine marble statue of Queen Victoria stands out in the square, soaking in the hot sunshine till the stone surface fairly seems to sizzle. Other ships from India, China and Australia are in the harbor coaling, and their passengers are wandering about, pursued by importunate natives. A few English officials pass from building to building, so used both to natives and voyagers that they do not give either even the most cursory glance.

Leaving this part of Aden behind us, we creak out across a bare tract toward the real Aden, which lies away from the harbor. Such quaint equipages, such marvelous people we see on this road! high, queer carts drawn by mules or camels, solitary horsemen on long-tailed Arab steeds, shrouded pedestrians, Jews with greasy, black curls and black head-pieces, turbaned specimens of every species of Arab or Hindu, stately Persians, Africans of many tribes, all are passing to and fro.

Now we meet a caravan of haughty camels walking like incipient jabberwocks down from the interior region, bearing sacks of coffee and their riders looking like other animated sacks of coffee-sacks, camels and riders all the same dun hue. Although there are large placards forbidding any tips to the guides at the wells—where one needs no guide at all—insinuating individuals of polyglot propensities will molest your free passage and convey to you in a mysterious way which defies placards that a little fee is customary and *de rigueur*.

If you are a brave woman you won't give it. If you are a weak man you will. The wells are not worth it, though the drive up and back is. Alas, for the lonely little cemetery you pass on the way! not a wisp of green in it, only sand drifting over pathetic little headstones—never did death look more desolate.

Constructed like rather large bake ovens, the houses in the native quarter are anything but inviting, though, thanks doubtless to English supervision, the roads that run between the irregularly built dwellings are not so filthy as might be expected. Here you may buy brassware, pottery and, above all, the lovely baskets which are a feature of Aden.

CHAPTER III.

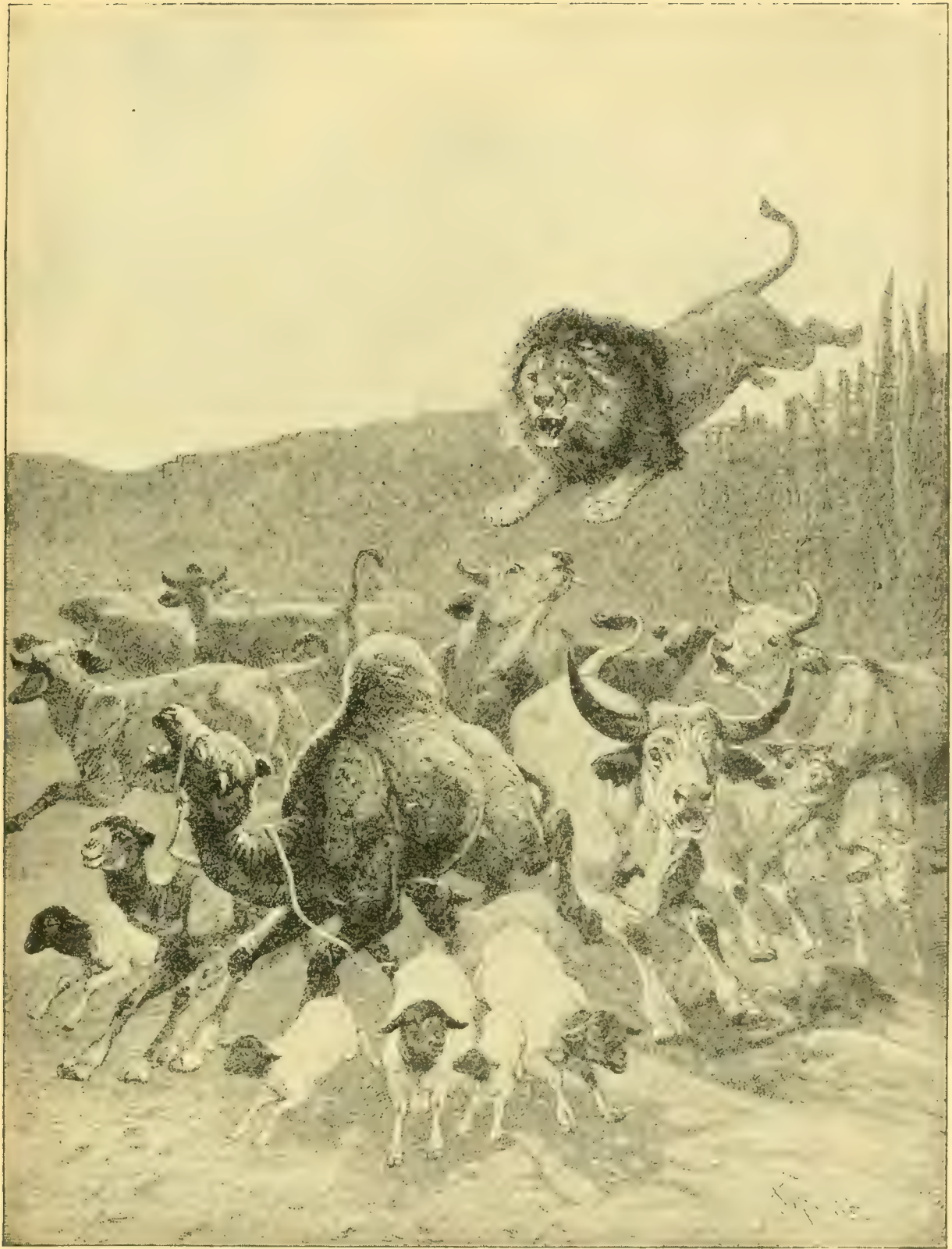
FROM ADEN TO MOMBASA—THROUGH THE TROPICS AND ACROSS THE EQUATOR.

FROM Aden to Mombasa it is a seven days voyage to the South. Rounding Cape Guardaful is a ticklish business—tides and winds and unlighted shores menacing the hundreds of ships that annually feel their route around this easternmost point of Africa. As we leave it behind we cannot fail to note the massive lion's head which the promontory forms, the best natural effigy I know,—better even than the profile in the White Mountains.

The ship's company will now settle down to sports and organized amusements. The captain will give a ball. There will be a gymkhana. Ceremonies appropriate to crossing the equator will take place. The boatswain, disguised as Neptune, will climb up the ship's side with messages and warnings for every one.

Those who have never before crossed the equator will be baptized in a large tank on the forward deck. And night and day will follow each other swiftly as the ship steams southward over the softly heaving Indian Ocean, where "the flying fishes play and the sun comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay." The Orient is so perfectly epitomized in Kipling's famous ballad that one must be forgiven for quoting it. Somaliland lies to the west, almost always visible, a low, salmon pink shore line.

There are the palms of Mombasa straight ahead—yes, quite distinct they are, off the port bow, for we are heading now direct toward the land. There, on the starboard bow, is the palm grove of Freretown. In the immediate foreground is the old Portuguese fort, for the Portuguese were the first of European nations to set foot on this coral strand. Into this harbor Vasco da Gama sailed in 1480, in his high-pooed galleon. He nearly came to grief on that sand bar to the south, where the breakers of the Indian Ocean to-day gnash their cruel teeth.



LION LEAPING OVER A STOCKADE

Col. Roosevelt Killed Three Large Lions Like the above During
His First Day's Hunt in Africa.



HOME OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS OR RIVER HORSE

IN AFRICA IT HAUNTS THE REEDY RIVER BANKS. THE ADULT SIZE WEIGHS FROM TWO TO THREE TONS. A MONSTER OF THE ANIMAL WORLD



THE KING OF THE FOREST AND HIS MATE

THIS MAGNIFICENT AND NOBLE ANIMAL RECEIVES GRANDEUR AND DIGNITY FROM HIS THICK MANE. THE FEMALE IS SMALLER THAN THE MALE AND HAS NO SHAGGY APPENDAGE.



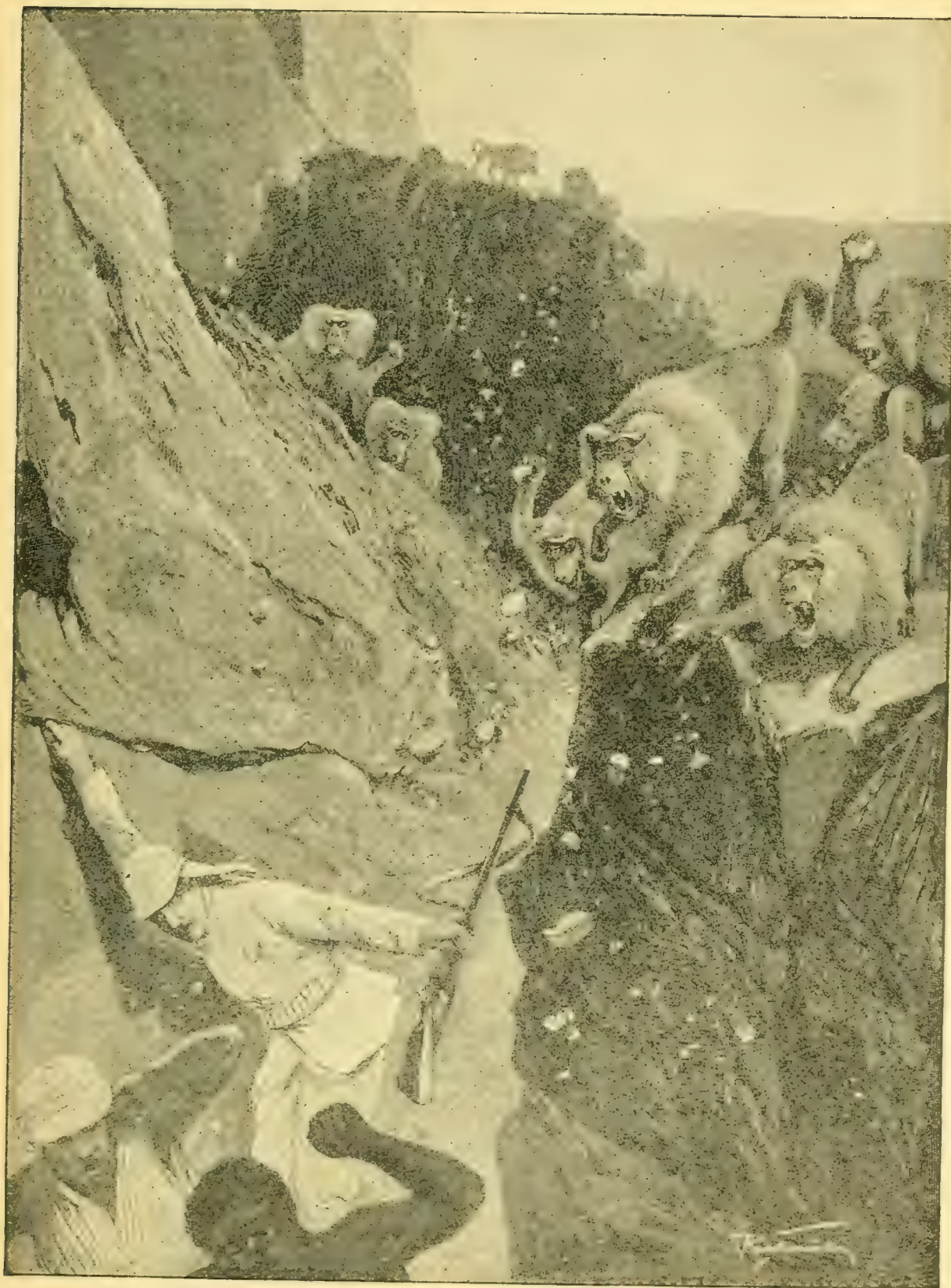
A STAMPEDE OF ZEBRAS, OSTRICHES AND GNUS—SCENE IN EAST AFRICA



DRAGGING A HIPPOPOTAMUS ASHORE—SCENE IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

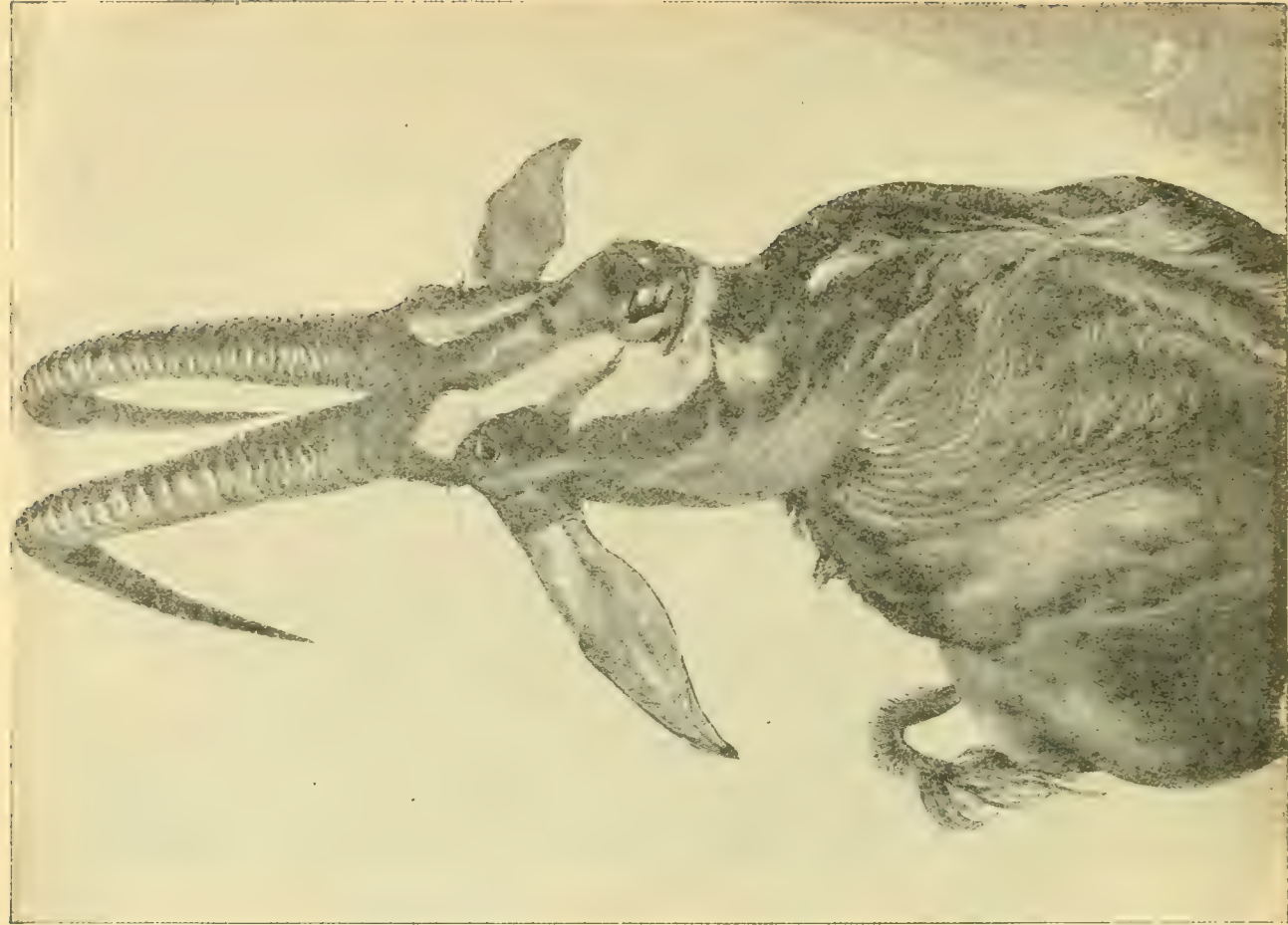


NATIVES CHASING ELEPHANTS



ENCOUNTER WITH BABOONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA

THIS ANIMAL, WHEN IT HAS ATTAINED ITS FULL AGE, EQUALS IN SIZE A LARGE NEWFOUND-
LAND DOG; WHILE IN BODILY STRENGTH AND PROWNESS, IT IS A MATCH
FOR ANY TWO DOGS THAT CAN BE BROUGHT TO ATTACK IT.



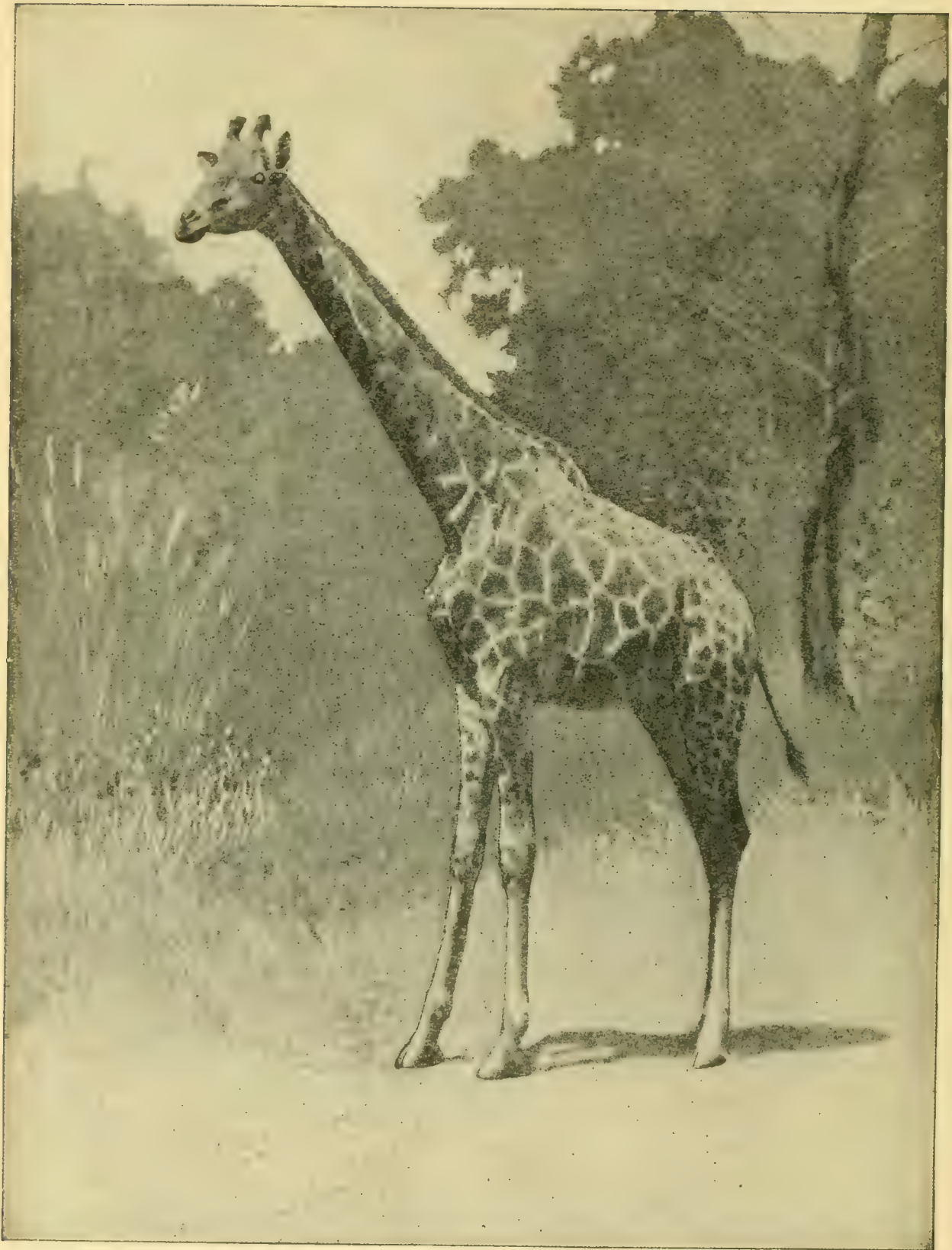
SABLE ANTELOPE OF AFRICA



FEMALE GORILLA AND HER YOUNG



A NATIVE HUNTER OF SOUTH AFRICA AND HIS GAME



THE GIRAFFE

THE TALLEST AND MOST GRACEFUL ANIMAL KNOWN. THE SKIN IS
VERY THICK AND HIGHLY VALUED BY THE NATIVES OF AFRICA



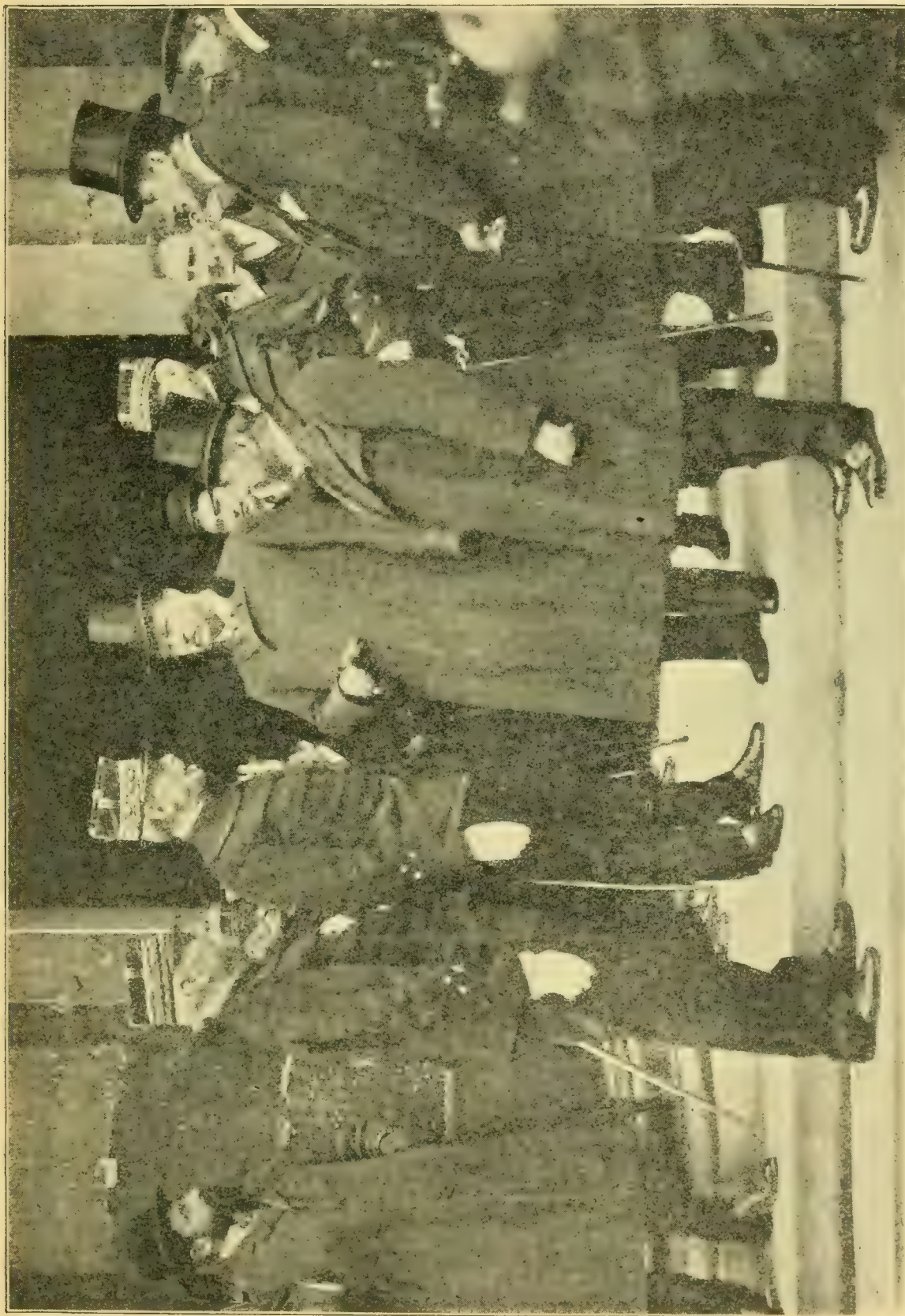
SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER HOG

IT FREQUENTS RIVER BANKS AND WET PLACES. ONE VARIETY IS NOTABLE FOR ITS PENCILLED EARS



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

A Characteristic Attitude. It is his habit to emphasize his speeches with many forcible and appropriate gestures.



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

COL. ROOSEVELT AT THE ENTRANCE TO NAPOLEON'S TOMB IN PARIS

The famous Palace des Invalides, in which is the tomb of Emperor Napoleon I. The last resting place of "The Conqueror of Europe," surrounded by stands of captured battle flags, is one of the most impressive places in the world and Colonel Roosevelt stood there for some time awed to silence.



A CARAVAN IN EAST AFRICA CARRYING IVORY



KING AND CHIEFS CELEBRATING A VICTORY BY A STATE PROCESSION AND WAR-DANCE



EMPEROR WILLIAM AND COLONEL ROOSEVELT REVIEWING
GERMAN TROOPS

On Roosevelt's visit to Berlin he witnessed 12,000 soldiers engaged in a mimic battle, arranged especially in his honor. Afterward the Emperor and the Colonel reviewed the regiments, the Emperor remarking: "You are the only private citizen who was ever invited to witness a mimic battle by German troops."

Camoens, coming later on his way to India, wrote of the "noble edifices fairly planned on the seaboard," of the town of Movita, as Mombasa was then called. The letter "m" or "n" prefixed to names gives a peculiar African flavor to them.

Mombasa was undoubtedly Mbasā, as Entebbe was Nteve. Mfumbiro, M'tesa, Mwanga are all of such distinctively African resonance that the mere written words recall vividly the rich, soft, thick utterances of the natives.

But we have lingered too long at the entrance to the harbors of Mombasa. There are two harbors. One is for ships of lighter tonnage on the town's sea front to the northeast; the other, at Kilindini, on the island's southwest side—for Mombasa is on an island—easily accommodates ships of any draught. To get there we turn to the left, then to the right, and glide by a well-buoyed channel to this inner harbor, past the governor's residence and the other bungalows of the settlement that peep out from the dense tropical foliage. The landing is by little boats across a glassy, hot stretch of waters.

CUSTOM FORMALITIES DISPENSED WITH.

Col. Roosevelt was not asked to go through the usual formalities of the custom house, but was conducted on landing by trolley and carried quickly from the docks over the two intervening miles to Mombasa. The trolleys are little affairs of two seats back to back with a sheltering hood, and are run on the narrowest gauge rails by fleetfooted natives, who push clamorously and odoriferously from behind—for even the wind of our going cannot disperse the African fragrance of their sweating, shining bodies.

The road of blazing white coral sand is broad and level, passing through groves of bananas, palms and mangoes, beneath whose branches cluster the grass huts of the natives. Dusky throngs, clad in flowing white or scantily draped in rich colors, pass constantly up and down this highway where sunshine and shadow alternate in fierce contrast.

The brilliantly blue sky, the vivid green of the foliage, the dazzling white road, the many reds, yellows and purples of the passing crowds, knock on the eyeballs with the same effect that rifle shots

have on the ear, making an impression of intense and burning vitality. The heat pours down from above and rises to smite you from the ground. But the color and heat and murmuring undercurrent of clamorous sound are all rather intoxicating in effect. You sniff the heavy air laden with many perfumes. Lapped in the drowsy warmth, you feel your physical being open and expand like that waxen white flower in the nearby garden. What! that is frangipani? Why, hitherto frangipani has been merely a name for a violent French perfume which we have left to our sisters of a less delicate taste.

With a rumble we roll up to the town's two chief hotels, which are side by side. Our ex-President was conducted direct to the mansion of the governor of British East Africa. Sir James Hayes Sadler, made it a point not to be away on some official "safari." He had made elaborate preparations to receive and entertain our distinguished ex-President. Sir James is himself a mighty hunter with a fine collection of skins, especially of Bengal tigers that he shot in India. So he and the ex-President swiftly foregathered and compared notes on bears and tigers.

GOVERNOR SADLER'S CHARMING RESIDENCE.

The governor's residence is charming. Its lofty first story of cream-colored plaster is overhung by a less lofty second story of soft-toned, green timbers resting on snowy pillars and shaded by an almost flat roof of Italian or Japanese effect, with broad eaves. It stands on an eminence whence it can catch each breeze that blows, and in the garden bloom brilliant blossoms of every hue and scent.

As horses cannot endure the tropical climate their place is taken by the trolleys I have mentioned. The tiny rails are laid on every street, with switches at all the intersections, and run to every front door. Each household has its own trolley, and there are public ones for hire. These are supplemented by rickshaws or gharries.

A few of the Hindu merchants who seem to thrive in East Africa satisfy their lust for splendor by having victories drawn by good-looking horses. But they probably have to cherish tenderly their steeds to keep them alive at all. I presume they fan them and

feed them delicately most of the time to enable them to carry the dusky owners, with their sloe-eyed families, at sunset on the hard highroads.

The ex-President was taken to the club and treated royally, but not obstreperously. All was decorous and seemly, quite lacking in demonstrative enthusiasm which marks our hospitality. He was seated in a deep-bosomed Bombay chair on the shaded veranda, which looks out across a garden of coleas, poinsettias and hibiscus to the rippling blue waters of the strait leading to the lesser harbor. Across the water the palm groves of Freretown toss their stately heads in the afternoon breeze. Every one was quietly courteous to the ex-President, but there was no undue hustling to get an introduction or to hear what he had to say.

The stolid Anglo-Saxon exterior does not melt in the tropics nor mellow in the arctic regions. When you get used to it you like it; perhaps you may even emulate it. But if you be a true American you rejoice exceedingly when you return to the friendly warmth and enthusiasm of your own country people, and your mantle of reserve falls from you at the first touch of American geniality.

VISIT TO MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.

It being Col. Roosevelt's strong characteristic to miss nothing, he accepted the invitation to be taken across the straits to the missionary settlement, Freretown. There he was shown the church built by the converts. These same converts, or their kin, walk about in ill-assorted European garb, the men in trousers and shirts, the women in blouses and skirts.

If they would only convert their souls and leave their bodies free and clad in the simple draperies which are suited to the time, the place, and the man! Freretown is a tidy, well-swept settlement, with an air of gentle self-righteousness united to the real enthusiasm which has carried the torch of Christ to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The ex-President also went to the bazaars or street of shops where Goanese merchants beguiled him with sticks and umbrella handles of yellow rhinoceros horn or deep wrought silver from

Singapore, or kikokos (whips of rhinoceros hide). It is said that Col. Roosevelt bought one of these which he wore on his wrist during the hunt. It may come in hand sometime again and will probably be the only thing not provided by his American outfitters. Every man up country carries one. You are in a savage land, where you may one day have to meet savage conditions in savage manner.

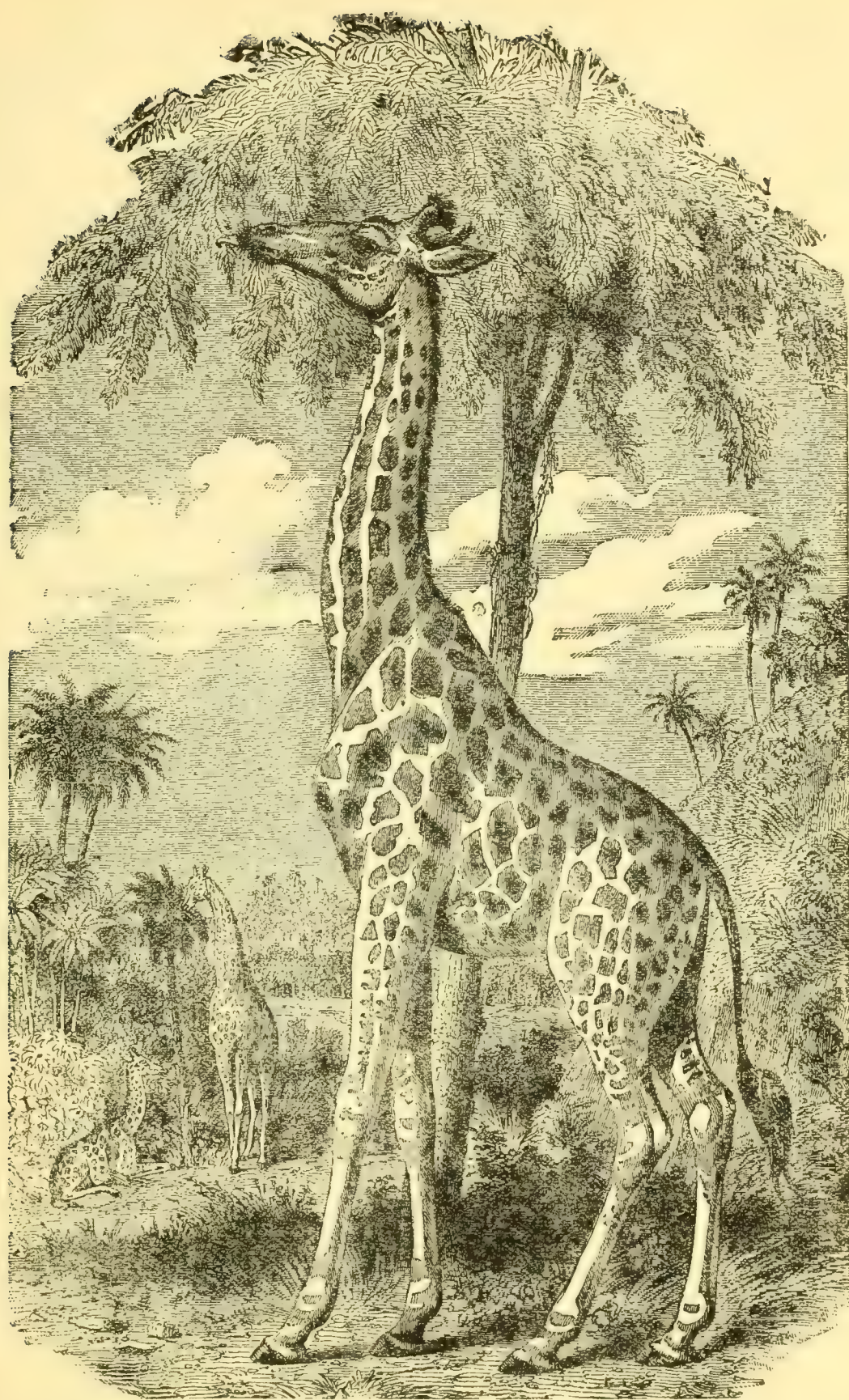
In Mombasa, probably at De Sousa's, the ex-President's party completed its outfit. At De Sousa's you can get every conceivable thing, from a thimble to a coffin. It is a cool, dark, airy repository, where a soft-voiced Goanese family waits on you very gently and pleasantly, seating you in wicker chairs, bringing you fans and serving you with soda and lime juice—a drink you become fond of in the tropics, where water supplies are dangerous.

FROM MOMBASA TO NAIROBI.

The ex-President had all the courtesies of the road going from Mombasa to Nairobi, where he made his headquarters. And what a wonderful journey that is, as you rise from the sea to the great uplands of the interior on the Uganda Railway! In the little cars fashioned like the cars in India you adjust yourself and your belongings on the lengthwise running seats. Each car is divided into two compartments, separated by toilet-rooms, whose not too abundant supply of water is most useful on this dusty trip. The gauge of the track is of the narrowest, the engines are small but energetic, and burn wood with a tremendous sputter of sparks and smoke.

Leaving the noisy, ferociously hot and glaring station of Mombasa the train trundles across the island to the causeway which unites the latter with the mainland. Up, up you rise, through groves of mango trees and bananas, while sea and land spread out in an ever-widening panorama below you until you lose it as the train leaves the seashore and turns inland.

The rich tropical vegetation grows sparser and is finally supplanted by palled, leafless scrub thorns and queer distorted trees of unknown family. Already a cooler air blows into the car. The pungent odors of the lower country are replaced by a sweet freshness suggestive of herbs and aromatic shrubs.



THE GIRAFFE—COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED A FINE SPECIMEN OF THIS
BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL AT A DISTANCE OF 400 YARDS.

As the sun drops down, if you have luck, you may see some giraffes sidling off through those thorn trees, or, perhaps, a stray lion may slink away from the train, for we are rising to the high, interior plateau, where begins the greatest Barnum's show in the world. You settle yourself for the night under the blankets you bought at a preposterous price, at De Sousa's.

The night will be cold in these higher regions and very, very dusty—for we pass through the Taru Desert, a rainless tract, where the red dust rises and permeates everything you have, leaving a



STAMPEDE OF AFRICAN GNUS.

sanguinary hue over you and your belongings, which it will take time and patience to remove.

With the dawn you wake to find the train speeding across the Athi plains, a bare, vast tract, where trembling opalescent hues clothe the level stretches and the distant encircling mountains with splendor. To the right and left are herds of horses and cattle scattered over the earth—why no, they're not; they are zebras and antelopes, grazing or frisking about.

Far away are gnus or wildebeestes, humpbacked and black. Nearer are hartebeestes, hundreds of striped zebras, Thomson

gazelles and Grant gazelles, the latter an exquisite creature with a white band on its dappled sides. All scamper a little distance as the train steams along, then go quietly on with their grazing. If you come to some deserted stretch you may know that a wandering lion is not far away, hence, the dispersal of the tranquil herds, whose keen scent has warned them of the enemy.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

As water is very scarce in this country you do not see so many natives as you did the previous day or as you will beyond Nairobi. After leaving the coast you passed through a country inhabited by the Wa Nyika, "children of the wilderness," a wild-looking tribe, not so large or well formed as the Masai or Kavirondos or other tribes to be found farther inland. Almost all these tribes mutilate their ears by perforating and dragging the lobes so that they hang down over their shoulders. Also around the rims they insert blue, red and yellow disks, or wooden boses, containing charms. Some, like the Masai, further scarify their bodies or plaster themselves from head to foot with red clay. This is sometimes for warmth, but more often for adornment. Both men and women are fond of coiling copper wire around their arms and legs, and used to steal quantities of this from the telegraph lines until they were taught by summary methods the iniquity of this custom.

Some of the important hats worn in the past year in our country look more like the nodding plumes and feathers worn by the savage warriors of East Africa than civilized headgear. The wild tribes that stolidly gaze at the passing train or wave spears and shields or bows and arrows at it are as wonderful and interesting as the immense herds of zebras, antelopes and gazelles, or the wild ostriches and vultures, or hyenas and jackals, or other strange sights one gets from the car windows.

To return to our railway carriage. As the sun rises the land glows with exceeding light, and by noon we have reached Nairobi. Here the ex-President leaves the train, and we will leave him for the present. The Nairobians are a hospitable, gay, sport-loving people. They have horse races two or three times a year.



ZEBRA ATTACKED BY A LEOPARD.

All the men and most of the women are enthusiastic hunters of big game. Here have been organized the various "safaris," or camping trips, which put Col. Roosevelt in touch with the big game he is after,—in touch with the savage jungles and wild plateau, with exhilarating days in the open, with densely black nights about camp fires. How hugely he enjoys the freedom of this life, the primitive natives, the manifold dangers, the subtle, irresistible exhilaration which civilization feels when it comes in contact with savage life! After all is said and done, our centuries of civilization lie on us but as a garment, under which we thrill in response to the call of the wild.

HOW COL. ROOSEVELT HUNTS LIONS.

This is the way in which they hunt lions. First find the lion, lured to a kill, driven from a reed bed or kicked up incontinently by the way. Once located, he must never be lost sight of for a moment. Mounted on ponies of more or less approved fidelity, three or four daring whites or Somalis gallop after him across rocks, holes, tussocks, nullahs, through high grass, thorn scrub, undergrowth, turning him, shepherding him, heading him this way and that, until he is brought to bay.

For his part the lion is no seeker of quarrels; he is often described in accents of contempt. His object throughout is to save his skin. If, being unarmed, you meet six or seven lions unexpectantly, all you need do—according to my information—is to speak to them sternly and they will slink away, while you throw a few stones at them to hurry them up. All the highest authorities recommend this.

But when pursued from place to place, chased hither and thither by the wheeling horsemen, the naturally mild disposition of the lion becomes embittered. First he begins to growl and roar at his enemies in order to terrify them and make them leave him in peace. Then he darts little short charges at them. Finally, when every attempt at peaceful persuasion has failed, he pulls up abruptly and offers battle.

Once he has done this he will run no more. He means to fight, and to fight to the death. He means to charge home, and when a lion, maddened with the agony of a bullet wound, distressed by long



A HUGE LION ABOUT TO DEVOUR A CALF. COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED THREE LIONS WITH THREE SHOTS IN ONE DAY.

and hard pursuit, or, most of all, a lioness in defense of her cubs, is definitely committed to the charge; death is the only possible conclusion. Broken limbs, broken jaws, a body raked from end to end, lungs pierced through and through, entrails torn and protruding—none of these count. It must be death—instant and utter—for the lion, or down goes the man, mauled by septic claws and fetid teeth, crushed and crunched, and poisoned afterward to make doubly sure. Such are the habits of this cowardly and wicked animal.

It is the stage when the lion has been determinedly “bayed” that the sportsman from London or New York is usually introduced upon the scene. He has, we may imagine, followed the riders as fast as the inequalities of the ground, his own want of training and the burden of a heavy rifle will allow him.

He arrives at the spot where the lion is cornered in much the same manner as the matador enters the arena, the others standing aside deferentially, ready to aid or divert the lion.

LION SWIFTER THAN A RACEHORSE.

If his bullet kills he is, no doubt, justly proud. If it only wounds, the lion charges the nearest horseman. For 100 yards the charge of a lion is swifter than the gallop of a racehorse. The riders, therefore, usually avoid waiting within that distance. But sometimes they do not; or sometimes the lion sees the man who has shot him, or sometimes all sorts of things happen which make good stories—afterward.

After establishing camp Col. Roosevelt and his party made several short expeditions into the jungle to get the ex-President's hand in, so to speak. On these trips several of the smaller animals of the wilderness were captured. It was not, however, until early in May that any lions were captured. During this time the ex-President got down to hunting in dead earnest and the usual Rooseveltian luck attended him. During his first days' hunt for the King of Beasts he killed three lions. This gave Col. Roosevelt the record for lion hunting in that part of Africa.

In view of the former President's advent in Africa the dangers of the “sleeping sickness,” prevalent in that far-off country, has

been widely commented upon. The deadliness of the disease is such that Col. Roosevelt's friends were alarmed. Many thought him reckless and rash to take his life in his hands and to cause his family such extreme anxiety by such a trip. He was warned by scientific men and the press to keep away from that particular part of Africa at least.

The Sleeping Sickness Commission expressed a desire that Theodore Roosevelt visit the camp at Sesse, Uganda, where Sir David and Lady Bruce are in charge of the segregation hospitals, where the governments of Germany, France, and Belgium, as well as the United Kingdom, are working together to find a cure or preventive of the sleeping sickness. Seven European physicians have succumbed to the disease since the attempts to cope with it were begun.

In appealing to the millionaires of the world and others for gifts to enable him to purchase meat to gratify the one and only craving of those whose suffering is so intense, Governor Sir Hesketh Bell describes one of his visits to the camp in part as follows:

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS CAMP.

"The patients were lodged in large thatched bandas and were divided according to sex and the various stages of the disease. In one inclosure we saw a number of infants in whom the first outward signs of the scourge were appearing. Unaware of their impending doom, the black mites played and romped to their heart's content in the shade of the banana grove, and only the swelled glands at the bases of their necks showed that their fate was sealed. It was sad to think that in a short time those merry peals of laughter would become more and more rare and that after a year or two of misery all the poor little creatures in whom the joy of life was so strong would be laid in the crowded cemetery that I could just see between the trees.

"In a row of sheds surrounded by the banana groves which supply food for the patients, we saw many of those who had reached the second stage of the disease. Most of them seemed to be suffering acutely. They shunned the cool shade of the broad thatched

roofs and preferred to sit or lie in the full blaze of the noonday sun. Even there many of them shivered almost constantly and drew about their emaciated limbs the brown rags of cloth which partly covered them. The drawn features and haggard eyes testified to the gnawing pains that afflicted them, and the unhappy creatures appeared to have special dread of being touched.

"Many of them were in the peculiar state of lethargy which undoubtedly has been the cause of the misleading name by which the disease has become commonly known. Unfortunately, sound sleep seldom comes to the relief of the doomed ones, and the torpor in which they lie results from the constant strain of neverceasing pain. Many of them put an end to their miserable lives, and it is a wonder that more of them do not do so.

LIKE SKELETONS IN LAST STAGES.

"Farther in we came to those who were in the last stages of the disease. Lying about on beds or withered leaves, they had reached a degree of emaciation that was horrible to see. The unhappy creatures looked like skeletons, and only their moaning indicated the presence of life. A few in whom nature was struggling hard had gone mad, and in spite of the fact that they had to be chained to heavy logs to prevent their doing harm, one almost congratulated them on their insensibility to the tortures that afflicted their fellow victims. The frenzied laughter of these unfortunates seemed dreadful in that abode of suffering and death.

"It is generally accepted that a variety of the tsetse fly, the *glossina falpalis*, is the principal, if not the only, agent for the transmission of the disease. This fly exists in enormous numbers on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza and on the borders of other lakes and rivers of Uganda. Its habitation, however, is restricted to a narrow growth adjoining water, and a width of two miles is believed to be the limit of the infested zones. Of about 300,000 persons inhabiting the shores of Victoria Nyanza and the islands in the great lake more than 200,000 have been swept out of existence, and it remains to be seen whether the remainder can be saved.

"The extermination of the tsetse seems a hopeless task, and it

has been decided to remove all the surviving population from the reach of the fatal fly. It is estimated that more than 20,000 sick remain to be treated, and they are being placed in large camps capable of accommodating about 1,000 at a time.

“Cattle, sheep and goats are cheap in Uganda, and a comparatively moderate sum would enable us to provide now and then meals for the unhappy inmates of the camps. Unless a cure is discovered soon they will not long remain a charge to us, and if my readers could have seen the intense delight that transfigured the faces of the inmates of the refugee camp at Kissubi over the prospect of meat they would think a few shillings well spent in that direction.”

CHAPTER IV

ROOSEVELT'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

EIGHT GENERATIONS OF KNICKERBOCKERS — QUALITY OF THE ROOSEVELT STOCK—A PALE AND DELICATE BOY—FISHING ON A STEAMSHIP—PREPARING FOR COLLEGE—AMUSING INCIDENT AT THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL — FOND OF WRESTLING AND BOXING—CAREER AT HARVARD—AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER—PARTIALITY FOR NATURAL HISTORY—MEMBER OF MANY CLUBS—HIS IDEA OF A GOOD CITIZEN—ROOSEVELT'S GRADUATION AND TRIP TO EUROPE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York city on October 27, 1858, and comes from a family that for generations has been noted for wealth, social position, high intelligence, disinterested public spirit, general usefulness and philanthropy. The list of his ancestors includes many who were distinguished in public life, and were honored for their sterling qualities.

He is a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, being seventh in descent from Klaas Martensen van Roosevelt, who, with his wife, Jannetje Samuels-Thomas, emigrated from the Netherlands to New Amsterdam in 1649, and became one of the most prominent and prosperous burghers of that settlement. For two and a half centuries the descendants of this couple have flourished in and near the city of New York, maintaining unimpaired the high social standing assumed at the beginning, and by thrift, industry and enterprise adding materially to the wealth acquired by inheritance. With the special opportunities for distinction afforded by the Revolution, a number of them came into marked prominence.

Just previous to that struggle, and during its earlier years, Isaac Roosevelt was a member of the New York Provincial Congress. Later he sat in the State Legislature, and for several years was a member of the New York City Council. For quite a long period he was President of the Bank of New York. Jacobus

ROOSEVELT'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

J. Roosevelt, great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, who was born in 1759, gave his services without compensation as commissary during the War for Independence. A brother of this Revolutionary patriot, Nicolas J. Roosevelt, born in New York city in 1767, was an inventor of ability, and an associate of Robert L. Livingston, John Stevens and Robert Fulton in developing the steamboat and steam navigation.

The grandfather of Governor Roosevelt, Cornelius van Shaick Roosevelt, born in New York city in 1794, was an importer of hardware and plate glass, and one of the five richest men in the town. He was one of the founders of the Chemical Bank. One of his brothers, James J. Roosevelt, was a warm friend and ardent supporter of Andrew Jackson; served in the New York Legislature and in Congress, and was a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York from 1851 to 1859.

A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

A cousin, James Henry Roosevelt, was distinguished for his philanthropies, and left an estate of a million dollars, which, by good management, was doubled in value, to found the famous Roosevelt Hospital in New York city. Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt married Mary Barnhill, of Philadelphia. Of their six sons the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt was one of New York's most distinguished citizens, served in Congress and also as a United States Minister to the Netherlands.

Theodore, another son, born in New York city, and deceased in 1878, was the father of President Theodore Roosevelt. He married Martha Bulloch, who, with four of their children, survived him. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., continued in the business founded by his father, and became a controlling factor in the plate glass trade. He greatly augmented the family fortune, and at his death was reputed a millionaire.

Thus President Roosevelt comes from a distinguished family. Good stock may turn out to be poor sometimes, but it makes a vast difference as to the kind of blood a man has in his veins, and good stock is much more likely to turn out well than stock of the

opposite kind. It meant something to be a Roosevelt. More was expected of every member of the family than would have been expected of anyone with a name less honorable. It was some advantage, and at the same time it involved a good deal of responsibility, to be connected by blood and birth with an old Knickerbocker family that had helped for generations to make the history of New York.

It was the Roosevelt idea that a boy should be taught to run alone, be independent, be something more than a pampered weakling. Money was intended to help a young man, not to handicap him. Young Theodore might have lived on his fortune and made his life one of sport and pleasure, but to do this he would have had to be something besides a Roosevelt. Such an aimless, empty, worthless career would have been contrary to all the Roosevelt family history and achievements. There is no good reason why the self-made men should all be poor. It is possible to become great in spite of money.

HIS APPEARANCE WHEN A BOY.

Mr. Ray S. Baker, in a sketch of Mr. Roosevelt, says this of his boyhood: "As a young boy he was thin-shanked, pale and delicate, giving little promise of the amazing vigor of his later life. To avoid the rough treatment of the public school, he was tutored at home, also attending a private school for a time—Cutler's, one of the most famous of its day. Most of his summers, and in fact two-thirds of the year, he spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as distant in time from New York as the Adirondacks now are. For many years he was slow to learn and not strong enough to join in the play of other boys; but as he grew older he saw that if he ever amounted to anything he must acquire vigor of body. With characteristic energy he set about developing himself. He swam, he rode, he ran; he tramped the hills back of the bay, for pastime studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood; and thus he laid the foundation of that incomparable physical vigor from which rose his future prowess as a ranchman and hunter."

At the age of eleven years, young Roosevelt made a voyage across the Atlantic with his father. A boyhood friend, by name George Cromwell, tells several amusing incidents of the European voyage. It was a great event in 1869 to cross the Atlantic, particularly for youngsters, all of them under eleven years of age.

"As I remember Theodore," recalls Mr. Cromwell, "he was a tall, thin lad, with bright eyes and legs like pipe-stems.

"One of the first things I remember about him on that voyage was, that after the ship had got out of sight of land he remarked, half to himself, as he glanced at the water, 'I guess there ought to be a good many fish here.' Then an idea suddenly struck him, and turning to me he said: 'George, go get me a small rope from somewhere, and we'll play a fishing game.' I don't know why I went at once in search of that line, without asking why he didn't go himself; but I went, and it never occurred to me to put the question. He had told me to go, and in such a determined way that it settled the matter.

A MASTERLY LEADER FROM BOYHOOD.

"Even then he was a leader—a masterful, commanding little fellow—who seemed to have a peculiar quality of his own of making his playmates obey him, not at all because we were afraid, but because we wanted to, and somehow felt sure we would have a good time and get lots of fun if we did as he said.

"Well, I went after the line and brought it to him. While I was gone on the errand he had thought out all the details of the fishing game, and had climbed on top of a coiled cable; for, of course, he was to be the fisherman.

"Now," he said, as I handed him the line, 'all you fellows lie down flat on the deck here, and make believe to swim around like fishes. I'll throw one end of the line down to you, and the first fellow that catches hold of it is a fish that has bit my hook. He must just pull as hard as he can, and if he pulls me down off this coil of rope, why, then he will be the fisherman and I will be a fish. But if he lets go, or if I pull him up here off the deck, why I will still be the fisherman. The game is to see how

many fish each of us can land up here. The one who catches the most fish wins.'

"The rest of us lay down flat on our stomachs," Mr. Cromwell says, in continuation of his narrative, "and made believe to swim ; and Theodore, standing above us on the coiled cable, threw down one end of his line—a thin but strong rope. If I remember correctly, my brother was the first fish to grasp the line—and then commenced a mighty struggle. It seemed to be much easier for the fish to pull the fisherman down than for the fisherman to haul up the dead weight of a pretty heavy boy lying flat on the deck below him—and I tell you it was a pretty hard struggle. My brother held on to the line with both hands and wrapped his legs around it, grapevine fashion. Theodore braced his feet on the coiled cable, stiffened his back, shut his teeth hard, and wound his end of the line around his waist. At first he tried by sheer muscle to pull the fish up—but he soon found it was hard work to lift up a boy about as heavy as himself.

THE FISH CAUGHT BY STRATEGY.

"Then another bright idea struck him. He pulled less and less, and at last ceased trying to pull at all. Of course the fish thought the fisherman was tired out, and he commenced to pull, hoping to get Theodore down on deck. He didn't succeed at first, and pulled all the harder. He rolled over on his back, then on his side, then sat up, all the time pulling and twisting and yanking at the line in every possible way; and that was just what Theodore hoped the fish would do. You see, all this time, while my brother was using his strength, Theodore simply stood still, braced like steel, and let him tire himself out.

"Before very long the fish was so out of breath that he couldn't pull any longer. Besides, the thin rope had cut his hands and made them sore. Then the fisherman commenced slowly and steadily to pull on the line, and in a very few minutes he had my brother hauled up alongside of him on the coil of cable."

The elder Roosevelt was a firm believer in hard work, and made this a part of the science he knew so well—the science of

bringing up a boy. Although a man of wealth and position he taught his children—the four of them, two boys and two girls—the virtue of labor, and pointed with the finger of scorn to the despicable thing called man who lived in idleness. With such teachings at home, it is no wonder that Theodore was moved to declare:

“I was determined as a boy to make a man of myself.”

His vacation days and little outing excursions to the farms of his uncles gave the boy a fondness for country life, which found appreciation in later years in these words:

“I belong as much to the country as to the city, I owe all my vigor to the country.”

RESOLVED TO MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF.

In New York he was an example of the strong-spirited, well-educated young Knickerbocker of the better class. “He had no need to work,” says a writer in McClure’s. “His income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might spend his summers in Newport and his winters on the continent, and possibly win some fame as an amateur athlete and a society man; and no one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave.”

Such a life, however, was not according to his taste or the high ideal of manhood and splendid achievement he had placed before him. He was not a dreamer, not a builder of air-castles. Better than the moderate wealth he had inherited were the family traits, the strong common sense, the noble purposes and true ideas of worldly success, which were as much a part of him as his fondness for fun and athletic sports. Let every American boy remember Mr. Roosevelt’s saying that in early life he resolved to make something of himself.

He attended a preparatory school, in order to fit himself for entering Harvard College. It was customary with the teacher in this school to call on the boys for declamations. Theodore at that early period lacked many of the graces of oratory, which he seems to have acquired afterward; and, like most boys, when he was the victim of embarrassment his memory was more or less treacherous.

Upon one occasion he was called upon to recite the poem beginning:

“At midnight, in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Would tremble at his power.”

Theodore arose and started out bravely. With all the flourishes of boyish energy he repeated the lines as far as “When Greece, her knee——” and then he stopped.

He stammered, shuffled his feet, and began again: “When Greece, her knee——” The old schoolmaster leaned forward, and in a shrill voice said: “Grease ’em again, Teddy, and maybe it will go then.” And Teddy, with his usual pluck, tried it again with marked success.

“What strong direction did your home influence take in your boyhood?” was asked Mr. Roosevelt.

“Why,” he replied, “I was brought up with the constant injunction to be active and industrious. My father—all my people—held that no one had a right to merely cumber the earth; that the most contemptible of created beings is the man who does nothing. I imbibed the idea that I must work hard, whether at making money or whatever else.

TAUGHT THAT HE MUST BE A WORKER.

“The whole family training taught me that I must be doing, must be working—and at decent work. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard College I was able to take my part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal while in college, and though I never came in first I got more good of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself.

“I was fond of wrestling and boxing; I think I was a good deal of a wrestler, and, though I never won a championship, yet more than once I won my trial heats and got into the final round. I was captain of my polo team at one time, but since I left college

I have taken most of my exercise in the 'cow country' or mountain hunting."

Theodore Roosevelt is the third graduate of Harvard University to hold the highest honor in the gift of the American people. John Adams and John Quincy Adams were graduated from Harvard. It was in 1825 when J. Q. Adams became President. Now comes Roosevelt. Roosevelt entered Harvard in 1876, when he was eighteen years old. His work in college was characterized by the enthusiasm and earnestness which have become known to all the people as dominant traits of his character in public life.

When he came to the Cambridge college he was a slight lad and not in robust health, but he at once took a judicious and regular interest in athletics, and in a little while the effects were apparent in his stalwart figure and redoubled energy. He wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal, but never indulging in athletic work to the point of injury.

EARNEST AND MATURE STUDENT.

In his studies young Roosevelt was looked upon "as peculiarly earnest and mature in the way he took hold of things," as one of his classmates put it. Ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston, who was in college with Roosevelt, says of him:

"He exhibited in his college days most of the traits of character which he has shown in after years and on the larger stage of political life. In appearance and manner he has changed remarkably little in twenty years, and I should say that his leading characteristic in college was the very quality of strenuousness which is now so associated with his public character. In whatever he did he showed unusual energy, and the same aggressive earnestness which has carried so far in later life.

"He exhibited a maturity of character, if not of intellectual development, greater than that of most of his classmates, and was looked upon as one of the notable members of the class—as one who possessed certain qualities of leadership and of popularity which might carry him far in the days to come, if not counter-

balanced by impulsiveness in action or obstinacy in adhering to his own ideas. He was certainly regarded as a man of unusually good fighting qualities, of determination, pluck and tenacity.

"If his classmates had been asked in their senior year to pick out the one member of the class who would be best adapted for such a service which he rendered with the Rough Riders in Cuba I think that, almost with one voice, they would have named Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt is in many respects as broad and typical an American as the country has produced."

ORIGINAL AND SELF-RELIANT.

Both his fellows and his teachers say that he was much above the average as a student. He was just as original, just as reliant on his own judgment as he is now. In a mere matter of opinion or of dogma he had no respect for an instructor's say-so above his own convictions, and some of his contemporaries in college recall with smiles some very strenuous discussions with teachers in which he was involved by his habit of defending his own convictions.

At graduation he was one of the comparatively few who took honors, his subject being natural history. When young Roosevelt entered college he developed the taste for hunting and natural history which has since led him so often and so far through field and forest. His rifle and his hunting kit were the most conspicuous things in his room. His birds he mounted himself.

Live turtles and insects were always to be found in his study, and one who lived in the house with him at the time recalls well the excitement caused by a particularly large turtle sent by a friend from the southern seas, which got out of its box one night and started for the bathroom in search for water. Although well toward the top as a student he still had his full share of the gay rout that whiles dull care away. In his sophomore year he was one of the forty men in his class who belong to the Institute of 1770.

In his senior year he was a member of the Porcelain, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the Hasty Pudding Clubs, being secretary of the last named. In the society of Boston he was often seen.

Roosevelt's membership in clubs other than social shows

conspicuously the kind of college man he was. In rowing, base-ball and foot-ball he was an earnest champion, but never a prominent participant. In the other athletic contests he was often seen. It was as a boxer that he excelled. Boxing was a regular feature of the Harvard contests of that day, and "Teddy," as he was universally called, was the winner of many a bout.

He had his share in college journalism. During his senior year he was one of the editors of the "Advocate." Unlike the other editors, he was not himself a frequent contributor.

The range of his interests is shown by this enumeration of clubs in which he had membership. The Natural History Society, of which he was vice-president; the Art Club, of which Professor Charles Eliot Norton was the president; the Finance Club, the Glee Club (associate member), the Harvard Rifle Corps, the O. K. Society, of which he was treasurer, and the Harvard Athletic Association, of which he was steward.

HIS APPEARANCE AT GRADUATION.

Roosevelt's share of class-day honors was membership in the class committee. All who knew Roosevelt in his college days speak of him as dashing and picturesque in his ways and handsome appearance. His photograph, taken at graduation, shows no moustache, but a rather generous allowance of side whiskers.

Although he was near-sighted, and wore glasses at the time, they do not appear in the photograph. Maturity and sobriety are the most evident characteristics of the countenance. A companion of student days tells a story to show that the future President did things then much as he does there now. A horse in a stable close to Roosevelt's room made a sudden noise one night which demanded instant attention. Young Roosevelt was in bed at the time, but he waited not for daytime clothes—nor did he even wait to get down the steps. He bounded out the second-story window, and had quieted the row before the less impetuous neighbors arrived.

It was while in college that he conceived the idea of his history of the American Navy in the War of 1812. This volume

was written soon after leaving college. He was not yet twenty-four when it was completed. In view of the position which the author afterward held, next to the head of the American Navy, the preface, written before the beginning of our present navy, is of striking interest. He says: "At present people are beginning to realize that it is folly for the great English-speaking republic to rely for defense upon a navy composed partly of antiquated hulks and partly of new vessels rather more worthless than the old."

IDEAS OF PUBLIC LIFE AND CITIZENSHIP.

Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of college education, and the results thereof in the making of good citizens, are well defined in his admirable essay on "College and Public Life," written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he says: "The first great question which the college graduate should learn, is the lesson of work rather than of criticism. College men must learn to be as practical in politics as they would be in business or in law. A college man is peculiarly bound to keep a high ideal and to be true to it; but he must work in practical ways to try to realize this ideal, and must not refuse to do anything because he cannot get anything. No man ever learned from books how to manage a governmental system." Yet he never disparaged book knowledge.

He says further:

"This obligation (of being good, active citizens) possibly rests even more heavily upon men of means; of this it is not necessary now to speak. The men of mere wealth never can have, and never should have, the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by the men of exceptional mental training; but that they may become both a laughing stock and a menace to the community is made unpleasantly apparent by that portion of the New York business and social world which is most in evidence in the papers.

"Wrongs should be strenuously and fearlessly denounced; evil principles and evil men should be condemned. The politician who cheats or swindles, or the newspaper man who lies in any form, should be made to feel that he is an object of scorn for all honest men."

In giving advice to college men, and he knew whereof he spoke, he denies that they are better or worse than men who have never been inside the walls of a college, while their responsibilities are infinitely greater.

"The worst offense that can be committed against the republic is the offense of the public man who betrays his trust; but second only to it comes the offense of the man who tries to persuade others that an honest and efficient public man is dishonest or unworthy. This is a wrong that can be committed in a great many different ways. Downright foul abuse may, after all, be less dangerous than incessant misstatements, sneers, and those half-truths which are the meanest lies."

HIS LOFTY AIMS AND PURPOSES.

It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt did not pursue a college course merely to gratify some ambitious member of his family who wished him to obtain and flourish an academic degree. Nor did he care to be known merely as an educated gentleman. Neither did he count the friendships and pleasant associations of college life a compensation for four years of study. He had a higher purpose in view than to be able merely to say he had been through college.

He was a student, a scholar, an athlete, a man with a college degree that he might be something else. His education was only a stepping-stone to those grand achievements for which a course of study would help to prepare him. He had lofty aims. He wished to be more than a money maker or a money spender. He did not despise wealth, but he did despise the base, sordid, vulgar use of it.

"Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech," he writes, "or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaign and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

It is not possible in every instance to guess from a young

man's reputation and standing in college what will be his subsequent career. Sir Walter Scott in his academic days was remarkable for nothing except dulness. He excelled in stupidity. Many persons have magnificent ability, but it requires a long time to wake it up, and then the right occasion must present itself.

Henry Ward Beecher had the distinction of being very near the foot of his class in college. When told by his tutor that he ought to learn his lessons in mathematics for the mental discipline he would thus gain, he replied that, as he always had to have an excuse when he failed on a lesson, he thought getting up his excuses would be better discipline than learning his lessons.

NO SIGNS OF A BRILLIANT CAREER.

When General Grant graduated from West Point he was so near the foot of a class numbering forty-four that no one ever risked his reputation for acuteness by predicting that such a dullard would achieve success in anything he undertook. Many a college dunce has comforted himself with such examples, but never proved himself to possess anything in common with them except the stupidity.

In Mr. Roosevelt's case it could have been predicted from his college course what his career would be afterward. He was known as a positive character, a strong and earnest soul, and independent thinker, full of force and fire, yet not quite so reckless as to incur the charge of being hot-headed. It would indeed be singular if one with so much Dutch blood in him should exhibit a dangerous rashness of conduct. He showed his courage, his force, his positive character in college, and it was easy to predict that these traits would distinguish him in his public career. This remarkable career has occasioned no very great surprise to those who best knew him in his earlier years.

On the day of his graduation he discoursed on natural history. This was one of his favorite studies. His knowledge of this subject is apparent on every page of his interesting descriptions of animal life on our western plains. Even at Harvard he was a kind of Nimrod and had his guns and other sporting

equipments. Outdoor life has always had a charm for him, and to this can be attributed in part his sturdy physique and robust health.

Capable of great endurance, he can distance others in the amount and quality of work he is able to perform. In short, both in mind and body he is a model of vigorous manhood and the "strenuous life" he is so fond of advocating.

After leaving college he went abroad, acting upon the common impression, not entirely a correct one, that the education of a young American cannot be considered complete until it is "finished off" in some foreign capital. For a while he studied at Dresden, then travelled through Switzerland and elsewhere, and distinguished himself as a mountain climber. There was enough of difficulty and danger in this pastime to suit his adventurous nature; besides, it afforded him a fine opportunity for exercising and testing his powers of endurance. To ascend the Jungfrau was no great undertaking, but the far-famed and, one might almost say, fatal Matterhorn was a different proposition. To climb this mountain was to incur risks of a serious nature; only the boldest and most self-reliant athletes would attempt it.

Mr. Roosevelt's success in scaling the almost impassable Alpine heights was such as to entitle him to membership in the Alpine Club of London. No one can become a member of this famous club without having performed a feat in mountain climbing that is worthy of commemoration.

CHAPTER V.

SEEKING ROMANTIC ADVENTURES—ROOSEVELT BUYS A RANCH—
ADVANTAGES OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS—FIRST APPEAR-
ANCE AT MEDORA—THE RANCH BUILDING—PURSUIT OF BIG
GAME—THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR—
CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH—GUNS AND TENTS IN AFRICA—
HOW THE 'TRAVELLERS' CARAVAN IS MADE TO ORDER—A
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

IF Theodore Roosevelt, the boy, ever read a dime novel or a story of wild western life, no mention has ever been made of it. He did not get his love of frontier life from the cheap literature that kills bears and Indians on every page. The average boy who reads of the burly bandit and desperate outlaw holding up stage-coaches and railway trains, is apt to admire such bold deeds and imagine himself the hero of similar achievements. He is eager to outdo the ruffians whose exploits are all duly chronicled.

Suddenly the band of desperadoes appears, halts the coach in an unfrequented spot, flourishes rifles and revolvers, terrorizes the helpless passengers, strips them of their valuables, paralyzes by threats all attempts at resistance, and having secured the plunder, purses, watches and jewelry, vanishes from sight, leaving the outraged victims to express their thankfulness at having escaped with their lives. Stories of this description, dressed up in hysterical phrases, form the staple of that vast mass of pernicious dime literature which fascinates the youthful reader and in many instances turns him into an adventurer and an outlaw.

He is thrilled by the strange, wierd, sanguinary tales of pioneer life. He craves a career of romantic adventure. He would shoot a bear or an Indian; he would ride a bucking horse on a hunting excursion; perhaps he would become an armed ruffian and make his name a terror by robbery and deeds of violence. His ambition is to roam the plains, lead the life of a marauder and become a free-

booter like those whose exploits he has read of in books and which he is eager to imitate.

It was not from such motives or with such intentions that young Roosevelt resolved to try the experiences of life on the western plains. If the thousand tales of daring feats, bold enterprises and dangerous ventures that are so eagerly read by school-boys ever had any charm for him, they certainly did not influence his actions in the slightest degree. He had no thought of achieving distinction by scalping Indians. But he wanted a ranch in the West and secured one in North Dakota during his third term at Albany. He was fond of hunting big game. The long expedition with his trusty rifle and a few associates or attendants was his pastime.

BOOKS WERE A PART OF HIS OUTFIT.

Mere sport is commonly an idle thing, a device for whiling away time and obtaining a temporary pleasure. Roosevelt had no thought of going to the Bad Lands for any such purpose. He had other objects in view, and, although enjoying the chase as any full-blooded man would be apt to enjoy it, he never would have ventured into the far West merely for this. He had aims and ideals that could not be realized by trout fishing and bear hunting. His books went with him, and were as much a part of his outfit as his gun and cartridge pouch.

He felt that vigor of mind and body would result from roughing it on his ranch. He would breathe a pure air, drink from unpolluted streams, climb steep cliffs and stand on their summits in the glow of healthful exercise. The winds would bronze his cheek and toughen his fibre. The weariness of toil would bring refreshing sleep; the silence of the evening camp would give him an opportunity to think; books would be read with a keener relish; the wild horse, spirited and hard to subdue, would test his nerve and muscle; association with the shrewd, yet untutored ranchmen would hold him in contact with common, ordinary men; he would learn much from the rough characters whose names are never written in histories, but who are, after all, heroes in their way.

Col. Roosevelt's favorite works while on the Ranch were books

of natural history. Irving, Hawthorne and Poe were great favorites of his and Robert Burns was a constant companion. We find in Theodore Roosevelt's own book entitled: "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman; Being Sketches of Sports of the North Cattle Plains," much to charm and instruct. Only a brief outline can be given here of the exciting times in the far west of the man who has become our most distinguished citizen.

THE HOME RANCH OF COL. ROOSEVELT.

On the Northwest border of North Dakota—six hundred miles from St. Paul—where the Little Missouri winds its course through the Bad Lands, is the town of Medora, surrounded by huge buttes of scorched clay. About eight miles from the little town is "Chimney Butte," the home ranch of Col. Roosevelt. The little house is built of logs; in fact it is a log cabin one and a half stories high. The first story contains a kitchen, living room, and a private room for Col. Roosevelt when he visits the ranch. As cowboys sleep anywhere little attention was given by cowboy Roosevelt to sleeping apartments. In bad weather they spread their blankets on the floor upstairs. To the right is the stable, while in front is the horse corral. This is built in circular form to prevent crowding and jamming in corners. Whenever a horse is wanted the whole herd is driven in.

The ranch building is most picturesque. From the low, long veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, one can look across sand bars to a strip of meadow—behind which rises the sheer cliffs. From the doorway of his log cabin Col. Roosevelt has killed a deer, and big game abounds in the vicinity. He has worked here in a flannel shirt and overalls tucked into alligator boots, side by side with his cowboys during many an exciting round-up, at night to sleep on bear skins and buffalo robes, trophies of his skill as a hunter. "When he first went West they called him the 'four-eyed tenderfoot,'" says Mark Twain. The cowboys soon changed their mind about the "tenderfoot" from New York.

Herds of cattle roam over the unsurveyed "Bad Lands" as far as 200 miles at times. The "Round-up" always brings them home.

Each ranchman's cattle are branded with a distinctive mark burned into the animal's hide with a red hot iron when the beasts are young. Col. Roosevelt owns two brands for his cattle and bronchos—the "Elkhorn" and the "Maltese Cross"—to correspond with the names of his two ranches. The Elkhorn ranch is located thirty miles down the river from Medora. It was originally intended to be the home ranch, and the buildings are much more elaborate and expensive than the Maltese Cross. But the two have been consolidated and administrated from the latter, it being a superior location.

The whole region swarmed with game of all sorts, more especially elk, deer and mountain sheep. Col. Roosevelt learned much and enjoyed more during his first year (1884) of cowboy life on the plains. The next summer he came again and hunted all sorts of big game. He tells the following graphic story of an interview he had with a grizzly in Idaho.

CHARGED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR.

The bear was wounded and charged with manifest anger. "I held true, aiming behind the shoulder and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the blood foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him.

He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me.

"The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit

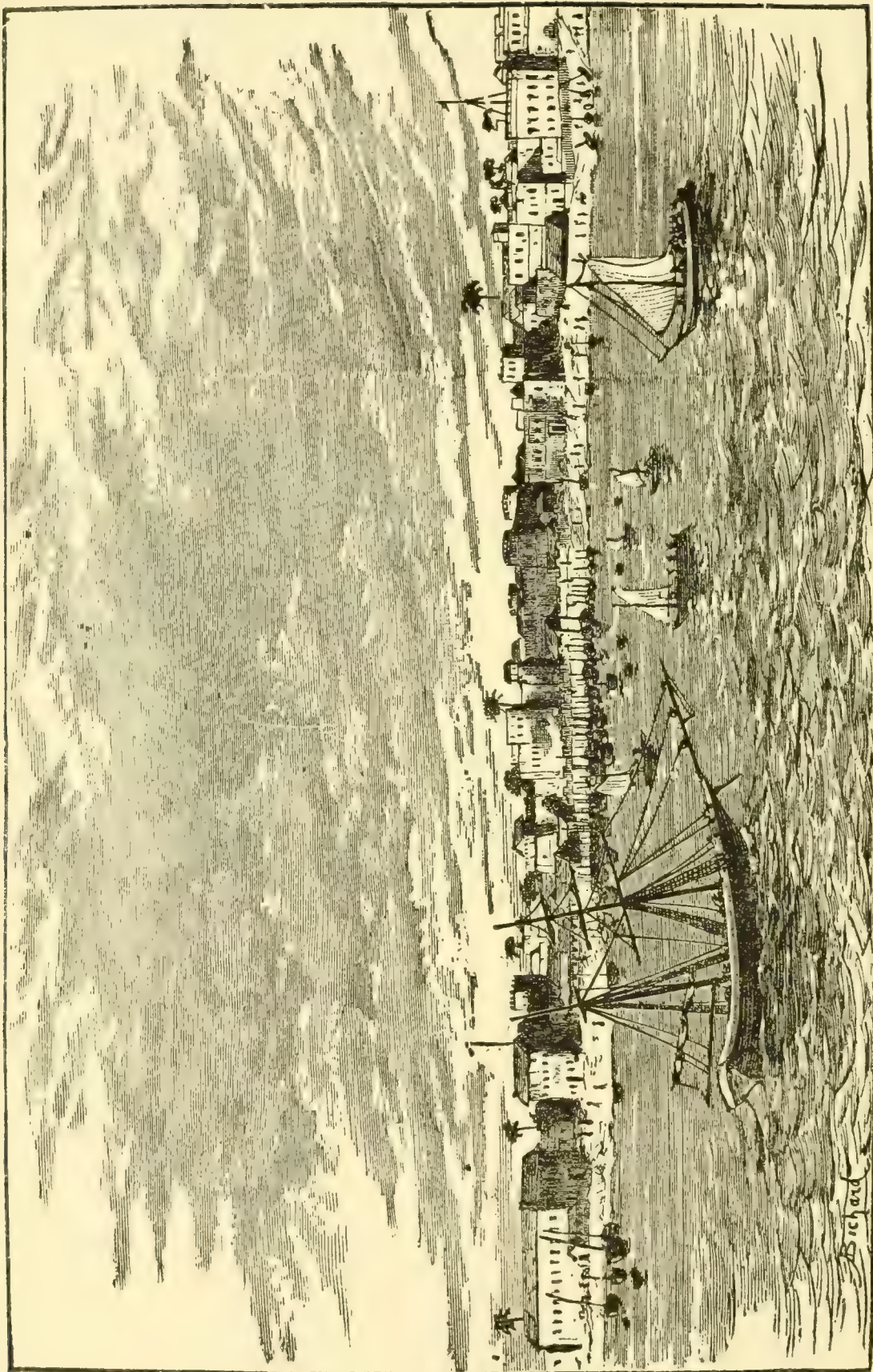
the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound." This Col. Roosevelt calls his most thrilling moment. It will no doubt seem tame to him now after his thrilling days of hunting lions and other ferocious beasts in Africa.

HOW AN AFRICAN TRAVELLER'S CARAVAN IS MADE.

Safari is the name used all over East Africa for what in the West we call "outfit"—the men you take along to enable you to prosecute your journey, or procure you sport. Col. Roosevelt, of course, became very familiar with the East African terms. The pleasure and success of an East-African trip depend more on a well-chosen and well-managed *safari* than on anything else—more, even, than on the perseverance and skill of the sportsman or traveller.

In olden days of *safari* travelling, when ivory or game was sought, the process of collecting a *safari* on the East coast was simplicity itself. Zanzibar was usually the starting-point, and the Zanzibari authorities were the intermediaries between the white man or Arab and the unfortunate natives. These were compelled to go on any journey, with any adventurer their masters gave them orders to accompany. Some little part of wages due to them they might or might not receive. They were mere slaves, and had no choice in the matter. They were landed on the mainland, men, women, and children, at so much the head, and started with their loads into the dangerous unknown.

If they fell down by the way they were kobokoed till they rose again. If they could not rise, they were left where they lay. If they deserted, they were shot by their masters or, if they escaped from them, were murdered by unfriendly tribes, who naturally strove in every way they could to prevent the inroads of caravans,



ZANZIBAR.

whose object was generally to steal their ivory or capture themselves.

East Africa till very lately was in an awful plight. The curse of age-long slavery and perpetual wars and cattle-raiding among the tribes turned what should have been a prosperous country into the darkest and most hopeless of lands, where every man distrusted and feared his fellow. There was no rule, no central authority. The strong consumed the weak. It was a region where rapine, cruelty, and bloodshed perpetually reigned.

The distance from one inhabited oasis to another was often great. Vast tracts had been depopulated by native wars, pestilences, or the slave trade. *Safari*, therefore, whether they were made up—as were Somalis or Swahili exhibitions—for purposes of trade, or for discovery or sport, had to be large; a march through much of the country meant a little war, and every porter carried a gun in addition to his pack.

NATIVE DISTRUST AND DISCONTENT.

So it came to pass often that, willingly or unwillingly, almost every *safari's* progress tended but to increase the native distrust and discontent and to add to the misery of the country it passed through.

The food question was ever the burning question—men carrying trading goods into the interior couldn't carry a sufficient supply of food as well. The limit of human endurance is reached at sixty pounds the man. It takes a stout porter to carry that, day after day, in the sun. Now that same porter eats in one month forty-five pounds of his load, so it is at once evident he cannot carry food and other things as well.

It is needless to say that with the abolition of slavery, and far more still with the introduction of protectorate rule by England, rule that does most really attempt at least to protect the native, all this has ceased. You are obliged to do a good deal for your *safari*—often much more than local opinion deems necessary.

The porter's wages are fixed. You cannot pay less, and for this country they are high. The quality and quantity of food you



EXPEDITION STARTING FOR THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA IN TERRIFIC STORM.

must give him are fixed. He must have a blanket, tent, and water-bottle from you, even if he is engaged for but a few weeks. He is supposed to be examined and passed as fit to work—by the medical officer. He “signs on” for so long a time with you, and at the end of that time, if he demands them, you must pay him his wages. You are supposed not to punish him, but hand him over, in case he misbehaves, to the civil authorities. But as you are likely to be often more than a hundred miles from any court, a reasonable enforcement of discipline, when necessary, is expected from you, and not resented by him.

So much about present *safari* life. Every would-be traveller soon learns. He knows his own amount of baggage. He knows it to the *pound*, and to his cost, if he pays his steamer bills at Mombasa before coming up country, and a further interview with the railroad authorities on the question of baggage is likely to impress him still more. He reads in books or hears from friends that he will need so many men, and that he had better engage them at Nairobi rather than at Mombasa, and so save the \$5 fare per man. That is about all he knows.

PREPARING FOR A TRIP.

He chooses his agent at Nairobi and seeks advice, says how long he intends to be out and what he wants to go and get; whether he will ride or walk; whether he is determined to go far afield and stay away from the railroad for several months at a time, or make shorter trips, moving his *safari* by rail from place to place.

These matters settled, his agents undertake to do the rest, and promise in so many days to have everything ready for a start. Tell your agent at Nairobi that above all other things they must give you a really honest and reliable “head man.” Your head man will make you or mar you. The problem of *potio* is quite beyond even the most painstaking investigator at first. You will have to do as you are told, and get the hang of it soon as you can.

At the beginning of *safari* life you will have to be guided by your head man. Show him your baggage. Tell him roughly what you wish to do and where to go. He, on his part, will tell you where

he has been with other *bwanas* (masters) and what luck they have had, how long they were out, what number of porters were necessary, and if the *safari* was able to employ donkeys to save porterage—a very important point.

After one or two quiet talks with your man, you will have some idea of the size of your expedition, but not yet, I am sorry to say, even a glimmering notion of the size of your bill. I remember well how golden were the dreams I indulged in when I took out my first *safari*. Literally golden, for here at last was a delightful form of sport that cost less than ordinary hotel living. The disillusionment,



SINGULAR MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

when it came, was complete. No, you cannot “do” Africa cheaply, and of all countries under the sun, this is the very worst, I should fancy, in which to try to practice economy.

You will need: to carry your tent (a green waterproof, eight by eight); three porters; bedding, one porter; tent table and chair, one porter; canteen pots and pans, one porter; private tin boxes, clothing, books, one to three porters; ammunition, one to two porters; own food (depends on time out), one to ten porters; gun-cases, one porter; if pony is taken, one syce, one porter; tent boy, one porter; cook, one porter.

It is a safe rule to allow twenty porters for your personal belongings, not, of course, including men's food or anything else.

If you wish to travel more rapidly you will take your *safari*, perhaps, the first stage of the way by the railroad, and since you thus cover in one day what it would take you several days to do marching, you will find the expense comes to about the same. You will find that a month away from all base of supplies is about your practical limit. For remark (and if you remember this it will save you many tedious efforts after calculation) each man carries sixty pounds of *potio*, and each eats forty-five pounds each month. A porter is, therefore, able to carry fifteen pounds only for you in addition to his food.

DIFFICULTIES OF A HEAD MAN.

A *safari* of one hundred porters—not including, remember, gun-boys, head man, tent-boys, cook or syce—can carry for a month 1,500 pounds over and above their food, and no more. Of course this is all very confusing at first. You can only trust your head man and keep perpetually noticing things. Gradually it will dawn on you that to be a successful head man implies a most unusual combination of qualities.

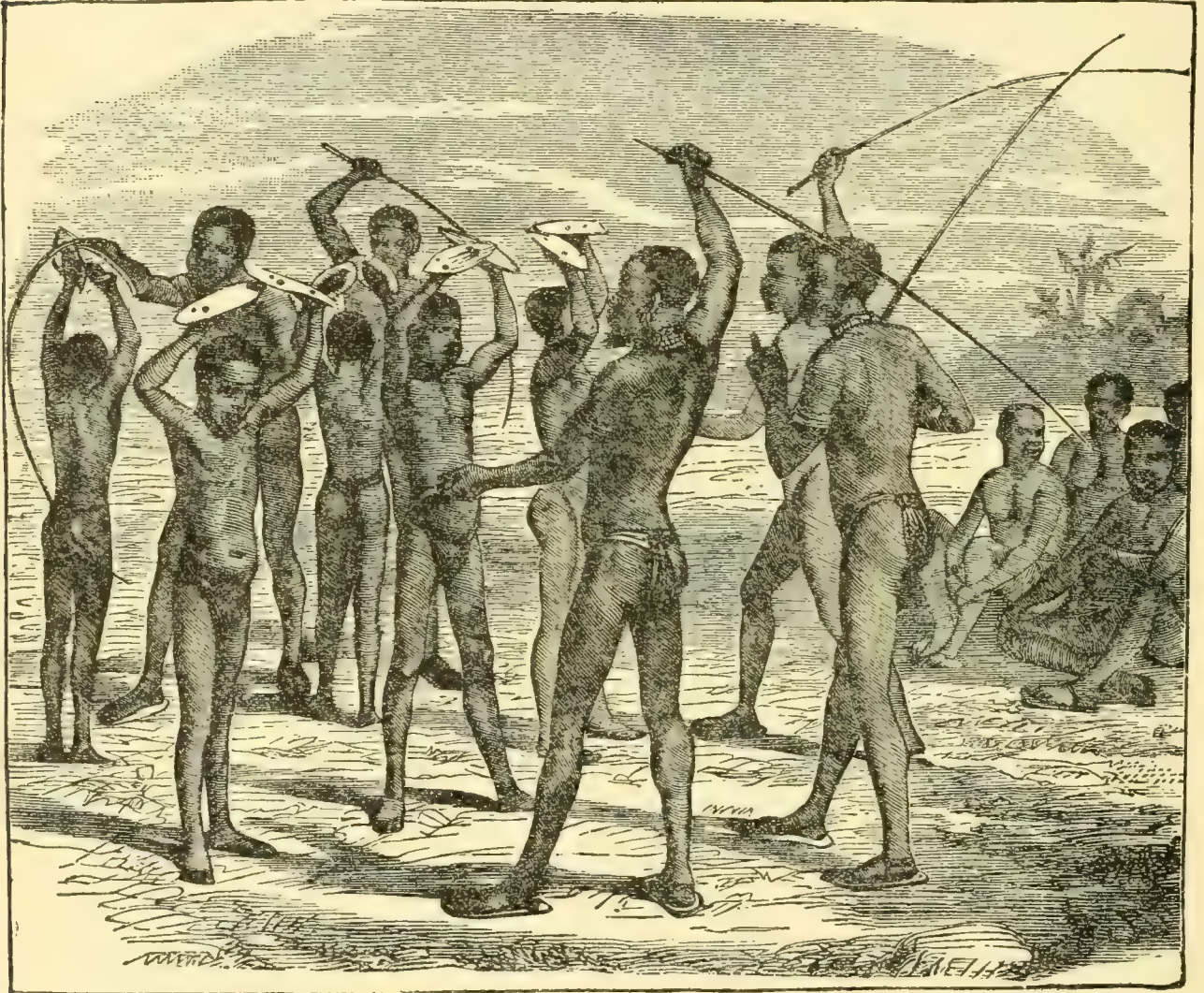
In addition to those I have already named, he must be absolutely fair-minded as between man and man. He must be strictly just in giving out *potio*. The little cup of meal must not be heaped or shaken for one and just dipped into the sack for another. That the *safari* will not endure. He apportions each man's daily burden.

The loads should be weighed before starting from Nairobi. After that there can be no daily weighing. At a glance, therefore, he must know what each must have. He can have no favorites, and no enemies. His eye it is that notes the sick man—the really sick—and detects the lazy and incompetent man. He it is who must decide who shall be relieved of his burden on the march, and among what other reluctant fellows that burden must be shared till number one can take it again.

The multitudinous employments of the camp, as well as of the march, he can alone apportion. So many men are chosen during

the first few days' marching to pitch the tents the moment the *safari* comes in. So many at once for the wood. So many fetch water. One has to trench each tent. There are from ten to twenty other tents to be pitched.

The men whose duty it is to do this are all told off, and let me say here that no one can, I believe, pitch a tent so fast or so well as



TRAINING BOYS FOR HARSHIPS.

these people can. Smartness at the job is of vital importance. For instance, we had to reach a certain water spring, and as we did so, over us drew one of those dark, gray-lipped clouds that here mean torrent.

Many of the men were sick and suffering from the severe cold and rain; for a month African fountains had not been sunny, and in the evening and at night you needed a suit of fur-lined under-

clothes, some one said. To get these men dry-footed was all-important, for we would be out of *potio*, if we delayed, and there was no game just there. It was a race against time and storm.

The pipers piped up manfully, the *safari* came in after a long march at its best pace, and I counted fourteen tents and our three big ones, pitched perfectly and trenched completely so that they could stand any weather, in eight minutes from the time the first bundle was thrown down by the first porter marching on the ground.

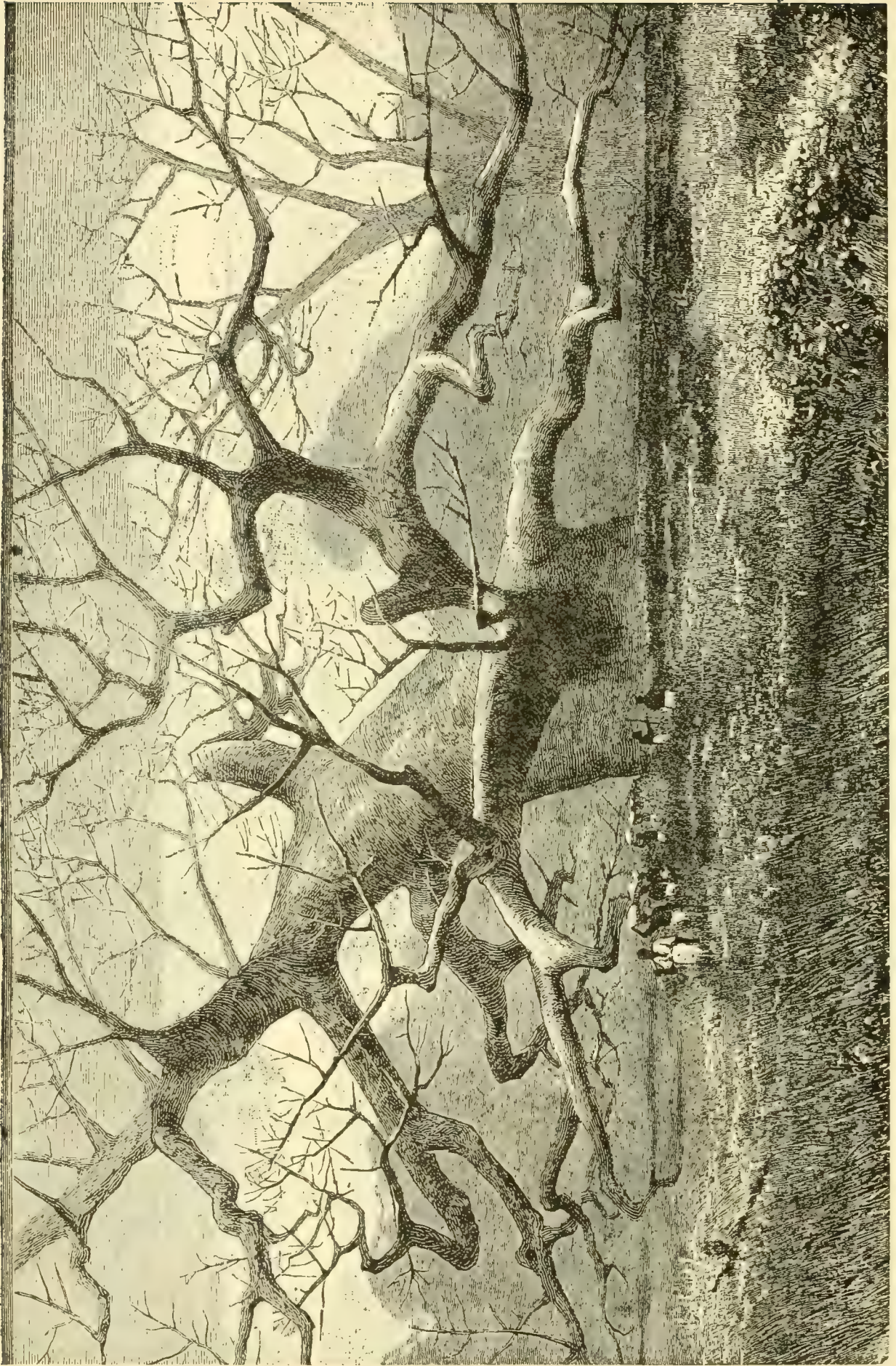
The head man practically decides, till you get to know the men yourself, who needs punishment when (it is to be hoped very rarely) punishment has to be meted out. Disobedience to definite orders, and theft, must be punished at once. But if the influences of the *safari* are good there are scarcely such things as either disobedience or theft. In six months one man received eight koboko for disobedience, and there was no thieving whatever.

THE TENT BOY.

Your next ally in the managing of the *safari*, and your hourly instructor in the way in which you should go, is your tent-boy. There are many excellent tent-boys, wonderful to say. A good one will valet you as well as you have ever been valeted in your life. Indeed, I have yet to discover what a good tent-boy will not do. But I wrote hastily. My boy John, the best tent-boy man ever had, will not do one thing—he will not, under any inducement whatever, make one of a party to beat a swamp or bit a brush for a lion.

Porters are to the *safari* what the Macedonian phalanx was to Alexander's armies. There can be no *safari* without them. Successful sportsmen there have been who depended for transport almost entirely on donkeys or ox-wagon, but as between the donkey and the porter, many a solid advantage rests with the latter.

You can never tell where you want to go in East Africa. Plan your trip never so carefully, a hundred things may arise which will deflect, if they don't alter, your route. You set out for six weeks' journey. You do not return for four or five months. Freedom of movement is, I am sure, an essential in this land where the unexpected is forever happening. Now, donkeys pin you down in two



GIANT TREE OF AFRICA WITH WIDESPREADING BRANCHES.

ways: they cannot make more than ten or at most twelve miles a day, even where the trails are good; and when there are none, or when there is much swamp, cannot be got along at all.

Donkeys are excellent to keep your base of supplies full. It is often necessary to have a number of them regularly travelling with *potio* between the railroad and some selected spot near the country to be explored or hunted. In this way you can keep the field for as long as you please, for it is easy to send ten or twenty porters from your hunting camp to this supply base, while, if you had to send the men fifty or a hundred miles for *potio*, ten or twenty could not carry any sufficient quantity, and would consume a large part of their loads on the way, and to send more than a small number of men is to cripple your travelling machine and to force you to remain camped till they return.

Never so denude yourself of men that you cannot march. This is a rule every *safari* leader should remember.

THE COOK AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

The *safari* cook is an important personage. He literally makes you or mars you, and a good, cleanly and honest cook is not found every day. Still, the East-African has a natural bent for cooking. Quite uninstructed, he cooks his own rice when he is not in too great a hurry; it's none but the man of the East can cook it, and since you eat rice twice a day, that is something to begin on.

My cook Peter was a friend of three years ago. I had suffered at his hands and in consequence he had, on at least one occasion, suffered at mine, or rather at the hands of my official representative, the *askari*. Peter knew he deserved it, and so bore no grudge. Indeed, had I defrauded him of his just dues, I should have fallen greatly in his estimation.

When he heard, therefore, that I had returned to the country, he at once sought me out and begged for his old job. His weak point, I well remembered, had been his bread, and good, well-baked, well-raised, yeast bread (not baking-flour abominations) is one of the few things absolutely necessary to health.

I made immediate inquiries as to whether Peter had been to a

baking school. He assured me he had, and that by now his productions were unrivalled. His appearance certainly belied his optimism, and I pointed this out to him. But he was proficient in excuses, said he had lost my chits and had been out of a job for a long time.

I sent him off under John's charge to bake a loaf while his guardian looked on to make sure that he had no unfair assistance, and as the result proved fairly satisfactory, I re-engaged him.

I began with the head man, the director and guide of my company. I have come now to its tail—the *toto*—its apprentice boy, not entered on your list of men. You have no knowledge of his existence till some day, from somewhere, he bobs up before you, just a *toto*. It may be you see him first—though this is unlikely—wedged in among the legs of a dozen or fifteen men, in one of the already dreadfully crowded third-class compartments of the train that is carrying all your party to some wayside station.

THE OVERWORKED TOTO.

It may be he has so far escaped you entirely, as he surely has the ticket collector, and your first sight of him is as, fagged out, he totters along, carrying a much too heavy load for his little boy's body, far behind the rearmost *askari*, on some long, hot marching day. Thus it was I first came to know him.

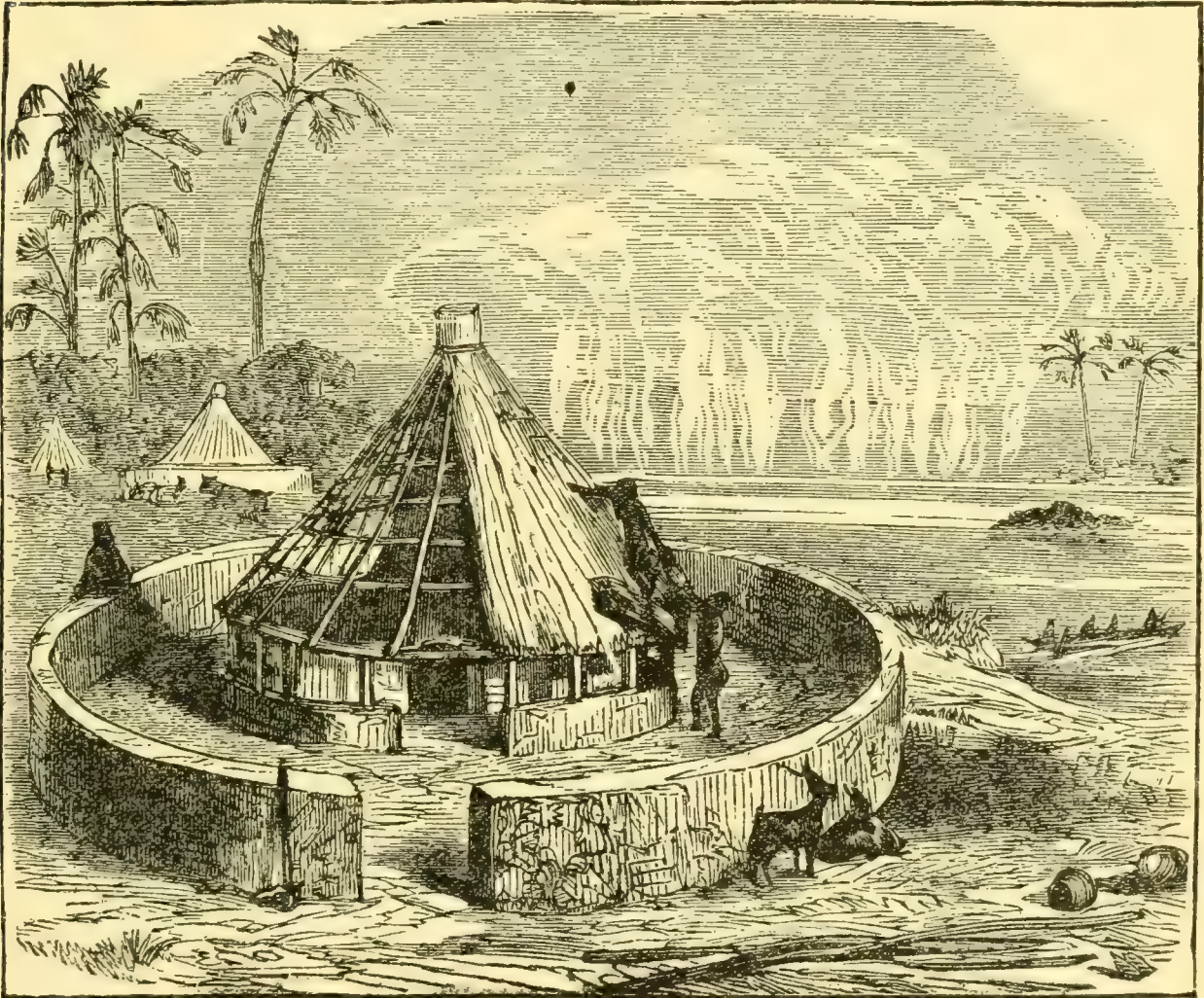
"Is he a little fellow following his father?" I asked. "Oh no, he is just a *toto*." To my ignorance, of that my first *safari*, this meant nothing at all. I was soon to learn. The boy on that occasion was on the point of collapse, and fortunately I had determined to walk myself at the rear of the column, as the way was long, water distant, and the lava rock we were traversing terribly hard for all our feet.

The boy was not more than fourteen years old at most, and had been ill or underfed, for he lacked the robustness of *totos* generally. I halted the men and asked who claimed him, and how he came to be carrying, as he was, a man's load, not less.

Five or six big porters came up. Still I was mystified, and only after some time did I learn that I was supposed to have no responsibility for him at all. He was not on the "strength" of the *safari*.

He was just a *toto*, hired by the aforesaid five or six to do their little jobs around camp, carry water, cook food, and carry at least a part of their *potio*. Had he a father? No. A mother? Doubtful. Generally these little black mites are orphans.

Many such there are, alas! They hang round government stations, claiming no one, recognized by none. In some sore strait some helpless woman laid him at a stranger's hut door, to live or



HOUSE BUILDING IN AFRICA.

die as it might be. Many of the *totos* show too plainly traces of that early disaster. Rickety, consumptive, half-starved atoms of humanity, who yet face with an African's quite wonderful cheeriness the chances of *safari* life, because it offers them plentiful food and some sort of a home. Others there are of them, of course, who are in a far better condition, whose mothers have died, and who come along with their fathers.

The worst-used *toto* I ever knew was such a one. I found him one dreadfully hot day when we were marching, without water, for eight hours, struggling along two miles behind his useless father, who, since he was an *askari*, carried not one ounce himself but his short Schneider carbine. That half-starved child was struggling under four men's *potio* for eight days—*i. e.*, forty-eight pounds of meal—besides a large *sufaria* and his father's sleeping-mat—quite sixty pounds in all. I was very ignorant, as I say, of African matters then, but that day taught me a lesson, and ever after I made a point of turning up unexpectedly at the tail of the column and staying there sometimes for hours, when long marches have to be made.

No *totos* should be admitted to any *safari* till they have passed the *bwana's* inspection, and the men who engage them should be obliged to come forward and show themselves. Nor should these men be paid their wages (this is very important) when the *safari* is paid off, till you are sure the *toto* has received his modest and well-earned dole.

In this poor child's case I was able to see rough justice done. We had fully two hundred miles steady marching ahead of us, and for every mile of it his father carried that load, while he marched free. I got him to hospital on my return, and after long sickness he at last recovered from that awful day's march.

CHAPTER VI.

AFRICA—A SKETCH. I,

CIVILIZATION TAKEN ROOT—PARCELED OUT AMONG MANY EUROPEAN COUNTRIES—GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS—THE RIVER NILE.

AFRICA is one of the three great divisions of the Old World, and the second in extent of the five principal continents of the globe forms a vast peninsula joined to Asia by the Isthmus of Suez. It is of a compact form, with few important projections or indentations.

The continent extends from 37 degrees north latitude, to 35 degrees south latitude, and the extreme points, Cape Blanco and Cape Agulhas, are nearly 5,000 miles apart. From west to east, between Cape Verde, longitude 18 degrees west, and Cape Guardafui, longitude 51 degrees east, the distance is about 4,600 miles. The area is estimated at 11,508,793 square miles, or more than three times that of Europe. The islands belonging to Africa are few; they include Madagascar, Madeira, the Canaries, Cape Verde Island, Fernando Po, Prince's Island, St. Thomas, Ascension, St. Helena, Mauritius, Bourbon, the Comoros and Cocotra.

The desperate struggle among the European powers for colonial possessions in Africa is of comparatively recent origin. While the earliest explorations began in 1553, when a body of British merchants sent out in search of trade a few vessels to Guinea, there was no thought of anything more than an effort to find a new market for English productions.

It was more than forty years later, in 1595, that the Dutch followed the English merchants in the attempt to establish a trading station on the coast of Guinea. About the same time that the British traders began the exploration of the Guinea coast the French set out on the same errand and located at what is now known as French

Guinea. Thus at the beginning of the seventeenth century nearly all the portions of Africa that were held by the nations of Europe were the three divisions of the coast of Guinea that were known respectively as British, French and Dutch Guinea.

Even at the end of that century England and France were the principal rivals for African trade, but at the close of the French wars France had lost nearly all her possessions in Africa as well as elsewhere. In this war Great Britain acquired the ascendancy in African affairs, which she stubbornly held for 200 years.

Leaving the coast, they both pushed into the interior, which example was followed by other nations. Generally the partition of Africa went on slowly and peaceably, and it was not until the Brussels conference in 1878 that the unrestrained scramble began that has resulted in the division of the entire continent among the different nations of Europe. Thus in 1876, while Great Britain, France, Spain and Portugal had located colonies on the coast of Africa, the interior was held by the wild tribes that occupied it against all foreign aggression.

CONFLICTING INTERESTS AMICABLY SETTLED.

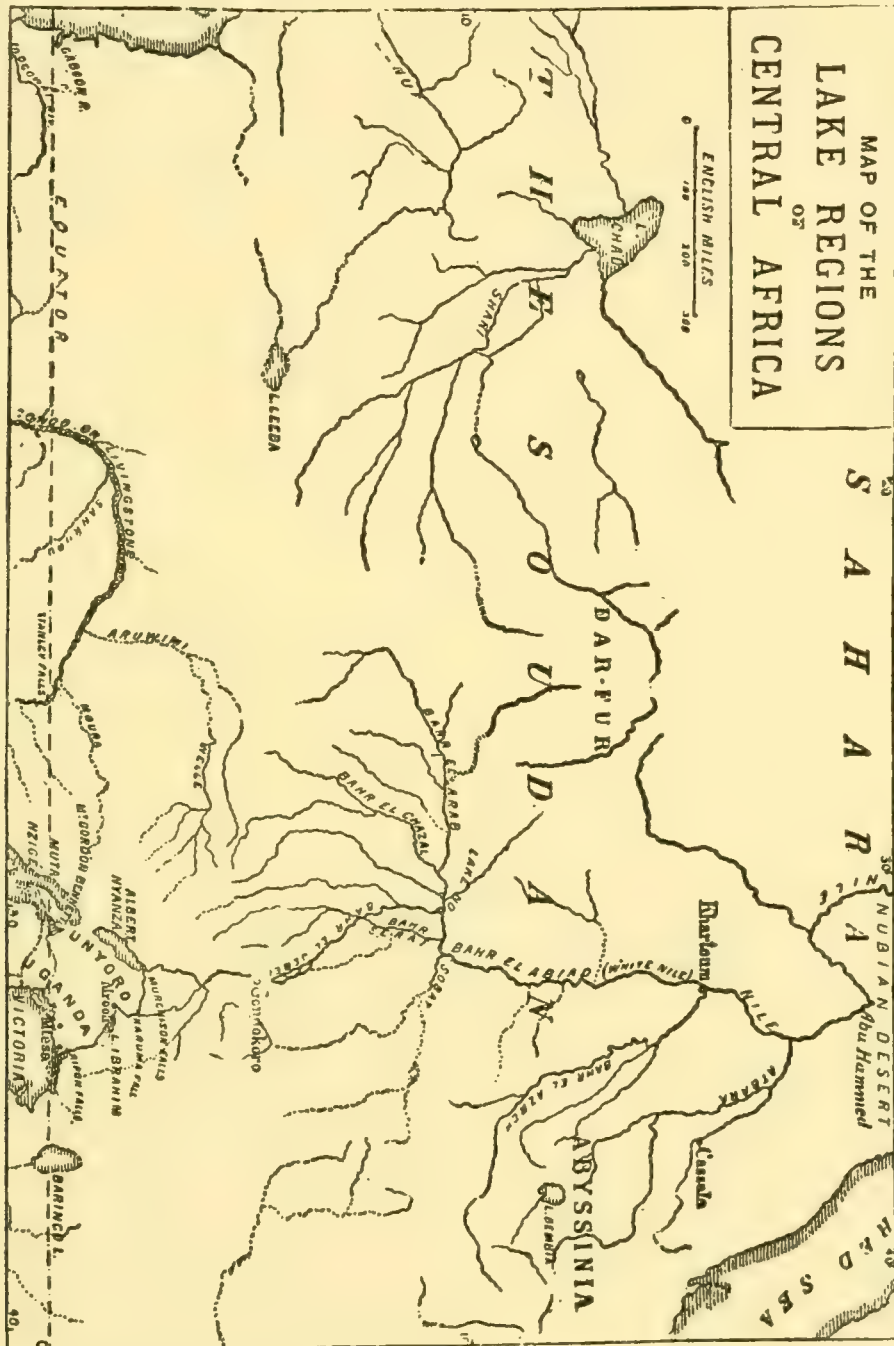
The Berlin conference in 1876 was the time at which the energetic division of the continent was inaugurated, and at the close of 1890 of the 11,508,793 square miles of territory composing the continent of Africa only some 1,500,000 remained open to seizure by the nations of Europe. There were even then some conflicting claims that had not been settled, as the conflicts between French, German and British interests on the Niger clearly testified.

But these, together with the disputes between Portugal and England in the upper Zambesi, have been amicably settled, and it is mainly the claims that arise out of the British occupation of Egypt now that the British and Boers in South Africa have come to a settlement.

The interior of Africa is as yet imperfectly known, but we know enough of the continent as a whole to be able to point to some general features and characterize it. One of these is that almost all round it at no great distance from the sea, and, roughly speak-

ing, parallel with the coast-line, we find ranges of mountains or elevated lands forming the outer edges of interior plateaux.

The most striking feature of Northern Africa is the immense tract known as the Sahara or Great Desert, which is inclosed on



the north by the Atlas Mountains (greatest height, 12,000 to 13,000 feet), the plateau of Barbary, and that of Barca, on the east by the mountains along the west coast of the Red Sea, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the south by the Sudan.

The Sahara is by no means the sea of sand it has sometimes been represented; it contains elevated plateaux and even mountains radiating in all directions, with habitable valleys between. A considerable nomadic population is scattered over the habitable parts, and in the more favored regions there are settled communities.

The Sudan, which lies to the south of the Sahara, and separates it from the more elevated plateau of Southern Africa, forms a belt of pastoral country across Africa, and includes the countries on the Niger, around Lake Tchad (or Chad), and eastwards to the elevated region of Abyssinia.

FERTILITY OF SOIL OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

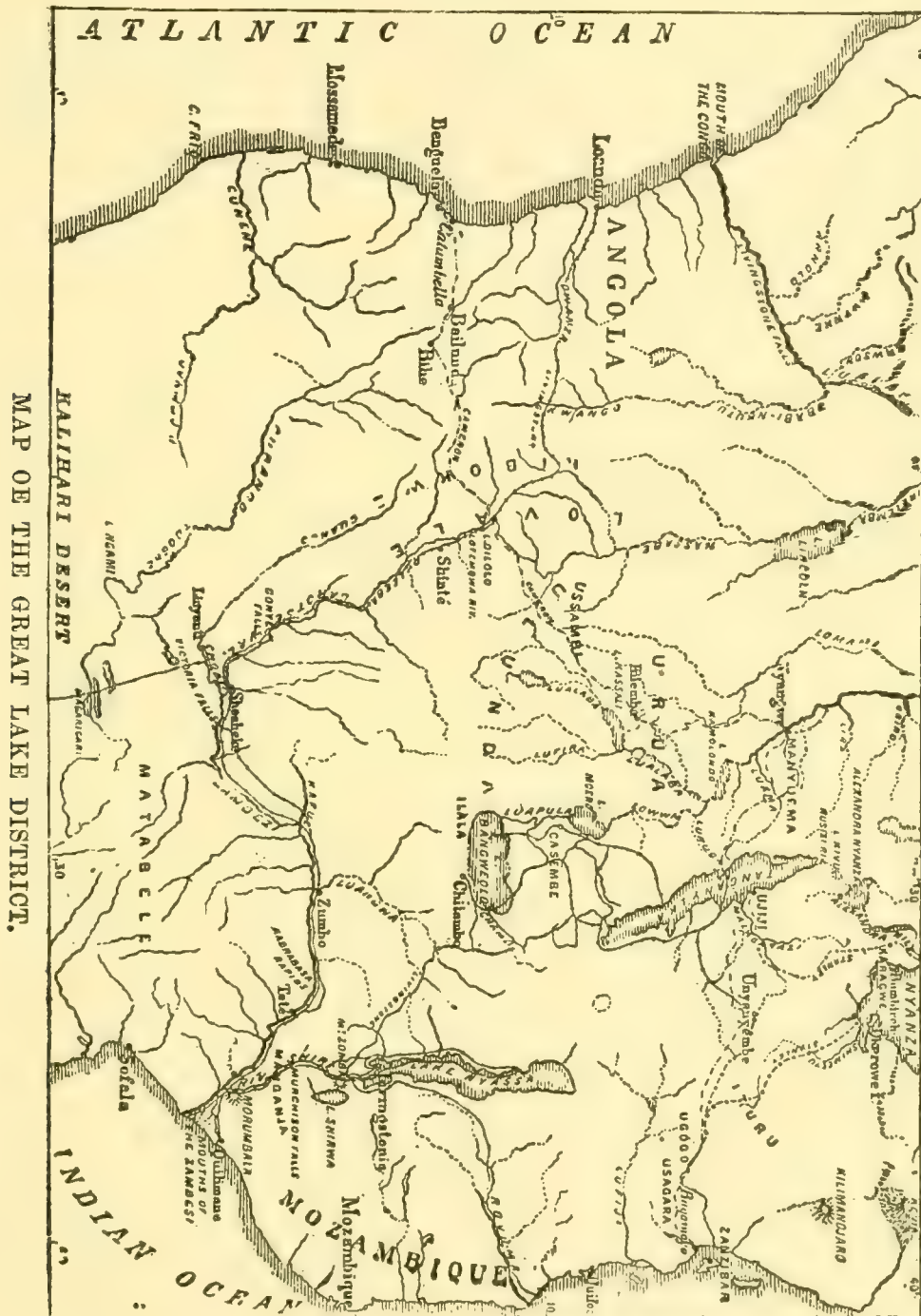
Southern Africa as a whole is much more fertile and better watered than northern Africa, though it also has a desert tract of considerable extent (the Kalahari Desert). This division of the continent consists of a table-land, or series of table-lands, of considerable elevation and great diversity of surface, exhibiting hollows filled with great lakes, and terraces over which the rivers break in falls and rapids, as they find their way to the low-lying coast tracts.

The mountains which inclose Southern Africa are mostly much higher on the east than on the west, the most northerly of the former being those of Abyssinia, with heights of 10,000 to 14,000 or 16,000 feet, while the eastern edge of the Abyssinian plateau presents a steep unbroken line of 7,000 feet in height for many hundred miles. Farther south, and between the great lakes and the Indian ocean, we find Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro (19,500 feet), the loftiest in Africa, covered with perpetual snow.

Of the continuation of this mountain boundary we shall only mention the Drakenburg Mountains, which stretch to the southern extremity of the continent, reaching in Cathkin Peak, Natal, the height of over 10,000 feet. Of the mountains that form the western border the highest are the Cameroon Mountains, which rise to a height of 13,000 feet, at the inner angle of the Gulf of Guinea. The average elevation of the southern plateau is probably from 3,000 to 4,000 feet.

The Nile is the only great river in Africa which flows to the

Mediterranean. It receives its waters primarily from the great lake Victoria Nyanza, which lies under the equator, and its upper course is fed by tributary streams of great size, but for the last



1,200 miles of its course it has not a single affluent. It drains an area of more than 1,000,000 square miles.

The Indian Ocean receives numerous rivers; but the only great river of South Africa which enters that ocean is the Zambesi,

the fourth in size of the continent, and having in its course the Victoria Falls, one of the greatest waterfalls in the world.

In Southern Africa also but flowing westward and entering the Atlantic, is the Kongo, which takes origin from a series of lakes and marshes in the interior, is fed by great tributaries, and is the first in volume of all the African rivers, carrying to the ocean more water than the Mississippi. Unlike most of the African rivers, the mouth of the Kongo forms an estuary. Of the other Atlantic rivers, the Senegal, the Gambia and the Niger are the largest, the last being third among African streams.

With the exception of Lake T'chad there are no great lakes in the northern division of Africa, whereas in the number and magnificence of its lakes the southern division almost rivals North America. Here are the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, Lakes Tanganyika, Nyassa, Shirwa, Bangweolo, Moero, and a few others.

Of these the Victoria and Albert belong to the basin of the Nile; Tanganyika, Bangweola, and Moero to that of the Kongo; Nyassa, by its affluent the Shire, to the Sambesi, Lake T'chad on the borders of the Northern desert region, and Lake Ngami on the borders of the southern, have a remarkable resemblance in position, and in the fact that both are drained by streams that lose themselves in the sand.

CHAPTER VII.

AFRICA—A SKETCH. II.

CLIMATE—MINERAL AND VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS—ANIMALS—
PEOPLE—EXPLORATIONS—LIVINGSTONE'S BRILLIANT WORK—
STANLEY'S DISCOVERIES.

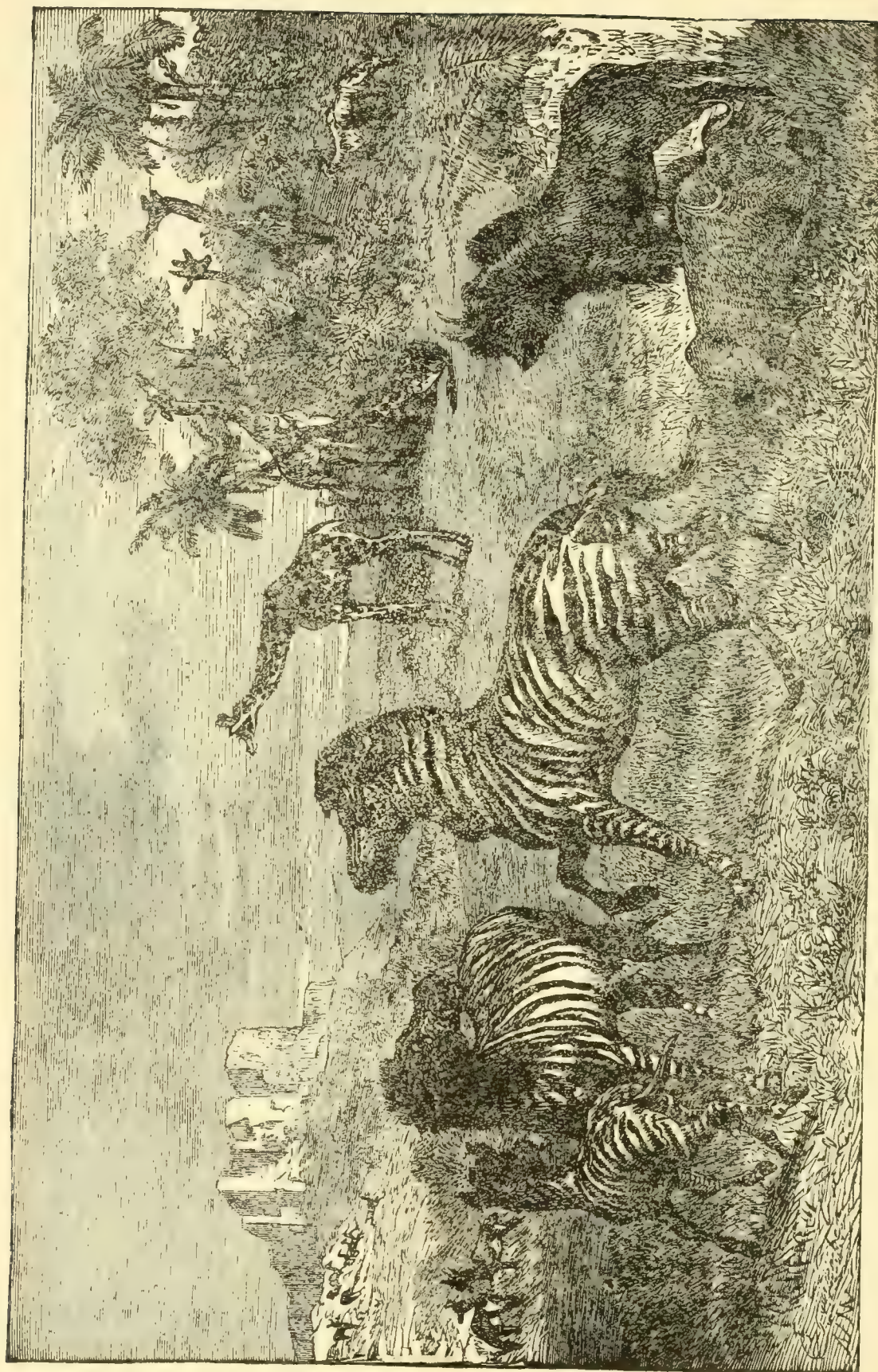
THE climate of Africa is mainly influenced by the fact that it lies almost entirely within the tropics. In the equatorial belt, both north and south, rain is abundant and vegetation very luxuriant, dense tropical forests prevailing for about 10 degrees on either side of the line.

To the north and south of the equatorial belt the rainfall diminishes, and the forest region is succeeded by an open pastoral and agricultural country. This is followed by the rainless regions of the Sahara on the north and the Kalahari Desert on the south, extending beyond the tropics, and bordering on the agricultural and pastoral countries of the north and south coasts, which lie entirely in the temperate zone. The low coast regions of Africa are almost everywhere unhealthy, the Atlantic coast within the tropics being the most fatal region to Europeans.

Among mineral productions may be mentioned gold, which is found in the rivers of West Africa, (hence the name Gold Coast), and in Southern Africa, but rarely in much abundance; diamonds have been found in large numbers in recent years in the south; iron, copper, lead, tin and coal are also found.

Among the plants are the baobab, the datepalm (important as a food in the north), the doum-palm, the oil-palm, the wax-palm, the shea-butter tree, trees yielding caoutchouc, the papyrus, the castor-oil plant, indigo, the coffee-plant, heaths with beautiful flowers, aloes, etc.

Among cultivated plants are wheat, maize, millet, and other grains, cotton, coffee, cassava, ground-nut, yam, banana, tobacco, various plants, etc.



ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS.

Among the most characteristic African animals are the lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, gorilla, chimpansee, baboon, African elephant (never domesticated, yielding much ivory to trade), hippopotamus, rhinoceros, giraffe, zebra, quagga, antelopes in great variety and immense numbers. Among birds are the ostrich, the secretary-bird, or serpent-eater, the honey-guide cuckoo, sacred ibis, guinea fowl. The reptiles include the crocodile, chameleon, and serpents of various kinds, some of them very venomous. Among insects are locusts, scorpions, the tsetse-fly, whose bite is so fatal to cattle, and white ants.

The great races of which the population of Africa mainly consists are the Hamites, the Semites, the Negroes, and Bantus. To the Semitic stock belong the Arabs, who form a considerable portion of the population in Egypt and along the north coast, while a portion of the inhabitants of Abyssinia are of the same race (though the blood is considerably mixed). The Hamites are represented in Northern and East Africa. The Negro races occupy a vast territory in the Sudan and Central Africa, while the Bantus occupy the greater part of Southern Africa from a short distance north of the equator, and include the Kaffres, Bechuanas, Swahili, and allied races.

HOTTENTOTS AND BUSHMEN LARGELY INTERMINGLE.

In the extreme southwest are the Hottentots and Bushmen (the latter a dwarfish race), distinct from the other races as well as, probably, from each other. In Madagascar there is a Malay element. To these may be added the Fulahs on the Niger and the Nubians on the Nile, and elsewhere, who are of a brownish color, and are often regarded as distinct from the other races, though sometimes classed with the negroes.

In religion a great proportion of the inhabitants are heathens of the lowest type; Mohammedanism claims a large number of adherents in North Africa, and is rapidly spreading in the Sudan; Christianity prevails in Egypt along the Congo River, among the Abyssinians, the Niger territory, Sierra Leone, Liberia and Southern Africa.



SCENE IN AFRICA—THE MEDICINE MAN DRIVING AWAY THE INFLUENCE OF THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Over great part of the continent civilization is at a low ebb, yet in some parts the natives have shown considerable skill in agriculture and various mechanical arts, as in weaving and metal working.

Of African trade two features are the caravans that traverse great distances, and the trade in slaves that still widely prevails and is accompanied by an immense amount of bloodshed.

Among articles exported from Africa are palm-oil, diamonds, ivory, gold, ostrich feathers, wool, cotton, esparto, caoutchouc, etc.

The chief independent states in Africa are Morocco, Liberia, Abyssinia, the South African Republic, and the Orange Free State. In 1891 Portugal annexed part of Loanda. To Great Britain belong the colonies of the Cape and Natal, with some large adjoining tracts, also British East Africa, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Niger territory, Zanzibar, the Samali Coast, the islands of Sokotra, and Mauritius; to France belong Algeria and Tunis, Senegambia, and a considerable territory north of the Lower Congo; the western Sahara, Dahomey, a small territory on the Gulf of Aden, known as French Somali, and the Island of Madagascar and adjacent islands; the Portuguese possess a portion of the west coast of South Africa from about latitude 6 degrees south to 17 degrees south, and the east coast from about 10 degrees south to 27 degrees south, and a small tract on the west coast.

GERMANY SWAYS THE DESTINY OF THE SOUTHWEST

Germany now has a portion of the southwest coast, and a large tract near Zanzibar, and the Komerun and Togo on the Gulf of Guinea; to Turkey nominally belong Egypt, Barca and Tripoli; Spain has a part of the coast of Sahara. The Congo State is under the sovereignty of the King of Belgium.

The name Africa was given by the Romans at first only to a small district in the immediate neighborhood of Carthage. The Greeks called Africa Libya, and the Romans often used the same name. The first African exploring expedition on record was sent by Pharaoh Necho about the end of the seventh century B. C. to circumnavigate the continent.



The navigators, who were Phœnicians, were absent three years, and according to report, they accomplished their object. Fifty or one hundred years later, Hanno, a Carthaginian, made a voyage down the west coast and seems to have gotten as far as the Bight of Benin.

The east coast was probably known to the ancients as far as Mozambique and the Island of Madagascar.

Of modern nations, the Portuguese were the first to take in hand the exploration of Africa. In 1433 they doubled Cape Bojador, in 1441 reached Cape Blanco, in 1442 Cape Verde, in 1462 they discovered Sierra Leone. In 1484 the Portuguese Diego Cam discovered the mouth of the Congo.

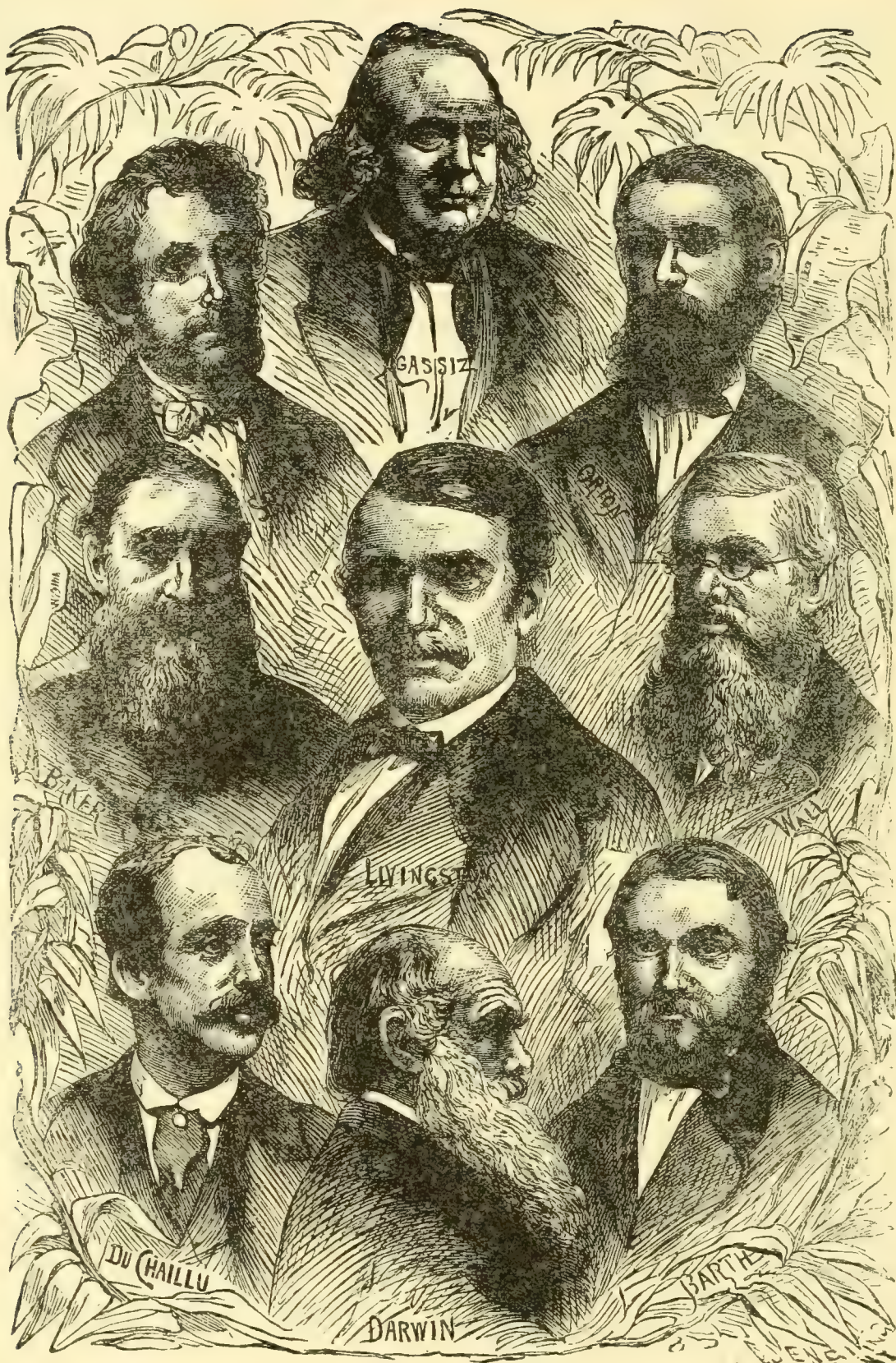
In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached Algoa Bay. A few years later a Portuguese traveler visited Abyssinia. In 1497 Vasco da Gama, who was commissioned to find a route by sea to India, sailed round the southern extremity as far as Zanzibar, discovering Natal on his way.

PORTUGUESE THE FIRST EUROPEAN SETTLERS.

The first European settlements were those of the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique, soon after 1500. In 1650 the Dutch made a settlement at the Cape. In 1770 James Bruce reached the source of the Blue Nile in Abyssinia. For the exploration of the interior of Africa, however, little was done before the close of the last century.

Modern African exploration may be said to begin with Mungo Park, who reached the upper course of the Niger (1795 to 1805). Doctor Lacerda, a Portuguese, about the same time, reached the capital of the Cazembe, in the center of South Africa, where he died.

In 1802-6 two Portuguese traders crossed the continent from Angola, through the Cazembe's Dominions, to the Portuguese possessions on the Zambesi. In 1822-24 extensive explorations were made in Northern and Western Africa by Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, who proceeded from Tripoli by Murzuk to Lake T Chad, and explored the adjacent regions; Laing, in 1826, crossed the desert from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, Caillie, leaving Senegal, made in



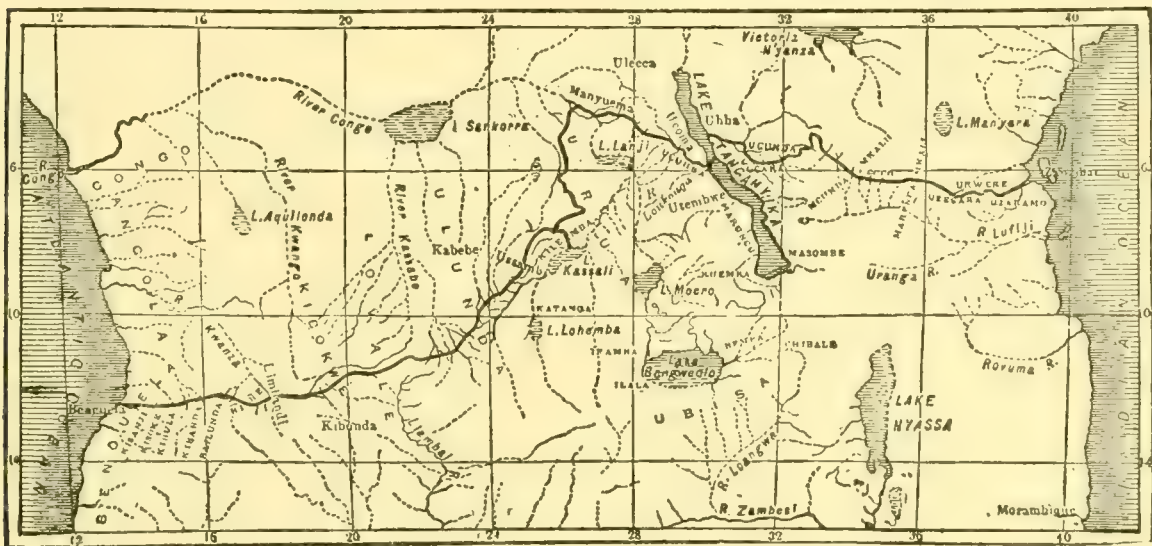
SOME OF THE CELEBRATED EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD.

1827-28 a journey to Timbuctoo, and thence through the desert to Morocco.

In 1830 Lander traced a large part of the course of the Niger downward to its mouth, discovering its tributary, the Binue.

In the south, Livingstone, who was stationed as a missionary at Kolobeng, setting out from that place in 1849, discovered Lake Ngami. In 1851 he went north again, and came upon numerous rivers flowing north, affluents of the Zambesi. In 1848 and 1849 Krapf and Rebmann, missionaries in East Africa, discovered the mountains Kilimamjaro and Kenia.

An expedition sent out by the British Government started from Tripoli in 1850 to visit the Sahara and the regions around

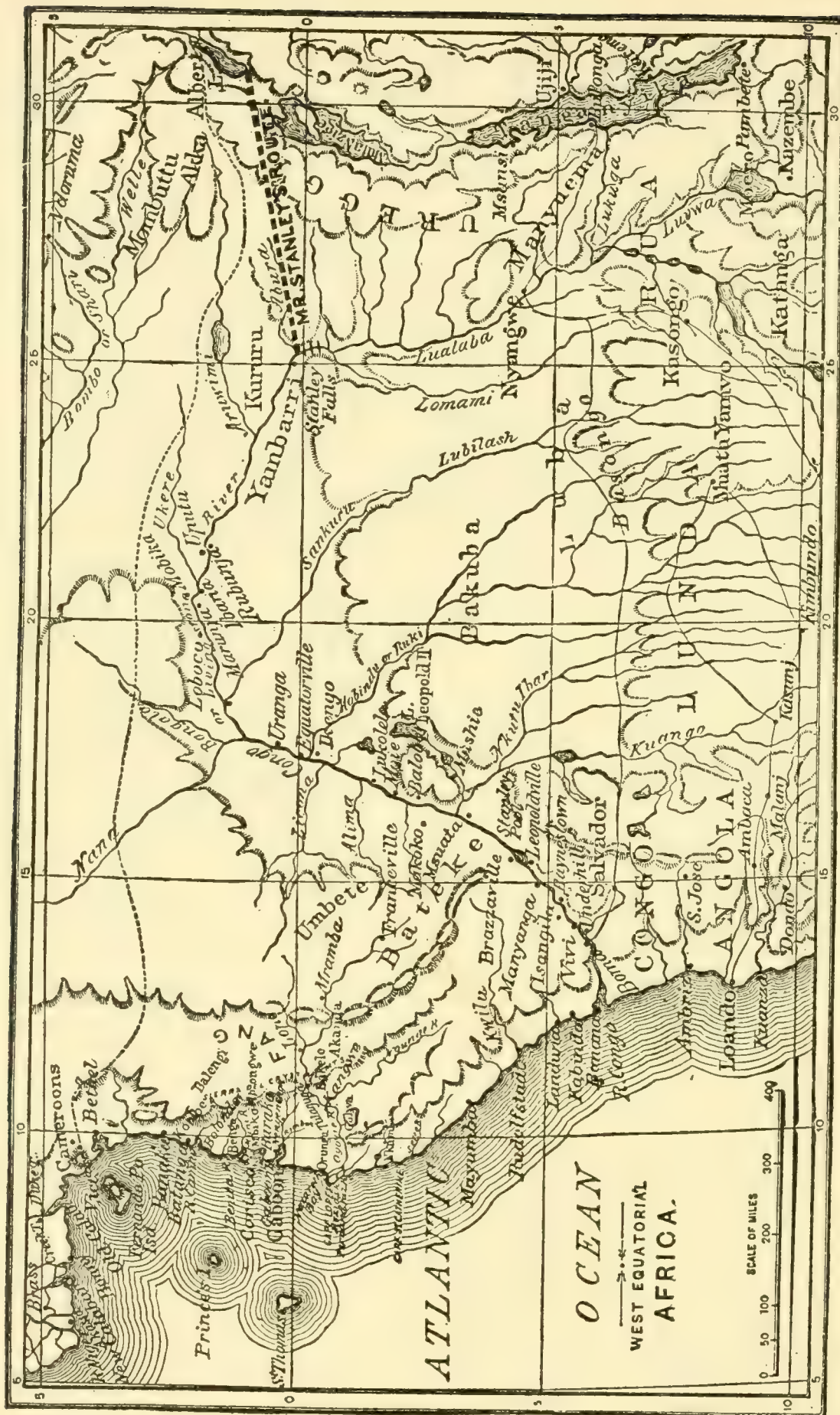


REGION EXPLORED BY LIEUTENANT CAMERON.

Lake Tchad, the chief being Richardson, Overweg, and Barth. The last alone returned in 1855, having carried his explorations over 2,000,000 square miles of this part of Africa, hitherto almost unknown.

Victoria having been discovered by Burton and Speke in 1858, and the latter having been visited by Speke and Grant in 1862 and found to give rise to the Nile, while the Albert Nyanza was discovered by Baker in 1864.

In 1866 Livingstone entered on his last series of explorations, the main object of which was to settle the position of the watersheds in the interior of the continent, and which he carried on till



his death, in 1873. His most important explorations on this occasion were west and southwest from Tanganyika, including the discovery of Lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and part of the upper course of the river Congo. For over two years he was lost to the knowledge of Europe, till met with by H. M. Stanley, at Tanganyika, in 1871.

Gerhard Rohlfs, in a succession of journeys, from 1861 to 1874, has traversed the Sahara in various directions, and has crossed the continent entirely from Tripoli to Lagos by way of Murzuk Bornu, etc.

In 1873-75 Lieutenant Cameron, who had been sent in search of Livingstone, surveyed Lake Tanganyika, explored the country to the west of it, then traveling to the southwest, finally reached Benguela on the Atlantic coast.

LIVINGSTONE'S BRILLIANT WORK.

In 1853-56 Livingstone made an important series of explorations. He first went northwest, tracing part of the Upper Zambesi, and reached St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, in 1854. On his return journey he followed pretty nearly the same route till he reached the Zambesi, and, proceeding down the river and visiting its falls, called by him the Victoria Falls, he arrived at Quilimane at its mouth, thus crossing the continent from sea to sea.

In 1858 he resumed his exploration of the Zambesi regions, and in various journeys visited Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, sailed up the Shire to the latter lake, and established general features of the geography of this part of Africa, returning to England in 1864.

In 1874-77 Stanley surveyed Lakes Victoria, Nianza and Tanganyika, and explored the intervening country, then going westward to where Livingstone had struck the Congo, he followed the river down to its mouth, thus finally settling its course and completing a remarkable and valuable series of explorations. In 1879 Serpa Pinto completed a journey across the continent from Benguela to Natal, and in 1881-82 Wissman and Pogge crossed it again from St. Paul de Loanda to Zanzibar.

In the past few years our knowledge of this part of Africa has been rapidly increased through the efforts of travelers, missionaries, and commercial agents, and it is surprising at how many points towns have sprung up and the great amount of commerce that is being carried, both domestic and foreign. On the Nile there are many freight and passenger steamers, as well as sail boats.

On the Upper Congo there are now a fleet of steamers, on Tanganyika three, on Nyassa two, while there are a number of short railways and practically a survey has been made for a continental railroad from Alexandria to Cape Town. Stanley's latest mission to Africa (1887-89), ostensibly to rescue Emin Bey, appears to have been a great diplomatic move for conquest.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFRICA A COUNTRY WITHOUT HOME GOVERNMENT—LIBERIAN
REPUBLIC—AMERICAN CONSULATES—MOROCCO—ALGIERS—
TUNIS—EGYPT—CAIRO—CAPE TOWN—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—
KIMBERLEY—HOME LIFE IN AFRICA—NAMING THE BABY—
AMBITIOUS BOYHOOD—IMMATURE CHILD WIVES.

AFRICA is a country of more than 11,000,000 square miles in area and nearly 200,000,000 inhabitants, without any government except what foreign countries have established there. Practically there is no monetary system in that country. The money used is that of the European nations having dependencies there. They control all the banks.

Liberia is a republic, established through American influence. The Capital is Monrovia. About 12,000 negroes born in the United States now live in Liberia. The United States government has recently established a commission to look into the conditions in Liberia, with a view to giving our government authentic information concerning the country. Whether this has in view the encouragement of negro emmigration from the United States is not as yet definitely known.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

There has been much speculation in this regard, however, although it is admitted to be a most difficult problem to handle. There are political theorists in the United States who hold to the idea that the "negro problem" can be solved by colonizing them in some country like Liberia.

Liberia is the only country in Africa having Consular representatives in the United States. In this case there are only two Consular Agents. It will be seen then that here are 200,000,000 people without diplomatic representation, except that of the British,

German and other Colonies that stand for the affairs of those nations in their African Colonies.

The United States has Consular or Diplomatic Representatives at the following places in Africa, under the country named after each:

The Consulates at Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, and Suez are credited to Turkey; Tangier is credited to Morocco; Zanzibar, Cape Town, Durban, Kimberly, are credited to Great Britain; Algiers, Goree-Gakar are credited to France, and a Consulate at Monrovia, Liberia.

The duties of these Consular and Diplomatic Officers are chiefly commercial.

Africa is the greatest gold producing country in the world. The value of the gold production in 1908, the latest figures available, amounted to \$133,361,943. Nearly all of this was mined in the Transvaal. The United States is the second gold producing country in the world, the mines yielding \$90,435,700.

VALUABLE TIMBER AND COSTLY FURS.

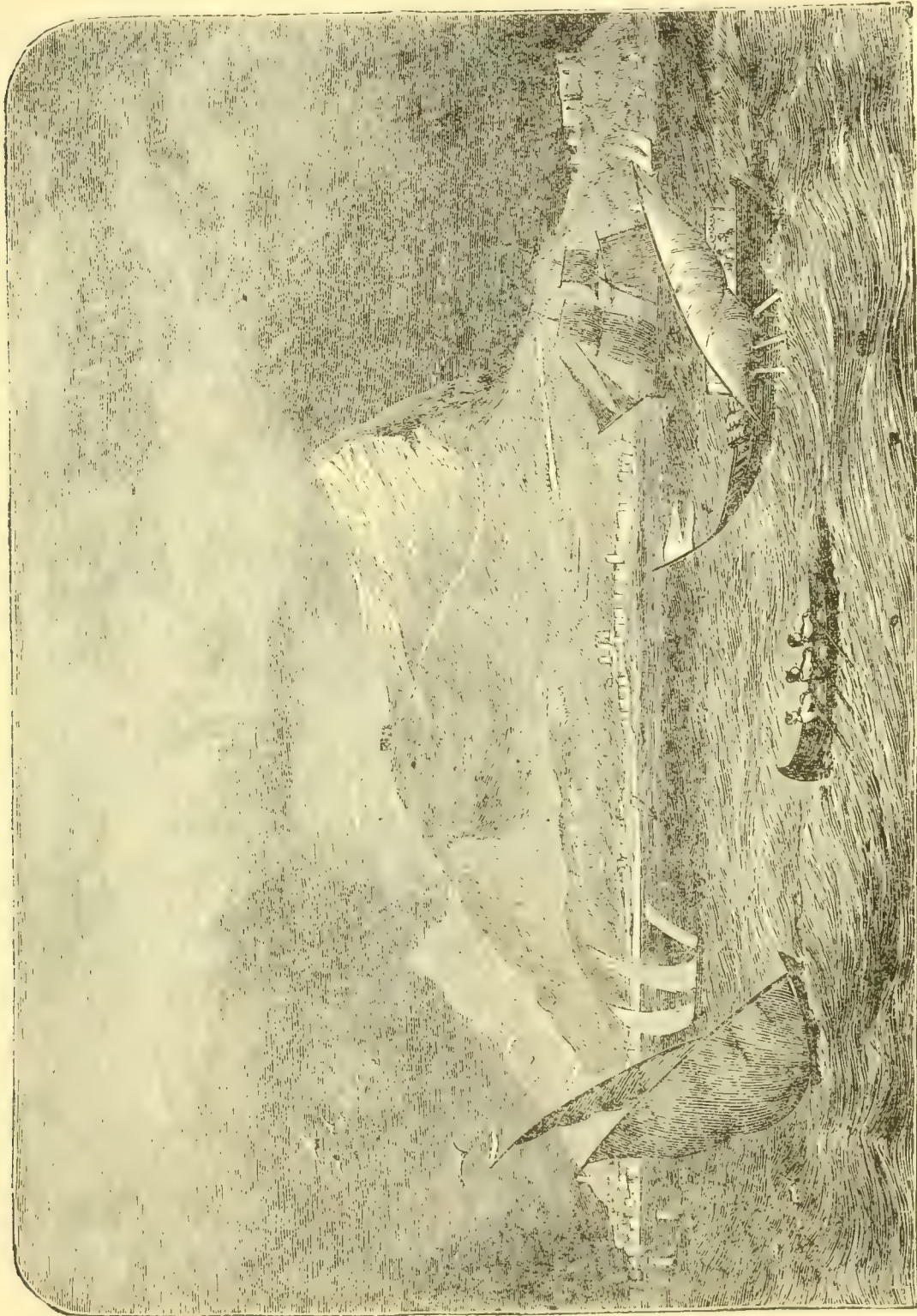
As an agricultural producing country Africa has comparatively little importance. Aside from the mineral productions, the chief source of the output is from the forests in valuable timber and the animals that rove the forest jungles in almost every part of the continent. Valuable furs come from Africa. A large percentage of the world's ivory comes from Africa.

Every reader is familiar with South Africa as a diamond producing country, with the exception of a small percentage of the world's supply of diamonds, Africa produces all. There are pearl fisheries on many of the islands adjacent to Africa.

Tangier is the chief city of Morocco, in the northern most corner of Africa. Morocco is a Sultinate, or Empire, and is the last of the independent Barbary States. It is the primitive country in the sight of Europe.

Tangier is but 35 miles south of Gibraltar, across the Straits of the same place. One can look across the water from Gibraltar, or from the Spanish shore, and easily see the Moroccan coast.

Tangier is in daily communication with Gibraltar by steamer. The American Minister and the Consular General to Morocco are located



GIBRALTAR.

at Tangier, as well as the Diplomatic and Consular of other countries. There are 25,000 people, including many Jews and Spaniards.

There are not more than 2,000 Europeans in Morocco, and only a few Americans who are Missionaries.

The other coast towns of note are Tetuan, Lasache, Rabat, Casablanca, Mazagan, Saffi and Mogador. Fez is the largest town, quite a distance in the interior. Its population is estimated all the way from 24,000 to 150,000. Nearly all the towns are walled, unlighted and incredibly filthy.

Since 1830 the French have greatly improved Algiers and improved it as a Port and a City.

It is a strongly walled city, has palaces, synagogues, mosques, good shops, bazaars, markets, hotels, libraries, museums and club-houses.

In the outskirts of the city the country is dotted with beautiful villas, among olive, orange, pomgranate and fig trees, palms, cactuses and American Aloes. Regular steamship lines connect Algiers with all the Mediterranean ports. A cable line runs to Marseilles. The population is 81,800, half of which are French.

THE CITY OF TUNIS A SEAPORT.

The City of Tunis is the seaport of Tunis. Tunis has greatly advanced since the French took possession in 1881. The city is situated on an island and has 145,000 people; 45,000 of which are Jews; 11,000 French and 8,000 Maltese and Italians; the rest natives.

The wonderful ancient history of Alexandria would be the history of Egypt almost as would be the history of Cairo. Alexandria is the principal seaport of Egypt. Under the Ptolemies it was the capital of Egypt and the most important commercial city of the world. It was the chief center of Greek Science and Literature, with a population of 500,000; the city was built by Alexander, the Great, 332 B. C. It now has electric lights and modern improvements to a considerable extent. It is connected by rail (113 miles) with Cairo and other towns in northern Egypt.

The remarkable edifices of Cairo comprise many of the finest remains of Arabian architecture, all dating from the time of the ancient Sultan of Egypt. The famous pyramids and the Sphynx are

situated across the river Nile, about five miles from the city, at the very edge of the Great Sahara Desert. Magnificent hotels abound in Cairo and accommodate the great influx of tourists from Europe and America.

Cairo is called the "lazz man's" city, because the winter climate is so mild and pleasant that it attracts people of leisure. The population is 375,000, 21,650 of which are foreigners, principally Europeans.

Cape Town, capital of the Cape Colony, South Africa, at the head of Table Bay, thirty miles from the Cape of Good Hope. It is regularly laid out and furnished with most of the institutions and conveniences of a European town, has a fine public library (40,000 vols.) and museum, a Roman Catholic and an Anglican cathedral, new and handsome houses of parliament, government offices, a university, a botanic garden, an observatory, town-house, exchange, railway station, etc.

The port has a breakwater 2,000 feet long, two docks 16 acres in area, and a large graving-dock. Besides the railway going inland, a railway connects the town with Simon's Town on False Bay.

CAPE TOWN FIRST OWNED BY THE PORTUGUESE.

Cape Town was first owned by the Portuguese as a port of call. The British took possession in 1795 by conquest from the Dutch. By treaty it went back to the Dutch in 1802. The British again took control in 1806 and the settlement has made steady progress since. Population of Cape Town, including suburbs, 83,718.

A celebrated promontory near the southern extremity of Africa, at the termination of a small peninsula extending south from Table Mountain, which overlooks Cape Town. This peninsula forms the west side of False Bay, and on its inner coast is Simon's Bay and Simon's Town, where there is a safe anchorage and a British naval station. Bartolommeo Diaz, who discovered the Cape in 1487, called it Cape of Storms; but John II. of Portugal changed this to its present designation. It was first doubled by Vasco de Gama in 1497.

One of the liveliest towns in South Africa is Kimberley. It is also considered one of the dreariest. It is the center of the great diamond fields of South Africa, as stated elsewhere, and is the second in size to Cape Town. It was the scene of the greatest and most desperate struggles during the Boer-British war.

An African Negro baby on first opening its eyes in its mother's low, dark, smoky, bamboo-palm hut, is saluted with a din of excited men, women and children—perhaps as many as twenty of its grandmothers, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Outside, in the village street, are the more distant relatives with the husband, and the other townspeople, slaves and visitors. The father is not admitted into the hut; his mother-in-law is there as chief directress, and he is afraid of her. As soon as word is brought to the father, he and the other men in the street join in the shouts of welcome, drums are beaten and guns are fired, to show their joy, and also to drive away any malignant spirits that may happen to be in the vicinity, and which are supposed to be sent on errands of evil against the child's life.

CARE OF THE NEW-BORN BABE.

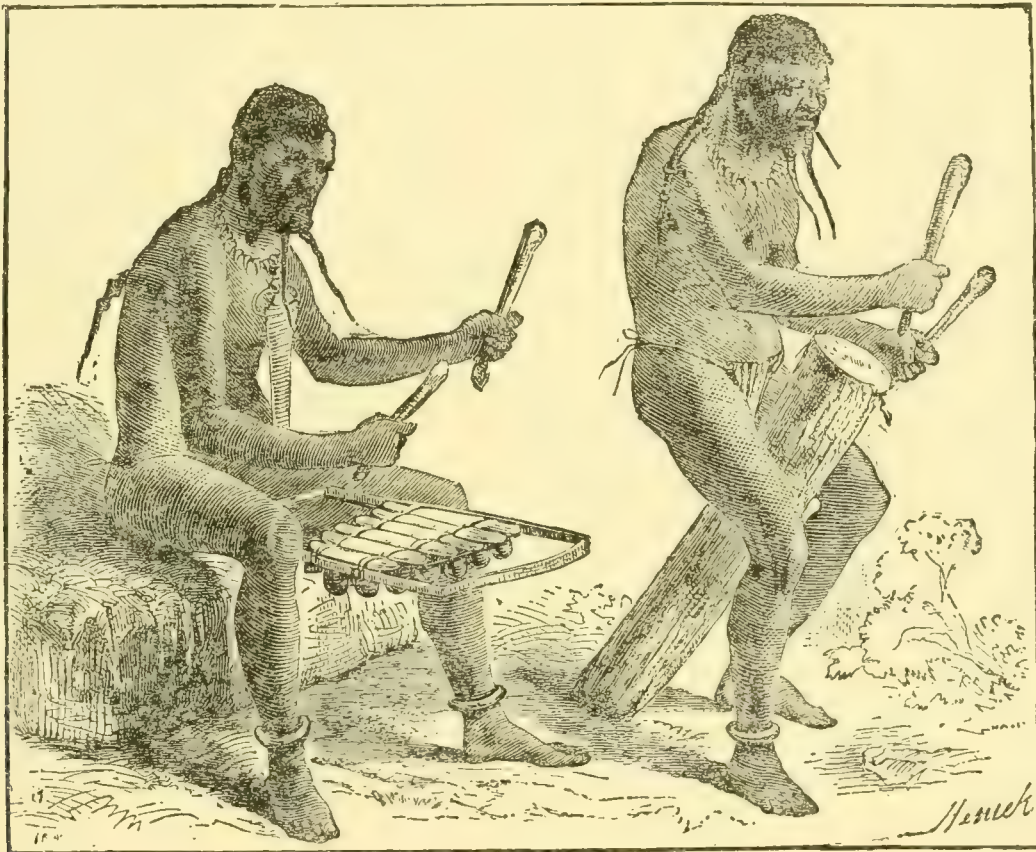
On this same line of protection from witchcraft, the babe is not many hours old before amulet fetishes are tied about its neck or loins. The washing immediately after its birth is in cold water, and the baby is then dusted over with powder of the red dye-wood tree. Perhaps its astringent tonic properties are beneficial. The mother is not allowed to nurse her baby for three days, which is a cause of needless suffering to both mother and child. African women will not be persuaded of this.

Often baby goes for months without a name, the final giving of which is performed with some ceremony and in the presence and by the authority of the father. In the meanwhile, all babies in most tribes are called "Ndindo." This means nothing, except that in one tribe it is the word for dirt; perhaps a playful insult, as one might say, laughingly, "You Rascal." Naming is governed (as with us) by family considerations, and (as with the Israelites) by some striking incident precedent to or connected with the birth.

Most noticeable are the frequent coincidences (as in Bible history) between the meaning of the names and the subsequent character developed in the child.

All names of persons mean something. Perhaps the name of some animal connected with the family fetish, e. g., Njaku (Elephant) or Njiwu (Wild Deer); or some wish or hope of the parents, e. g., Oyonguno (Remembrance).

Often two or three names are given; the official one by the



PECULIAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

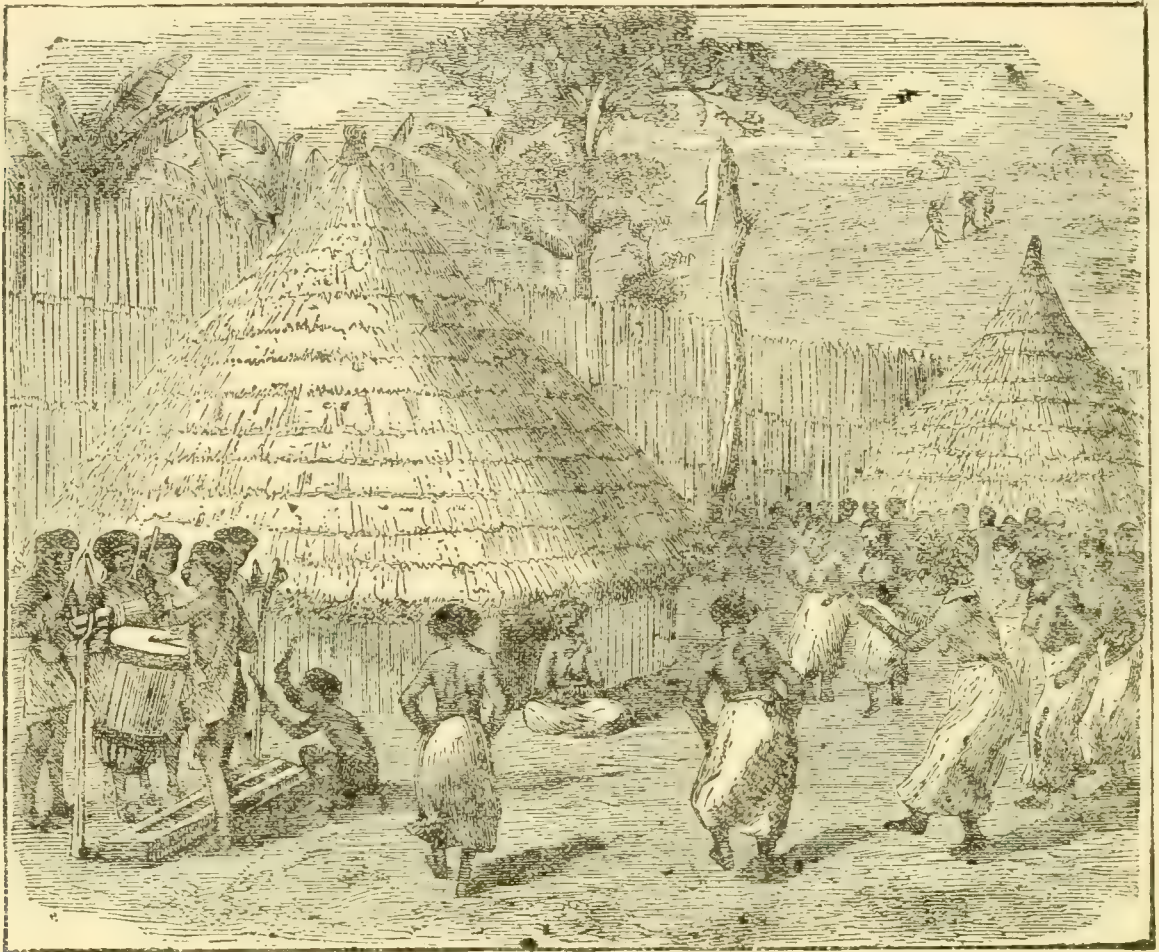
father, the pet one by the mother, and where there are foreign neighbors, an English one—an empty compliment to some missionary or trader, as a basis on which to ask gifts for their “name-child.”

Generally all these names are subsequently dropped by the child itself, who then takes a new one of its own choosing, as a recognition of emerging into young manhood or womanhood.

On marriage, the husband sometimes ignores all these names, and gives a new and often complicated name of his own invention.

Children are longed for, as increase of family brings dignity and source of future wealth.

Either sex is welcomed, though more especially a boy, as one who will carry on the father's name and title. But a girl baby is not despised, as in some countries. She will be wealthy some day



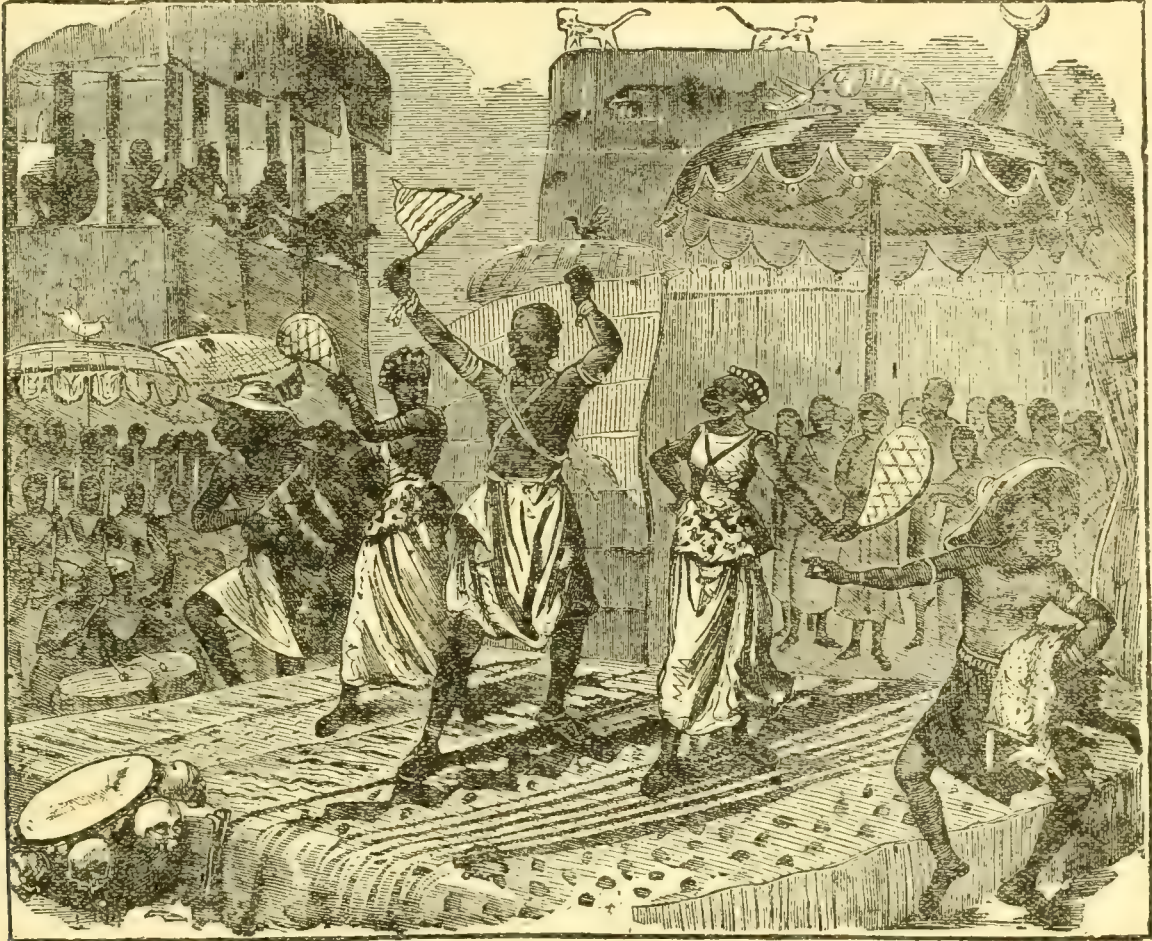
REJOICING ON THE BIRTH OF A BABY.

when sold to a husband. In the meanwhile, she is useful as a servant.

Only the deformed and monstrosities are destroyed. In a few tribes twins are regarded as monstrosities, and are, therefore, destroyed and the mother is punished with exile. Where twins are welcomed, they are regarded with special consideration. Many ceremonies are performed to ward from them witchcraft evil. They are always given the same names. When, therefore, we meet with adults, named, e. g., Ivaha (Wish) and Ayenive (the Unseen), we know that they are either one of twins, or were named for a twin relative.

In the happy instances where baby is so fortunate as to be fed on natural food, it grows rapidly, and its fatness stands it in good stead as it rolls or creeps in the dust of the village street, or as it falls in its early attempt to stand alone.

The mothers' love for their children is the purest love that enters into their lives, and while the children are yet infants, the



SOCIAL AMUSEMENT AMONG THE NATIVES.

women are generally accorded some exemption from the usual long list of woman's duties.

The child, if a boy, is apt to be neglected. Its mother is again fully occupied with her tasks, many of which take her away from the village for half-days. A man will kindly nurse and fondle his helpless baby while his wife may be away, but when the boy's ability to run about relieves both parents, he may suffer during their absence. A jealous fellow-wife will take small interest to give him food, or to interfere for his defense against the self-assertion of some bigger boy.

If the little lad emerges into boyhood safely escaped from all childhood dangers, he has a comparatively happy time. The insulting words and angry curses which he was taught as witty sayings (his first successful utterances of which were received with shouts of admiring laughter, but for which subsequently said by him voluntarily in real anger, he received many a blow) he can now indulge in to his heart's satisfaction, his legs being able to carry him swiftly from the wrath of the object of them.

He is not compelled constantly to do hard work, but will do many small jobs or errands; he is mostly idle, however, shooting with bow and arrow at birds, angling in the brook, flinging mimic spears, carrying toy canoes, or building playhouses, all which plays become strong realities in his future labors as a man. Growing to be a stout lad he is pleased to be allowed to follow with men into the forest, setting traps for wild animals, or gathering the milky sap of India rubber, watching them cut down trees for canoes, and learning from them the way to hollow out the log with adze and fire.

AMBITIOUS BOYHOOD.

It is a proud day when he is allowed to carry a gun and join the men in a hunt. Or he goes into trade, elated if he can get into a white man's employ, at first as boy valet, then as table boy, waiter, cook, steward, and trader, with chance to steal goods with which to buy a wife some day. Then, as a young man, he begins to build a real house. It may be worked at only by fits and starts, perhaps two years before it is finished, in expectation of seeking a wife.

She goes through most of the same treatment as her little brother. She is not allowed to idle as much as he, but stays more about the kitchen fire with the women, eating tid-bits as they cook, and learning to cook little possets for herself; or following her mother to the plantation (distance one-half to one mile from the village), imitating her mother in carrying a basket on her back, its weight supported by a broad strap going around it and over her forehead.

Some burden is always put into that basket, often one beyond the child's strength, as a jug of water. The little one staggers under

it, leaning far forward to lessen the direct traction over her forehead. With that daily bending the child would become deformed were it not counteracted by the carrying at other times of a log of firewood or some lighter bundle on her head.



BOY SHOOTING BIRDS.

This agile feat is impossible unless the bearer walks most gracefully erect. By this constant association with older women, the young girl soon ceases to be a young girl in thought. She passes by one leap, from childhood to womanhood.

Around the clay-floor kitchen fire, or along the plantation bath, she hears and takes part in the general gossip. Before becoming

a wife, she early learns that any sort of a lie, and even marital infidelity, is a crime if it be discovered.

As a woman, she is modest in deportment, as are most of the women, and somewhat chaste, but she has no particular reason to be virtuous either as a matter of education or of general practice. She expects, of course, to be a wife.

To be unmarried would be reason for taunt, as if she were not pretty, or were otherwise disagreeable. But her wishes are not asked as to who the man shall be: that was settled in her childhood by the parents' acceptance of a marriage fee from some rich adult man, whose claim on her was made surer yearly by paying on a "dowry" price.

IMMATURE CHILD WIVES.

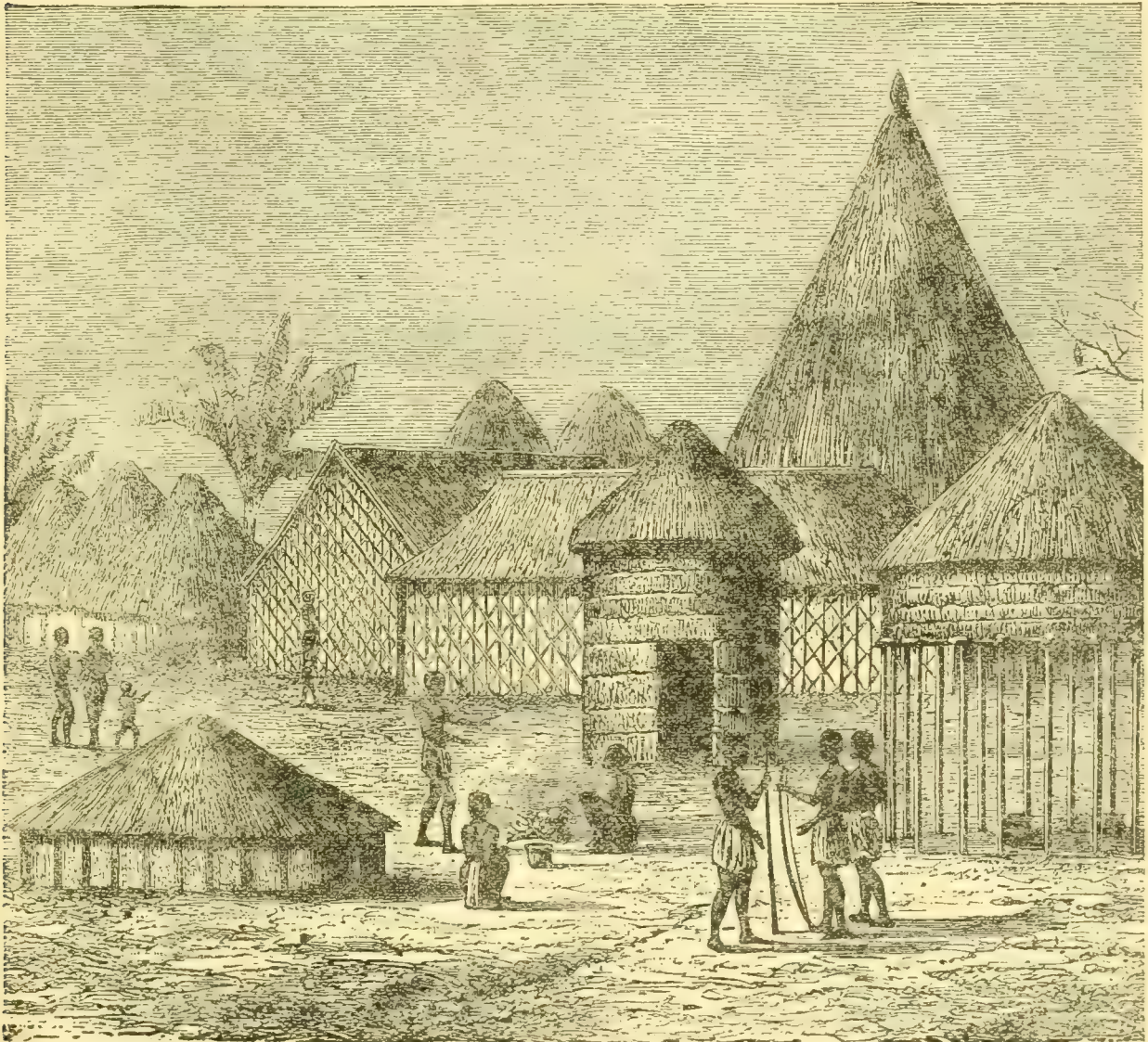
When this dowry is completed, the "husband" may take her to his own home as his "little" wife, even though she is only a child in years. Of course, she does not, nor never will, like him. He treats her kindly at first, as a daughter, to overcome her dislike. She takes a place with the older women as a little servant. They are not jealous of her. They welcome her as a fellow-servant, and push off upon her some of their own tasks.

Some day the "husband" will die, and she will be inherited, along with his other goods, by some other man, perhaps a young man whom she may fancy. Or, if her position become unendurable, there is always some wifeless young fellow who is ready to comfort her, or with whom she is willing to elope if he has the energy and audacity to face the quarrel that will inevitably fall on his family, if they induce his act, and if they can induce the "injured husband" to accept a money satisfaction instead of the usual blood feud.

If, under fortunate circumstances and older years, she becomes, by choice or promotion, the head-wife or "queen" (konde), her lot is a comparatively easy one, as far as her husband's responsibility, and the ill-will, spite, jealousy, and even machinations against life, of the disappointed inferior wives. If the husband dies, her previous life must have been a judiciously guarded one in all its acts and words—even words spoken often in passion or under great provoca-

tion—if she escapes a witchcraft charge of having caused his death. In which case her own life may be forfeit.

Where children have access to mission schools, the boys are willingly sent by their parents, solely that the knowledge of the white man's language may make them more available for white man's service in trade, the ambition of every native as the stepping-



AFRICAN HOUSES WITH THATCHED ROOFS.

stone to wealth. Girls are less willingly sent to school; they are so much needed by mother or husband in the many tasks of women, cooking food and planting vegetables, constant clearing them of the amazingly quick-growing weeds, and guarding them from the ravages of elephants, wild oxen, monkeys, wild pigs and hippopotami.

Apparently, then, there is a very little of real home life in an African heathen Negro hut. The women each have their own apartment adjacent to their polygamist husband's larger bamboo house. But polygamy can make no home. It does not ask for love. It buys only service, degraded, shameful, unfaithful service. These women are only slaves, and they give only the service of slaves.

In our mission school, visions are given of what a woman's life may be in a Christian home. The school girl wildly grasps after this. Often the ideal is too high, and she obtains only a part of it. Then, she being so far forth a failure, her young monogamist husband, himself, perhaps, a professing Christian, but probably not an ideal husband, blames his wife and the school and civilized marriage as a failure.

Sometimes the mission school girl, viewing only one vista of the Christian wife's life, i. e., its liberty as contrasted with the heathen slave-wife's, mistakes liberty for exemption from law, and makes her home a failure by exasperating impertinence and unnecessary disobedience. Our mission efforts towards the development of a civilized home, with a Christian liberty, necessarily partake of the trying experiences of all transition stages of life. Yet even now there are many Christian homes where the parents are united by a true affection and the children are brought up in the love and fear of God.

CHAPTER IX.

SEVERAL NOTABLE MEN ACCOMPANIED COL. ROOSEVELT.—SCIENTIFIC EXPERTS PROPOSE THE ANIMALS SECURED FOR THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION—ROOSEVELT'S EXPEDITION—ROOSEVELT AND THE MISSIONARIES—AFRICA THE LAST OF THE HEATHEN COUNTRIES INVADED BY THE MISSIONARIES—CHRISTIANITY IN NORTH AFRICA LONG BEFORE CHRIST.

THREE months before President Roosevelt's term expired he authorized those in charge of the Smithsonian Institution to issue an official statement in regard to his proposed expedition to Africa. On December 5th Charles Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, gave out the statement which announced to the world the President's intentions.

It told us that Col. Roosevelt would sail late in March as the head of a Scientific Expedition to Africa, outfitted by the Smithsonian Institution. The purpose of the expedition was to gather Natural History materials for the government collections, to be deposited by the Smithsonian Institution in the new United States National Museum at Washington.

Besides the President and his son, Kermit, the personnel of the party, on leaving New York, consisted of three representatives of the Smithsonian Institution, as follows:

Major Edgar A. Mearns, Medical Corps of the United States Army (retired); Mr. Edmund Heller and Mr. Alden Loring. Upon arrival in Africa the party was enlarged by the addition of Mr. R. J. Cunninghame, who had been in Africa for some time, preparing Col. Roosevelt's outfit. Mr. Cunninghame's work was to select native porters and the necessary animals, including valuable saddle horses, adapted to hunting in the jungles. Thus, a caravan was formed by Mr. Cunninghame, which was in readiness when Col. Roosevelt arrived.

It was planned that Col. Roosevelt and his son would kill the big game. They were assisted and guarded from danger and protected when pursued by fierce lions and other animals, by the members of the caravan, many of them expert hunters and accurate shots. In case Col. Roosevelt or his son were being hotly pursued by a wounded lion or a rhinoceros, the animal would be covered from all sides by a number of expert riflemen and brought down if necessary to save the Ex-President and his son from harm.

The skins and skeletons captured by Col. Roosevelt were prepared and shipped to the United States by members of the party, some of them being taxidermists. Kermit Roosevelt was the official photographer of the expedition.

SPECIMENS FOR SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

The officers of the Smithsonian Institution announced that the National Collection were very deficient in Natural History materials from the Dark Continent and that it was the purpose of Col. Roosevelt's expedition to gather general collections in Zoology and Botany to supply some of its deficiencies; but the main effort was made to collect the large and vanishing African animals.

Mr. Cunninghame who assembled the materials for Col. Roosevelt's use and organized a caravan was guide and manager of the expedition. Mr. Cunninghame is said to be an expert in Natural History specimens, having made collections for the British Museum in Norway and Africa. He is an English fieldman, who has guided numerous hunting parties in Africa and was the chief hunter for the Field Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Edmund Heller, a graduate of Stanford University, is a thoroughly trained Naturalist, whose special work was the preparation and preservation of the specimens of large animals captured by Col. Roosevelt.

Before joining Col. Roosevelt's expedition, Mr. Heller had had large experiences in animal collecting in Alaska, British Columbia, United States, Mexico, Central America and South America. In the year 1898 he made a collecting trip of eleven months to Galapagos Islands, starting from San Francisco. He is a born enthu-



ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS.

siastic collector, as well as a well equipped Naturalist. He is also author of Scientific papers on Mammals, Birds, Reptiles and Fishes. When he started with Col. Roosevelt's expedition he was assistant curator of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology of the University of California.

J. Alden Loring was a field naturalist, whose training comprises service in the biological survey of the Department of Agriculture and in the Bronx Zoological Park, New York City, as well as on numerous collecting trips through British America, Mexico and the United States.

He was of ardent temperament, and intensely energetic. In August, September and October, 1898, he made the highest record for a traveling collector, having sent in to the United States National Museum 900 well prepared specimens of small mammals in the three months' journey from London through Sweden, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium.

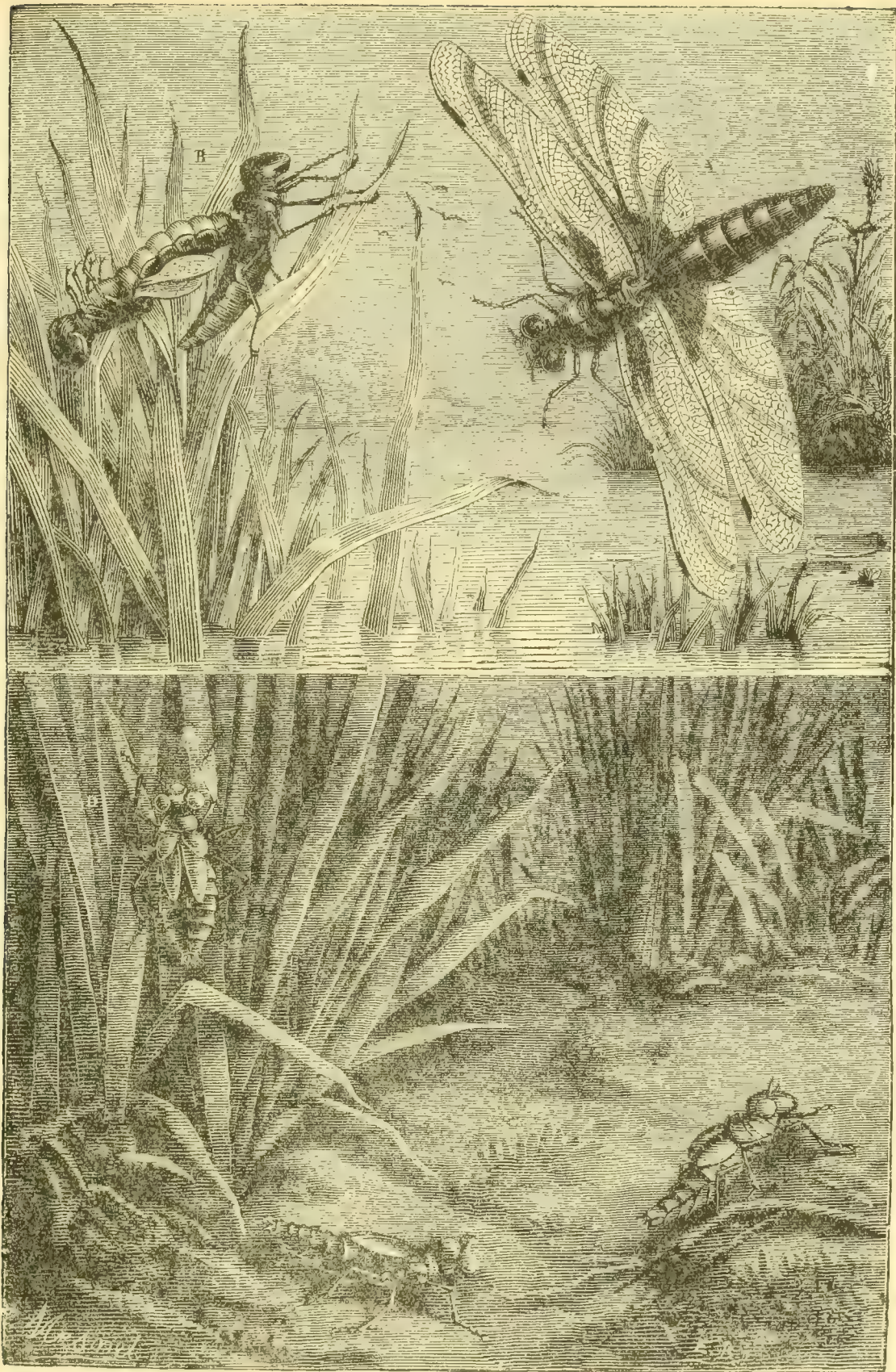
WHERE ROOSEVELT HUNTED WILD ANIMALS.

Major Edgar A. Mearns, a retired officer of the Medical Corps of the Army, was the physician of the trip and had charge of the Smithsonian portion of the party. He had twenty-five years' experience as an army doctor, and is also well known as a naturalist and collector of natural history specimens.

The party reached Mombasa in April. The general route was up the Uganda Railway to Nairobi and Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of about 650 miles by rail, thence crossing into Uganda, and, finally, passing down the Nile to Cairo. Much of the hunting was done in British East Africa, where the Uganda Railroad was used as a base of supplies and means of ready transportation. The expedition spent about one year on African soil.

British East Africa lies directly south of Abyssinia, is bounded on the east by the Italian Somaliland and the Indian Ocean. It has about 300 miles of coast. It includes the East African Protectorate and the Uganda Protectorate, and is immediately controlled by the foreign office.

The equator runs through the southern end of the possessions,



LIFE OF THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

a.—The Perfect Insect. *b.*—The Insect Casting off its Worn-out Nymph's Skin.
c d.—Larvæ and Nymph's.

and the plant life of course is tropical. Commercial access has been opened by treaty with the native chiefs from the coast to Albert Nyanza, and the Soneoli chiefs. The Imperial British East African Company acquired the right to administer the coast from the Umba to Kipini for 50 years, paying an annual sum to the Sultan for the concession.

In 1889 the company further secured in the same way the ports and islands north of the Tana, the chief ones being Lamu, Manda and Patta. The company, by arrangement with the British government, has now retired from the territory.

There are only 390 Europeans in the possession where Col. Roosevelt hunted. The principal exports are ivory, India rubber, cattle, goats, copra, gumcopal, hides and horns. The imports are Manchester goods, Bombay cloth wire, provisions, etc.

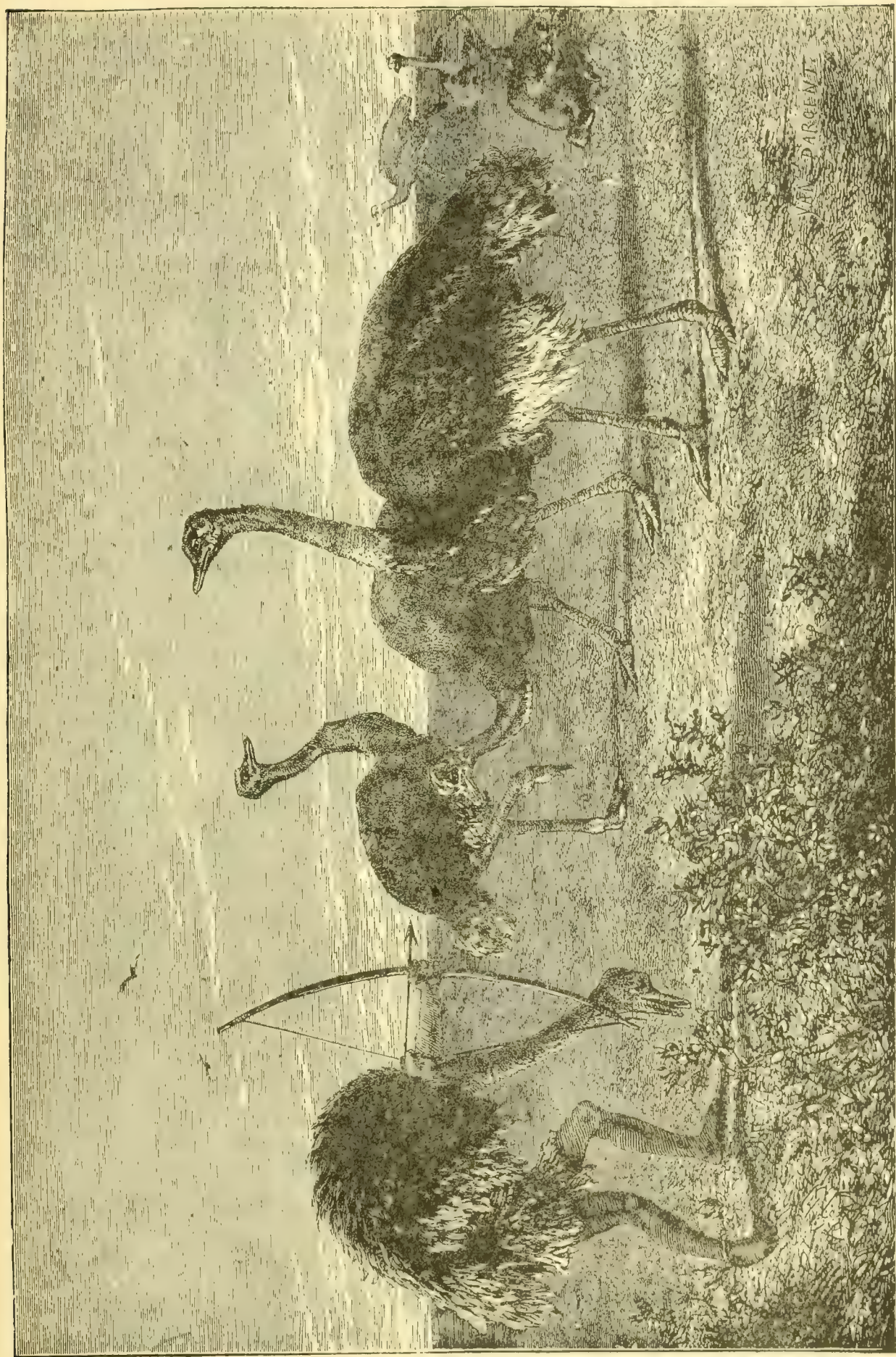
Mombasa is the principal port, and the trade is chiefly in the hands of Banians. The table lands have good pasturage and are well adapted to stock raising. Sheep and cattle are raised to a considerable extent.

SUDAN IS DIVIDED AMONG MANY STATES.

Sudan is the Arab name given to the vast extent of country in Central Africa which lies between the Sahara on the north, Abyssinia and the Red Sea on the east, the countries draining to the Kongo Basin on the south, and Senegambia on the west. Its area is estimated at 2,000,000 square miles, and its population at from 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 to 30,000,000. Col. Roosevelt's expedition here and along the Congo and the Nile are related in another chapter.

The inhabitants comprise numerous nations of different races, chiefly the Negro, together with Arab colonists and traders. The Western and Central States are divided into a number of independent and semi-independent states: Bambarra, Gando, Sokoto, Adamawa, Bornu, Baghirmi, Wadai, and others. The eastern Sudan includes Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, etc.

Egyptian rule was first extended to the Eastern Sudan in the early part of the nineteenth century by Mohammed Ali, under whom Ibrahim Pasha carried it as far south as Kordofan and Senaar.



CURIOUS MODE OF CAPTURING OSTRICHES.

An Egyptian expedition under Sir Samuel Baker, in 1870, led to the conquest of the equatorial regions on the Nile farther south than the Sudan proper, of which General Gordon was appointed governor general in 1874.

On the fall of Ismail Pasha of Egypt, Gordon was recalled, and hordes of Turks, Circassians and Bashi-Mazouks were let loose to plunder the Soudanese.

Egyptian misrule then became intolerable, and in this crisis appeared Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola, who gave himself out to be the Mahdi, the long-expected redeemer of Islam. Gordon about this time returned to the Sudan, but was shortly after slain at Khartoum. Before his death, he appointed Emin Pasha (Eduard Schnitzer) governor of the equatorial province on the Upper Nile, north of the Albert Nyanza, in 1878.

Emin Pasha continued to hold his ground, although continually harassed by the enemy, till 1889, when he was relieved by Henry M. Sanzibar and conveyed with his followers to Zanzibar, Great Britain, aiding Egypt, steadily pursued the plan of rescuing the provinces occupied by the Mahdi's forces, which was ultimately accomplished in the death of the Khalifa and destruction of his force in 1899, together with the capture of the Osman Digna in 1900.

ROOSEVELT AND THE MISSIONARIES.

Our former President has always evinced great interest in the Missionaries. While in Africa he made something of a study of their work, not only along religious lines, but in their medical and educational efforts as well as blazers out of the paths for civilization and for commerce.

Africa's day has long been delayed, but it has come at last. The missionary was the explorer of Africa. The real work of the missionaries in the Dark Continent began, however, after practically all other parts of the world had been made missionary fields. The silent and mysterious Sphinx of Egypt is no longer the symbol of Africa. For long millenniums the whole continent, except a little part along the Mediterranean, some fringes along the coast and in



CHIRPING CRICKET.

extreme Africa, was veiled in mystery. But that veil has been lifted. Not simply has a mission been born in a day, but a continent!

The explorer has traversed nearly every part of her vast domain; modern science is mastering its tropical diseases, developing its agriculture, making the mines of gold and other minerals of untold value.

Diplomacy has parceled out the continent, and everywhere there will soon be protection and opportunity for all races; hundreds of steamships belt its coasts and float on its lakes and rivers, taking to the continent hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise, and, in turn bringing away the products of African fields and forests and mines, and mechanical ingenuity.

The barbaric and Mohammedan millions of Africa are sharing in the world-wide awakening that has come to all people. They are anxiously waiting for something better. They may not know what it is, they do know it is in the possession of nations outside themselves, and we know that civilizations are never indigenous.

REMARKABLE FOR MEMORABLE EVENTS.

Few countries in the world are more remarkable for memorable events in history or in ruins of ancient civilization than North Africa, even if we do not include Egypt. During the six hundred years of Roman rule that section of the continent reached its greatest prosperity. Scores of cities were built, some of them great in population, wealth and commerce; and the agricultural resources were very great.

The climate is among the finest in the world, and North Africa was a source of Rome's greatest wealth. There are partially unearthed ruins at Carthage and many other cities, where there were palaces, amphitheaters, triumphal arches, baths, temples, many of them equal to similar structures in the imperial city itself.

The aborigines were the Berbers, or barbarians of history. Their descendants are still the largest part of the population, and number from twelve million to fifteen million. They are light brown in color, with shadings to black as they have mixed with the Negroes from the south, or to almost white as they have mixed

with races of a lighter color from Europe. Twelve hundred years before Christ they had a fair civilization. They are an agricultural people, brave, and loving their homes.

They helped the Romans conquer the Phœnicians, and in suc-



EXTRAORDINARY FOREST GROWTH IN AFRICA.

ceeding centuries, when oppressed by their rulers, aided in their overthrow. They have been vanquished, but never conquered, and they are the chief hope of North Africa, provided they can be reached by the Gospel of Christ. They are Mohammedan, but are

accessible. Their ancestors were Christians, and they still have legends among them of the cross of Christ and its power to save.

Christianity entered North Africa soon after Pentecost, and spread rapidly among the Berbers and other natives. Within a hundred years of the death of Saint John, the Evangelist, with Carthage as the center, half of the people in the cities were Christian. In the fourth century there were five hundred and eighty seats with their Bishops.

In the first four centuries after the apostles, of twenty great names in the history of Christianity, more than half came from North Africa. The first foreign missionaries after the apostles were from Africa. One of them, Pantæus, founder of a Christian school, went to India to preach the Gospel, so that the first missionary to India was from Africa.

For two hundred and fifty years North Africa led Latin Christianity, and in the work of evangelization translated the Scriptures, for the first time, into a Western tongue. That Latin Bible was the foundation of the Vulgate and came to be the common version of Western Christianity.

The indebtedness of the Christian world to the North African Church is beyond estimation. One half of the Antenicene Library was African in origin. For fifty years it grew, and during those centuries several of the most important questions of doctrine were settled under the leadership of African scholars. After Rome had overwhelmed its laws from Africa.

In the latter part of the second century Tertullian, the first great name in Western Christianity, flourished. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," is a paraphrase of his sublime words in bidding defiance to the rulers who were persecuting Christians. After him Arnobius, and later Augustine, who, though next to Paul, has dominated Christian thought and doctrine. Over the portals of Trinity Church, Boston, are carved, after the names of the four evangelists, those of Paul and Augustine. The third stone in the series remains uncut. There is no man yet who has wielded so wide a scepter, both intellectual and ecclesiastical, as Augustine.

CHAPTER X.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO—BRITISH SLAVE INDUSTRY—LIBERIA THE AMERICAN COLONY IN AFRICA—24,000 AMERICAN BORN NEGROES HAVE GONE TO LIBERIA—THE TROGLODYTES OF AFRICA—PYGMIES IN CENTRAL AFRICA—WHO ARE THE BOERS?—THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLY—ABYSSINIA AND ITS ANCIENT CHRISTIAN FAITH—IVORY, HOW OBTAINED AND USED—OSTRICH FARMS IN AFRICA AND CALIFORNIA.

SOME authorities claim that a Dutch man-of-war brought twenty negroes to the Colony of Virginia in May, 1619. Others claim that the ship "Treasurer" brought 14 to Jamestown in 1620 when the colony of Virginia had but 15,000 inhabitants. At any rate all seem to agree that the first negroes were landed in Virginia and exchanged by the ships bringing them for supplies. It was a long time before there were any laws recognizing slaves as property. The American negro came from the west coast of Africa. It is said that the first negroes taken as slaves were glad to escape and be taken into captivity by white men. They had been pursued to the coast by the stronger tribes of the interior and many were massacred.

Whether the first lot of negroes brought to our country in 1619 or 1620 as slaves were 20 or 14, we have nearly 10,000,000 of them in our country now, and they are a force in our social and political life to be reckoned with.

England's connection with Africa was originally through the iniquitous slave-trade. Slave-trading having been legalized by an act during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her chief naval commander, Sir John Hawkins, sailed at once to Sierra Leone, seized three hundred negroes, carried them to Hayti, and sold them there. Between 1686 and 1786, more than two million slaves were imported into the English colonies. In 1771, 192 slave-ships left England for

Africa, fitted up to carry 47,146 slaves. Slaves were counted important property by English families; many of them owned estates in the West Indies, and brought home from thence negroes for domestic servants. London newspapers of 1772 openly advertised black boys and girls for sale. An auction advertisement reads:

“Five pipes of raisin wine, two boxes of bottled whisky, six sacks of flour, three negro men, two negro women, two negro boys, one negro girl.”

In 1772, owing to great agitation, all slaves in the British Isles were set free. This did not stop the slave-trade, though it granted liberty, and the first result was to fill the streets of London with negro beggars. To relieve them, a plan for a colony of freed slaves was projected; four hundred liberated slaves were sent to Sierra Leone, where Hawkins had kidnapped the first slave cargo; many others later went thither, and the Sierra Leone Company was founded in 1791, “to introduce trade industry, and Christian knowledge.”

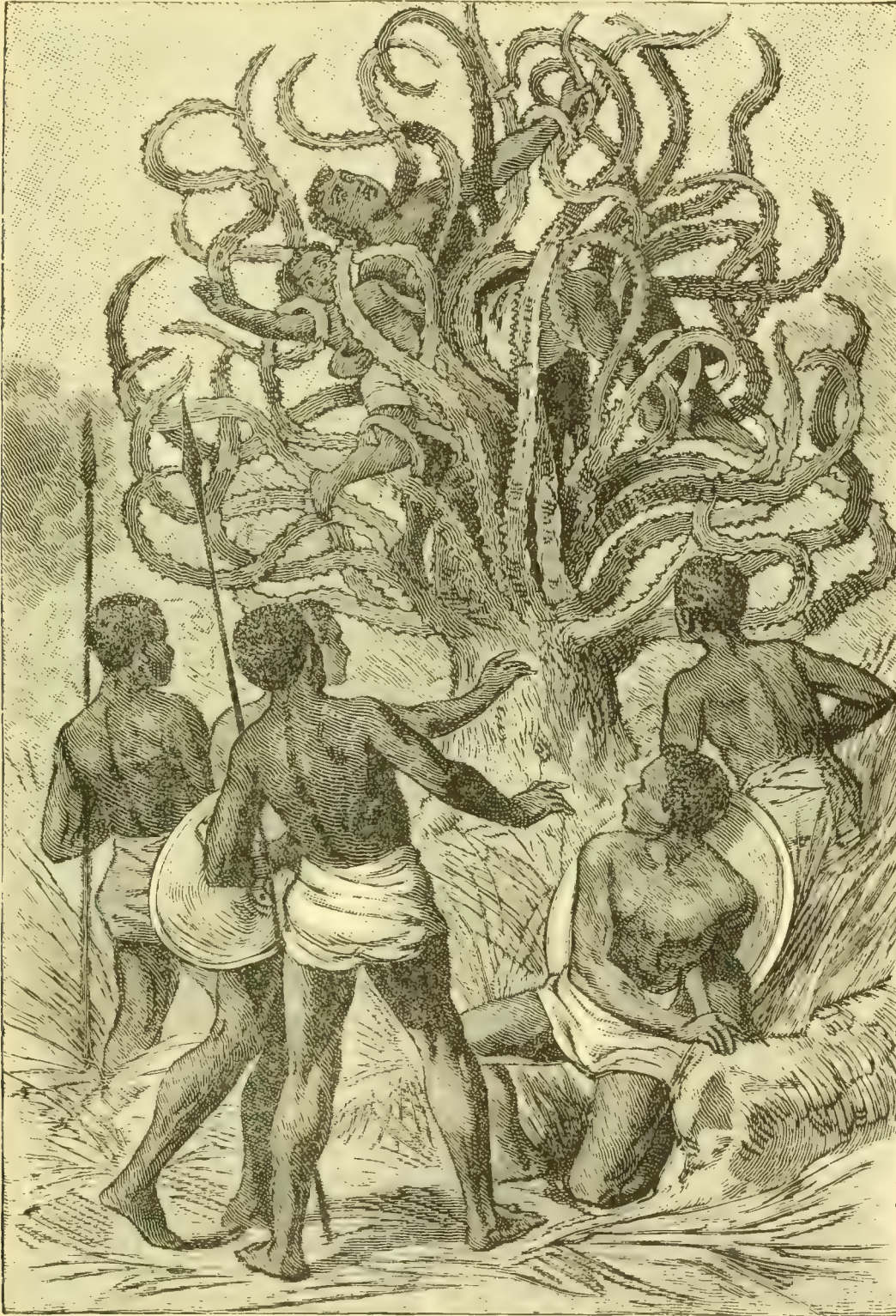
LIBERIA THE AMERICAN COLONY IN AFRICA.

Lying between the fifth and eighth degrees of north latitude on the west coast of Africa is the little negro republic of Liberia. Its coast line is about three hundred miles, and its domain extends two hundred and fifty miles into the interior, so that its territory includes, perhaps, 75,000 square miles.

It owes its existence to good men in America, both north and south, who many years ago felt that the freed people of the United States should have a place in the land of their fathers, where they could have the opportunity and satisfaction of building a nation of their own, which should demonstrate the capacity of the negro for nation building, and also open the way for his having a share in the civilization and redemption of the African continent.

There are now in the republic about 24,000 American-Liberians, speaking, of course, the English language; and perhaps 1,000,000 native Africans. The former are emigrants from the United States, or their descendants; and the latter are made up of various tribes of aborigines, speaking many dialects, acknowledging

the sovereignty of the republic, but as a whole living in barbarism, as their fathers before them have done for many centuries.



THE FABLED MAN-EATING TREE.

The form of government is modeled after that of the United States, and only negroes can own land, become citizens or hold

office. A few thousand natives have become civilized and are a part of the nation. For twenty-five years Liberia was a colony, under the immediate direction of the colonization societies; but in 1847 the nation was formed and received the friendly recognition and good will of other nations. Liberia, Santo Domingo and Hayti are the only nations in the world controlled entirely by negroes.

To say that the hopes of the friends of the negro as a nation builder have been realized during the past fifty years in Liberia would not be true. On the other hand, to accept the uncharitable and unkind criticisms of the struggling republic, which are heard along the coast from many traders and travelers, and often reiterated in Europe and America, would be doing great injustice to the people of Liberia.

A CONTINENT RICH IN MINERAL WEALTH.

When we consider the difficulties which these people have had to meet in a new, and, to many, a hostile climate, their lack of wealth and experience in government, surrounded and permeated by multitudes of barbarous heathen, and subjected constantly to the uncharitable criticism of white traders and travelers, the marvel is that so much in the way of efficient government and advance in social conditions has been accomplished.

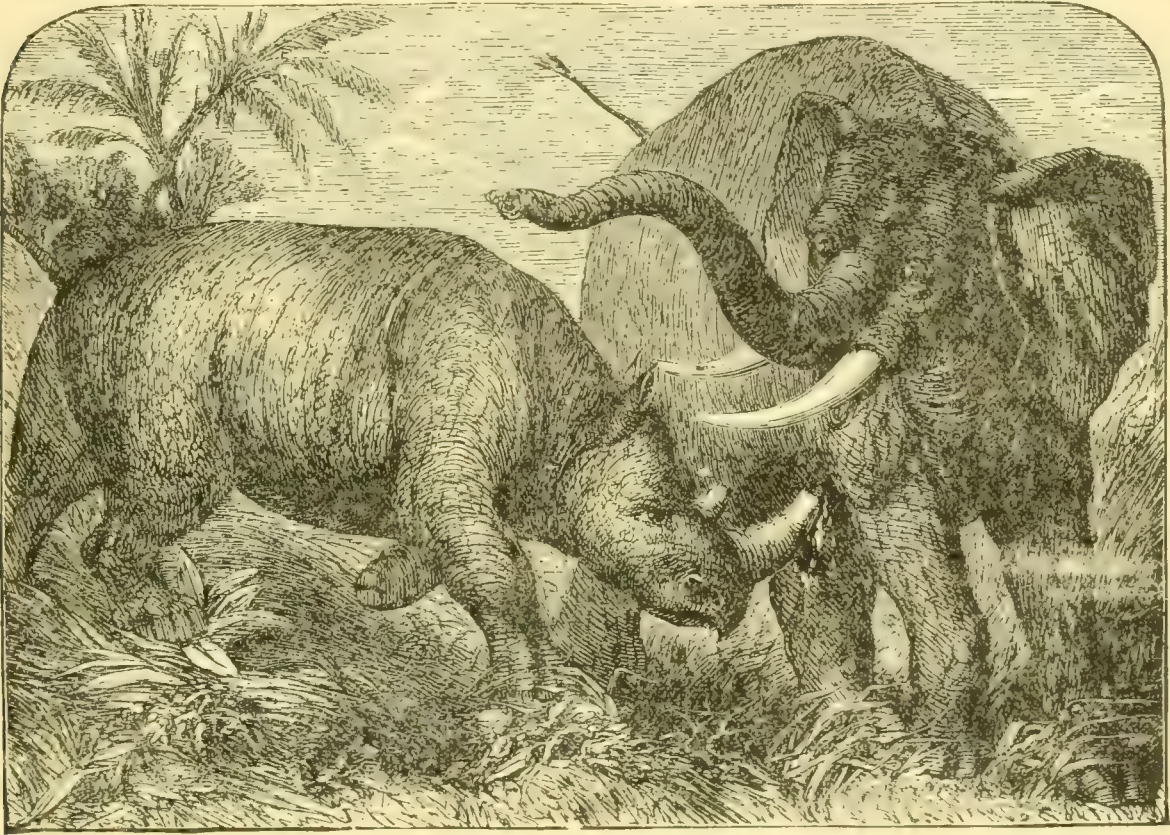
True, their national domain, rich in minerals and agricultural possibilities, has not even been explored; but it is also true that, until within a very few years, but little advance has been made by other nations on either coast of the continent in extending practical and efficient government among the natives of the interior.

Away back in the days when most of the world was unknown, instead of being mostly known as it is now, the geographers making their maps used to decorate the outlying portions with all sorts of strange and fabulous figures. Probably they would not have claimed to believe that the giants and the dwarfs, the headless men and the men with one eye in the middle of their foreheads, the man-eating tree, the unicorns and the centaurs and all the rest of the monsters, really lived there.

Even to-day we are very prone to imagine all sorts of myster-

ious things in the lands that have never been visited, although very likely if we were to go there we would find things quite as natural as they are here. But that was the way the ancient geographers displayed their ignorance, and their acceptance of all sorts of traditions and travelers' tales that circulated from mouth to mouth very freely.

Even the stories of Gullivers travels, with his dwarfs and giants and talking horses, found believers, where, on the other hand, the stories of Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and other earliest



THE ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.

travelers to the Orient, who reported things which are now known to be mostly true, were hardly believed at all.

Strangely enough, there are discoveries made at times, with the advance of exploration in the present day, which go far to verify some of the most extravagant stories of the past. Africa has done much to justify some of these old-fashioned myths.

In Africa, for instance, was found the rhinoceros, which, with its horn, is a clumsy sort of substitute for the unicorn of the ancients. In Africa, too, have been discovered races of man extremely back-

ward in their development, and at least two tribes which are actual pygmies, to justify the old stories of the country of the dwarfs.

It is in the great forests of the Congo River in Central Africa that these most peculiar races have been found. These pygmies were probably well known to the ancient Egyptian slave-traders, who journeyed up the Nile in ancient days to return with treasures and curious specimens and wonderful stories. Herodotus wrote about the pygmies and their fights with cranes, but the story has been believed entirely mythological, until the discovery of ostriches and these very dwarfs has given justification to the ancient classic writer.

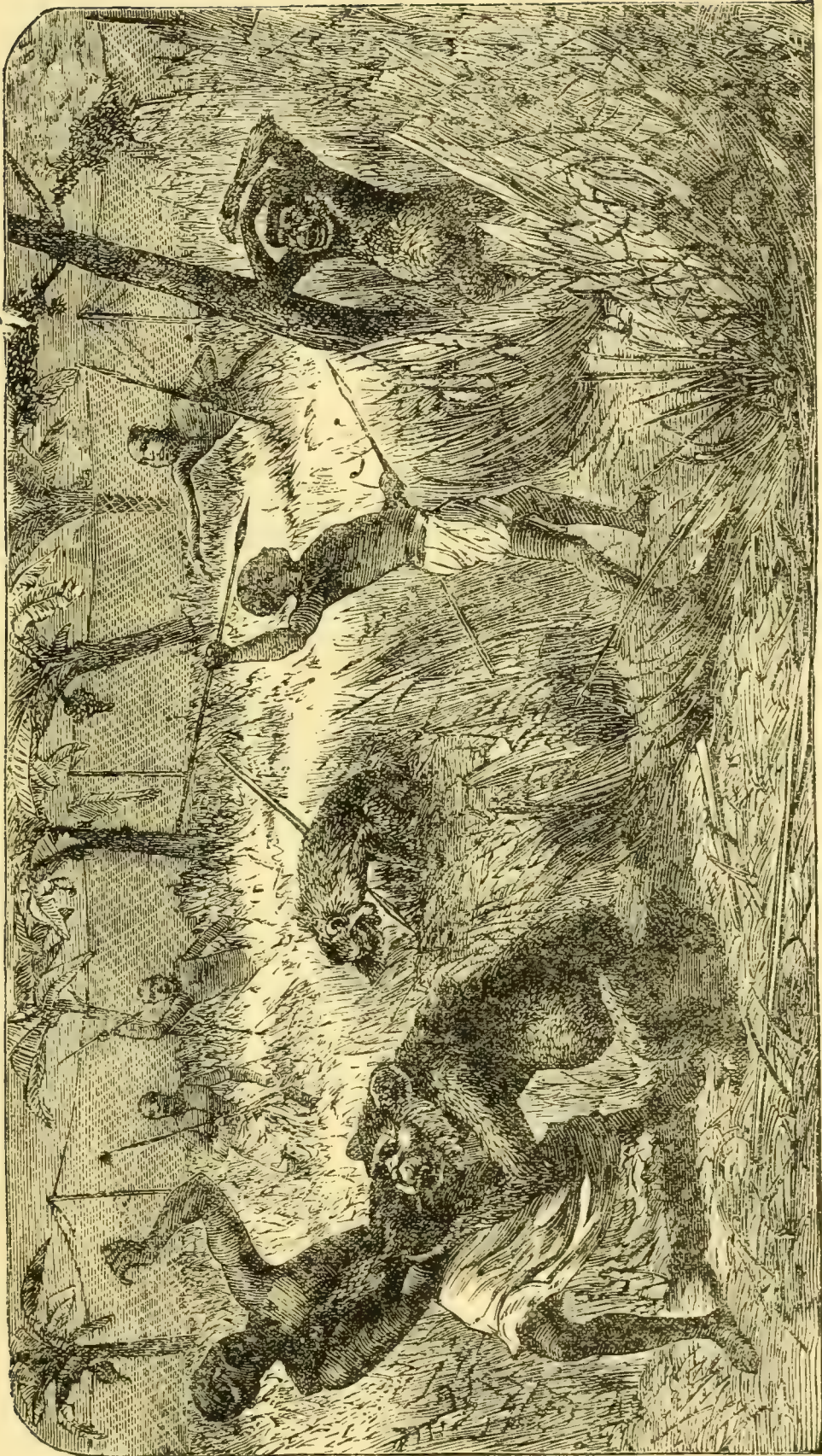
Sir Harry H. Johnston, the governor of British East Africa, who has described these African tribes most interestingly, suggests that from the mischievous actions of such dwarfs as these may easily have come the stories of brownies and goblins in our own fairy tales. He found two varieties of the pygmies, one with reddish and yellowish brown skin and a tendency to red in the hair of the head, and the other a black-skinned type with entirely black hair. The latter are slightly taller than the others.

STRANGE CREATURES OF A STRANGE LAND.

The tallest specimen measured by the explorer was about five feet in height, but the average height for the man was four feet, seven inches, and for the woman four feet, two inches. Several of the men were only four feet, two inches in height, and several of the women were four feet. The nose and the lips are very different in shape from those of the ordinary negro types, the upper lip being long and straight and the nose having very little bridge.

The chin is very much receding, the neck is short, and the head rather sunk between the shoulders. The legs are short in proportion to the body and the feet are inclined to turn in. Some of the dwarfs have quite long beards. They seldom wear anything in the way of ornament and in the forest they go about naked.

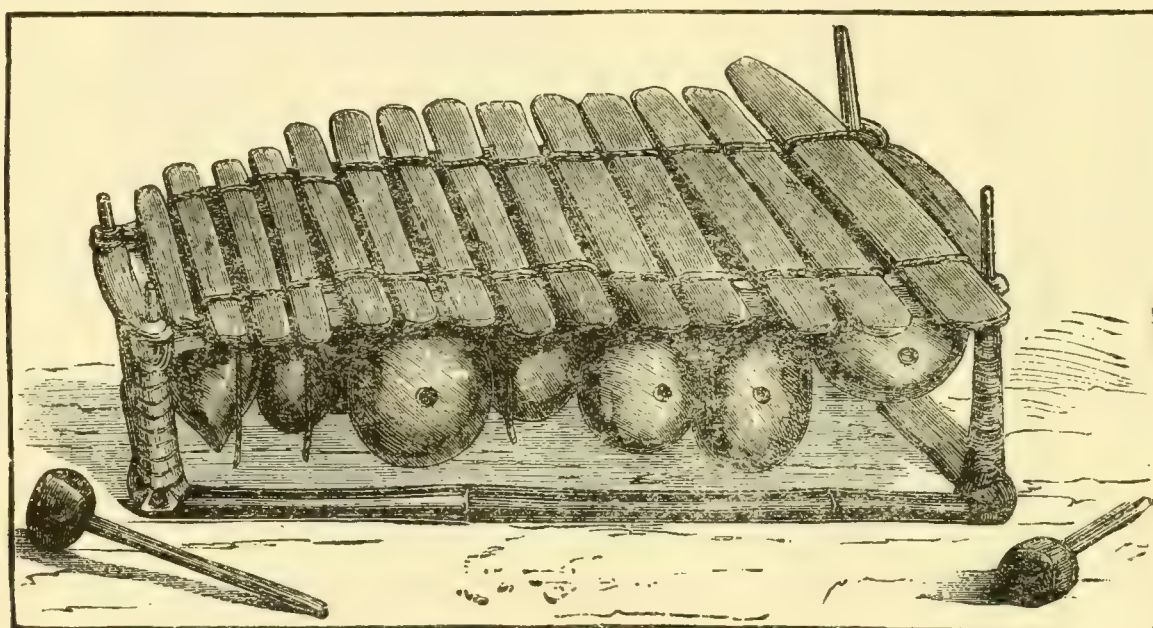
These Congo pygmies are very shy, and avoid contact with travelers through their country. They keep no domestic animals nor do they cultivate the ground, but live entirely by hunting with



CAPTURING SOKOS IN AFRICA.

bows and arrows or snares. Their huts are about four feet high and of about the same diameter, built of branches stuck into the ground and bent over into a semicircle. The hut is thatched with large leaves and a small hole is left at the side through which the pygmy crawls in to lie on his bed of leaves, which is the only piece of furniture.

Stanley found some of these dwarfs in his journey through the Congo forests, and agrees with Sir Harry Johnston in the description. It seems that the little fellows have no language of their own, but talk more or less imperfectly the language of what-



THE MARIMBA, OR AFRICAN PIANO.

ever tribe of negroes happens to be their nearest neighbors. The white travelers who have visited them say that, although they are absolutely savage in their natural life, yet they possess quicker intelligence than the ordinary negroes and learn languages easier.

The foreign travelers declare that they are most interesting people, fond of singing and dancing, with music of their own that is distinctly melodious, and a drollery of action which makes them generally entertaining. It remains now for Africa to yield a race of giants to complete the record of marvels which the continent has produced.

The Dutch were not in the first instance the discoverers of the Cape of Good Hope. The old Portuguese navigators were the

first to brave the terrors of the Stormy Cape, as they called it. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape, and pushed his way beyond the present site of Port Elizabeth.

In 1497 that great sailor, Vasco da Gama, passed the Cape, and penetrated by sea as far to the eastward as the Mozambique coast. Although the early navigators occasionally touched at the Cape on their way to the Indies, there seems to have been no regular settlement there until well into the seventeenth century. In 1591 Captain James Lancaster, with an English squadron, visited Table Bay.

In 1595 four Dutch vessels, the first fleet to cast anchor in these waters, touched at Mossel Bay, a little to the east of the Cape. From this time fleets of the various nations were in the habit of calling at the Cape of Good Hope for rest and refreshment, obtaining oxen and sheep from the Hottentot aboriginals, and picking up wild fowl, fish and green herbage.

THE DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY TAKES POSSESSION.

In 1652 the Dutch East India Company finally took possession of the Cape, and founded a settlement there. Jan Van Riebeck landed with a number of colonists, and at once set vigorously to work to establish the foundations of Dutch supremacy in this quarter of the globe.

In 1672 the Dutch East India Company purchased from the Hottentot chiefs, who claimed to be lords of the soil, the whole vast tract of country stretching from Saldanha Bay to the Cape peninsula.

Between 1685 and 1688 came a most important accession of strength to the Dutch settlers. Thanks to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., large numbers of Huguenots were driven from France. By arrangement with the authorities in Holland, it came to pass that some of these French Protestants, to the number of between two and three hundred, were taken to the Cape. They were granted free passages and as much land as they could bring under cultivation, and were assisted with money to buy implements, seed and other necessities, on condition of thereafter repay-

ing the same. These French Huguenots, nearly all steady, honest and God-fearing folk, became a source of great strength to the rising colony.

During the last century the Boers spread far and wide into Cape Colony, traversing pathless deserts, waterless karroos, and difficult mountain country, in search of new homes and pastures. Many of them were hunters pure and simple, and followed the elephants for their ivory. As they moved inland, magistracies were tardily established in their midst, not lest they might lapse into utter barbarians, but to enable an anxious government to draw its taxation from the land on which they settled. Churches and schools followed the settlers yet more tardily.

THE REIGN OF THE BOER.

Far-removed though they have been from churches and pastors, they have yet clung closely to the primitive faith of their forefathers. Wherever they have trekked, the great Dutch Bible, often more than two hundred years old, and its lessons, have gone with them. At morning and at night, wherever they may be, prayer and thanksgiving are invariably offered up.

It is the fashion among the "Uitlanders" to ridicule the long and somewhat dreary prayers of these Dutch farmers; yet, surely it is to the credit of the Boers that, amid every danger and difficulty, they have thus preserved their faith. Even when marching to fight the Zulu hosts under Dingaan in Natal, they offered up prayers at every halt, and the 400 farmers who met and conquered 10,000 Zulus at the Blood River in 1838 attributed their astonishing victory to the indirect intervention of the Lord of Hosts in answer to their supplications.

In 1796 the British, by arrangement, with the Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic, then a fugitive from the armies of the French Republic, took possession of the Cape, which in 1803 was handed back to the Dutch. In 1806 the British, being then at war with the Dutch, again took possession of the Cape Colony, after a severe struggle near Cape Town. From that time the Cape has been continuously in the hands of Great Britain.

The early Cape governors were not remarkable for their sympathy or friendliness for the Dutch settlers, and the grievances of the latter were seldom listened to. The fathers of the present Dutch population in the Transvaal and Orange Free State quitted their home in the Cape Colony, and trekked into dangerous and unknown deserts to avoid what they conceived to be gross and burning wrongs.

The desperate struggle of the Boers with the British was so recent that it needs nothing more than a mere mention here. The former Dutch Republic is now a British possession, but unusual liberties and independence have been granted all classes living there.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLEY.

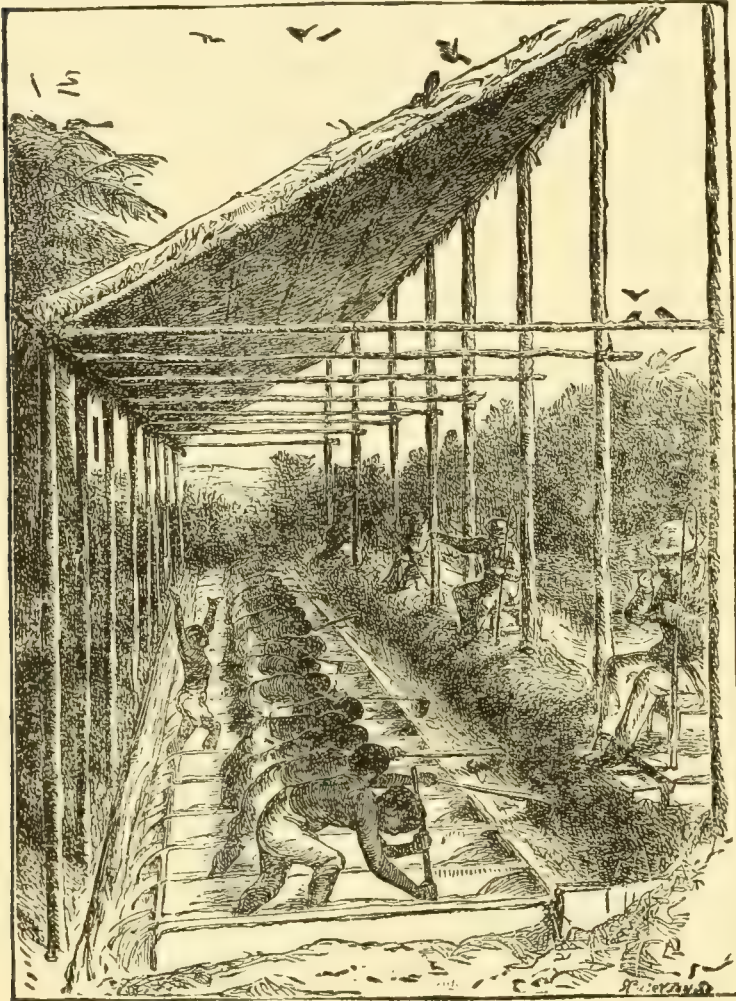
The five diamond mines are all contained in a circle three and one-half miles in diameter. They are irregularly shaped, round or oval pipes, extending vertically downward to an unknown depth, retaining about the same diameter throughout. They are said to be volcanic necks, filled from below with a heterogeneous mixture of fragments of the surrounding rocks, and of older rocks, such as granite, mingled and cemented with a bluish colored hard clayey mass, in which famous blue clay the imbedded diamonds are hidden.

In the first days of diamond mining there was no idea that diamondiferous earth extended to any particular depth, and miners were allowed to dig holes at haphazard, and prospect where they liked. When the Kimberley mine was discovered, a new arrangement was made, and in July, 1871, it was cut up into about 500 claims, each 31 feet square, with spaces reserved for about fifteen roadways across the mine. No person at first could hold more than two claims, a rule afterwards modified.

The system of underground working in recent years is as follows: Shafts are sunk in the solid rock at a sufficient distance from the pipe to be quite safe against reef movements in the open mine. The main shaft at De Beers starts about 540 feet from the north side of the mine, and is now over 1,500 feet deep. Tunnels are driven from this shaft at different levels to cross the mine from west to east, about 120 feet apart. These tunnels are connected

with each other by two tunnels running north and south, one near the west side of the mine and one midway between it and the east margin of the mine.

From the east and west tunnels offsets are driven to the surrounding rock. When near the rock, they are widened into galleries, these in turn being stoped on the sides until they meet, and upwards until they break through the blue ground. The fallen



WASHING DIAMONDS.

reef with which the upper part of the mine is filled, sinks and partially fills the open space. The workmen then stand on the fallen reef, and drill the blue ground overhead; as the roof is blasted back the debris follows. When stoping between two tunnels, the blue is stoped up to the debris about midway between the two tunnels.

The upper levels are worked back in advance of the lower levels, and the works assume the shape of irregular terraces. The main levels are from 90 to 120 feet

apart, with intermediate levels every 30 feet.

Hoisting is done from only one level at a time through the same shaft. By this ingenious method of mining, every portion of blue ground is excavated and raised to the surface, the rubbish on the top gradually sinking down and taking its place.

The scene below ground in the labyrinth of galleries is bewildering in its complexity, and is about as little like one's idea of a diamond mine as can well be conceived. Electric light is uni-

versal in the workings. One set of workers attends to the rock-drilling machines for blasting the blue ground; in other parts the blue is shoveled into wagons, which, when filled, are carried along rails by moving ropes till they get to the gallery, where the contents are sent to the surface.

At the bottom of the main shaft, at the 1,300-foot level, the galleries converge to a large open space where the tram lines carrying the trucks meet. In front is a chute to which the trucks full of blue ground are rapidly wheeled, tipped over and their contents discharged, when they are shunted to make way for other trucks. At the foot of the shoot is a "skip" holding 64 cubic feet, or four truck loads, an electric bell sounds at the engine-house, when the skip is hoisted to the surface and another takes its place. So the work proceeds, and on busy days ground has been hoisted at the rate of 20 loads every three minutes, equal to 400 loads an hour. In 1894 the record hoisting of blue ground at the Kimberley mine was 470 loads an hour; in one shift of eight hours 3,312 loads, and in a day of three shifts, 7,415 loads.

WEIRD CREATURES DELVE FOR COSTLY GEMS.

All below ground is dirty, muddy, grimy; half naked men, black as ebony, muscular as athletes, with perspiration oozing from every pore, are seen in every direction, hammering, picking, shoveling, wheeling the trucks to and fro, keeping up a weird chant, which rises in force and melody when a titanic task requires excessive muscular strain. The whole scene is far more suggestive of a coal mine than a diamond mine, and all this mighty organization, this strenuous expenditure of energy, this clever, costly machinery, this ceaseless toil of skilled and black labor, going on day and night, is just to win a few stones wherewith to deck my lady's finger.

The sorting room in the pulsator house is long, narrow and well lighted. Here the rich gravel is brought in wet, a sieveful at a time, and is dumped in a heap on tables covered with iron plates.

The tables at one end take the coarsest lumps, next comes the gravel which passed the three-eighths-inch holes, then the next in order, and so on. The first sorting is done by thoroughly trust-

worthy white men; for here the danger of robbery is greatest. Sweeping the heap of gravel to the right, the sorter scrapes a little of it to the center of the table by means of a flat piece of sheet zinc. With this tool he rapidly passes in review the grains, seizes the diamonds, and puts them into a little tin box in front of him.

The stuff is then swept off to the left, and another lot taken, and so on till the sieveful of gravel is exhausted, when another is brought in. The stuff the sorter has passed to his left as temporarily inspected, is taken next to another part of the room, where it is again scrutinized by native convicts again and again, and as long as diamonds can be found in quantity sufficient to repay the cost of convict labor, it is passed under examination.

The diamond has a peculiar luster, and on the sorter's table it is impossible to mistake it for any other stone that may be present. It looks somewhat like clear pieces of gum arabic, with a sort of luster which makes a conspicuous shine among the other stones.

NATIVE LABORERS OF THE CONVICT CLASS.

In the pulsator and sorting house most of the native laborers are long-sentence convicts, supplied with food, clothing and medical attendance by the company. These men are necessarily well guarded, and all the white men in the works carry revolvers. Apart from the hopelessness of a successful rising, there is little inducement to revolt; the lot of these diamond workers is preferable to life in the government prisons, and they seem contented.

Sometimes as many as 8,000 carats of diamonds come from the pulsator in one day, representing about \$50,000 in value. Prodigious diamonds are not so uncommon as is generally supposed. Diamonds weighing over an ounce (151.5 carats) are not unfrequent at Kimberley, and, were it necessary, there would be no difficulty in getting together a hundred of them.

Just as very few are familiar with the fact that Egypt was once a Christian kingdom, for 259 years ending A. D. 640, so there are fewer still outside the circle of missionary enterprise, who know or care aught for the existing Christian Empire of Abyssinia, beyond its more recent political records. Yet Abyssinia has been

Christian for centuries; and its late King John, who greatly enlarged its boundaries and extended its influence in Central Africa, bore, like some European monarchs, the title of "Defender of the Faith," most dear to the kings of Abyssinia.

The Christian period of Egypt, comparatively short in duration and unimportant in influencing neighboring tribes or communities, ended in the Arab conquest under Amru, which left but few vestiges of Christians or Christianity. To-day, a small Coptic community in Cairo, respected more for the intelligence of its members, the chief accountants and clerks of the administration, than for their numbers or influence, and a few more scattered over various villages, alone attest the antiquity of Christianity in Egypt.

RIGID PIETY OF ANCIENT ETHIOPIA.

But Abyssinia, the ancient Ethiopia, claiming to possess the primitive Christianity and boasting of preserving the relics of St. Mark the Evangelist, has ever held fast to Christianity, even though disfiguring it with strange superstitions, distorting it with fierce fanaticism, and showing even sterner savagery than animated the old Crusaders, with whom hatred to the heathen was equivalent to love of God.

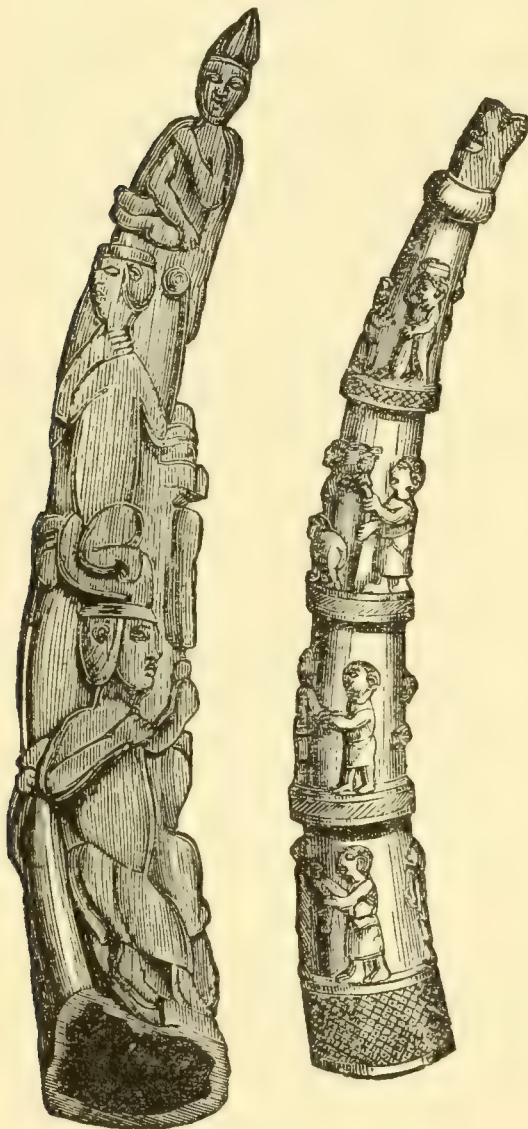
Three great mountain chains forming a triangle, with its base resting on the Abai and the Kawash, and its apex at Massowah on the Red Sea, are the boundaries of an immense elevated plateau, upheaved by volcanic action from the sultry plains of tropical Africa, but blessed with a climate as fresh and healthy as any in Europe. Indeed, the table-lands of Abyssinia, bounded on the north and west by the arid deserts of the Sudan, on the south by the country of the ferocious Gallas, and on the east by Debeni, Adal, and the great salt plains of Arrhoo, may be likened to some rocky island rising in the midst of the ocean, rich with verdant plains, bubbling streams and shady woods, but seldom visited by the mariner, owing to its isolated position and the terrible cliffs by which it is surrounded.

Very seldom do the natives of the Abyssinian plateau venture down into the fever-stricken plains, where dwell their hereditary

enemies, the Mahometans and the pagan Gallas. Nor, except when led to a profitable and pious invasion of "Habash," do the people of the low countries often penetrate the wild passes of the Abyssinian mountains. It happens, therefore, that from whichever side the traveler approaches Abyssinia, he can glean but little information from the natives, concerning the country beyond the mighty wall of mountains which rise in majesty and grandeur before him, as if to bar his path.

The Abyssinians trace the origin of their empire to the days of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba's visit to him; and their line of kings to the joint issue of those two potentates. Their religion exhibits a strange mixture of Judaism and Christianity; a great pride of race and religion animates this singular people whose monarch bears the haughty title of "King of Kings;" and they consider themselves not only the peers, but even the superiors, of all the rest of mankind.

It was the English expedition against King Theodorus, in 1867, that opened out the country and let in some light on its dark places. Great was the surprise of Christendom, which had previously classed the Abyssinians among other savage



CARVED IVORY TUMPETS.

and warring tribes, leading a nomadic existence in the deserts and jungles of Africa, where the climate and wild beasts dispute with equally savage men the entrance or egress of the foreigner and repel the onward march of civilization. Since then they have defeated Italy in a disastrous campaign, undertaken to claim them as a colony.

Every ivory billiard ball in use in the world is said to have cost the life of a human being. And still the demand for ivory, not only for the manufacture of these simple spheres for a popular game, but for a multitude of other uses in decorative and toilet articles, continues, with the price so high that the trade still goes on in spite of its disastrous cost in human life.

Most of the heavy expense has been paid in the jungles of Central Africa, where a man does not count for half as much as a humped ox or a trained ape. For nature has built an effectual barrier about her cultivators of billiard balls—the elephants—and he who would penetrate it must take his life in his hands.

In the first place she has provided an atmosphere of great heat, reeking half the year with moisture, in which lurk the germs of a hundred unnamed diseases, and rent for two seasons with sudden storms accompanied by heavy rains. Then there is the barrier of a rank and tangled vegetation, through which no roads but those of the jungle-folk have yet pierced.

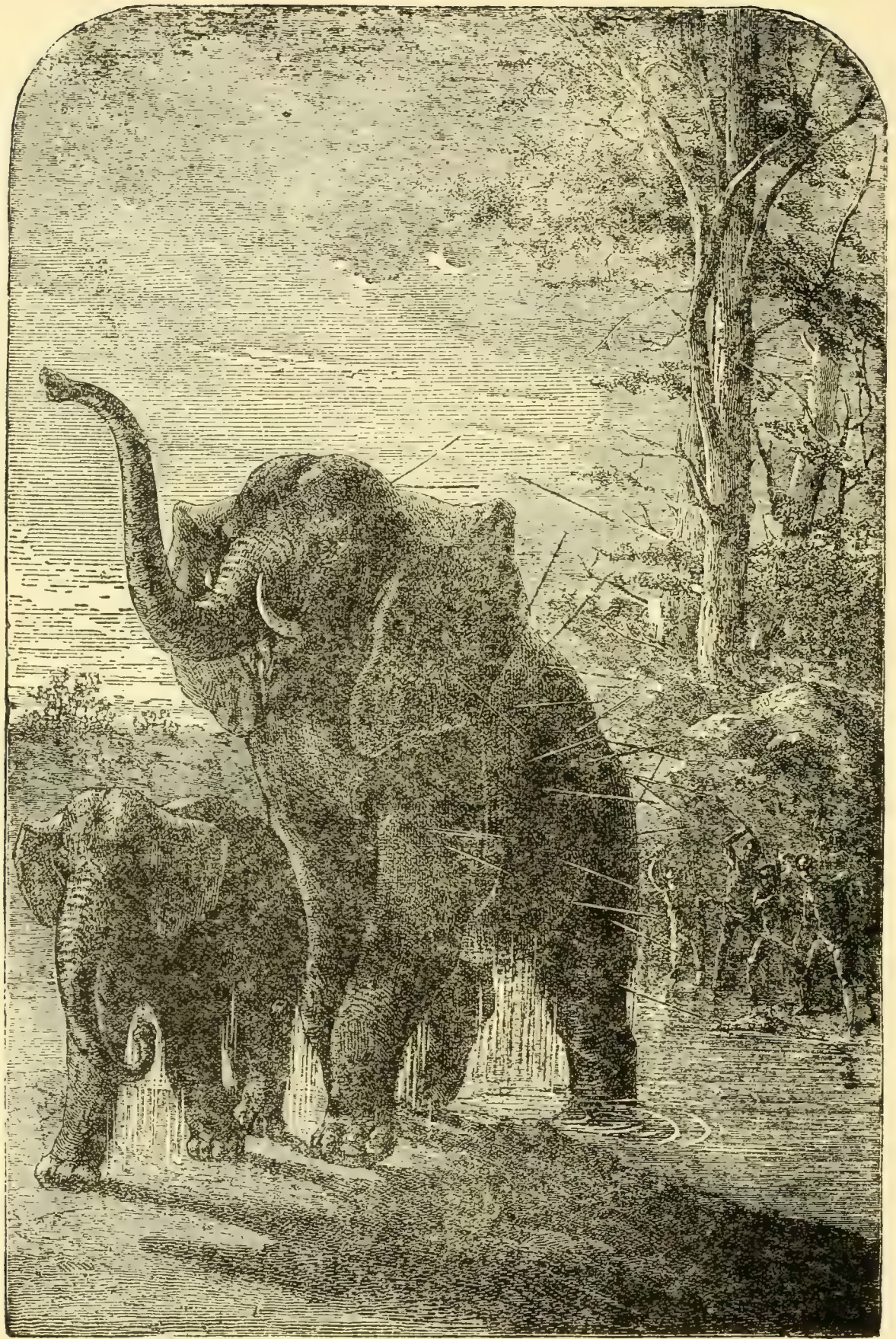
IVORY, HOW OBTAINED AND USED.

The huge trees conceal fierce wild animals, poisonous snakes, and insects whose stings mean death at the end of the days of suffering. Impassable morasses, lakes, broad rivers and mountain ranges are also numerous, and yet more dangerous are the jealous savages, who have learned enough of civilization to distrust it, and who know that a man never protests against robbery after he is dead.

So the elephant is given a chance to grow a little before the harvesters of the ivory crop can reach him. When he has trumpeted for a few score of years, and his tusks have made him a power in the herd, some native hunter spies him as he thrashes through the jungle or wades in a morass.

Then a great number of the harvest warriors gather and build a huge inclosure of vines, into which the elephant one day walks. From the surrounding trees come a shower of arrows, and perhaps a bullet or two from an ancient gun obtained at a hundred times its value from some wandering trader.

The elephant charges about trumpeting, but on every side the



ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG FROM HUNTERS' SPEARS.

barrier holds him in. At last he falls, overcome by numbers. Then his great tusks are packed away, and a row of naked natives carry them for days through the jungle, until they are placed in the king's treasure as a part of the wealth as well as the currency of a nation.

After a time traders appear, and the tusks are bartered for bright nothings, old-fashioned and shop-worn fabrics, food, whisky and firearms. There is another long period of transporting the precious ivory on the backs of natives, with the constant danger of attack from hostile tribes and the treachery of friendly ones. At last it is aboard ship, and after weeks on the sea it arrives at the great ports where it is sold to carvers and manufacturers.

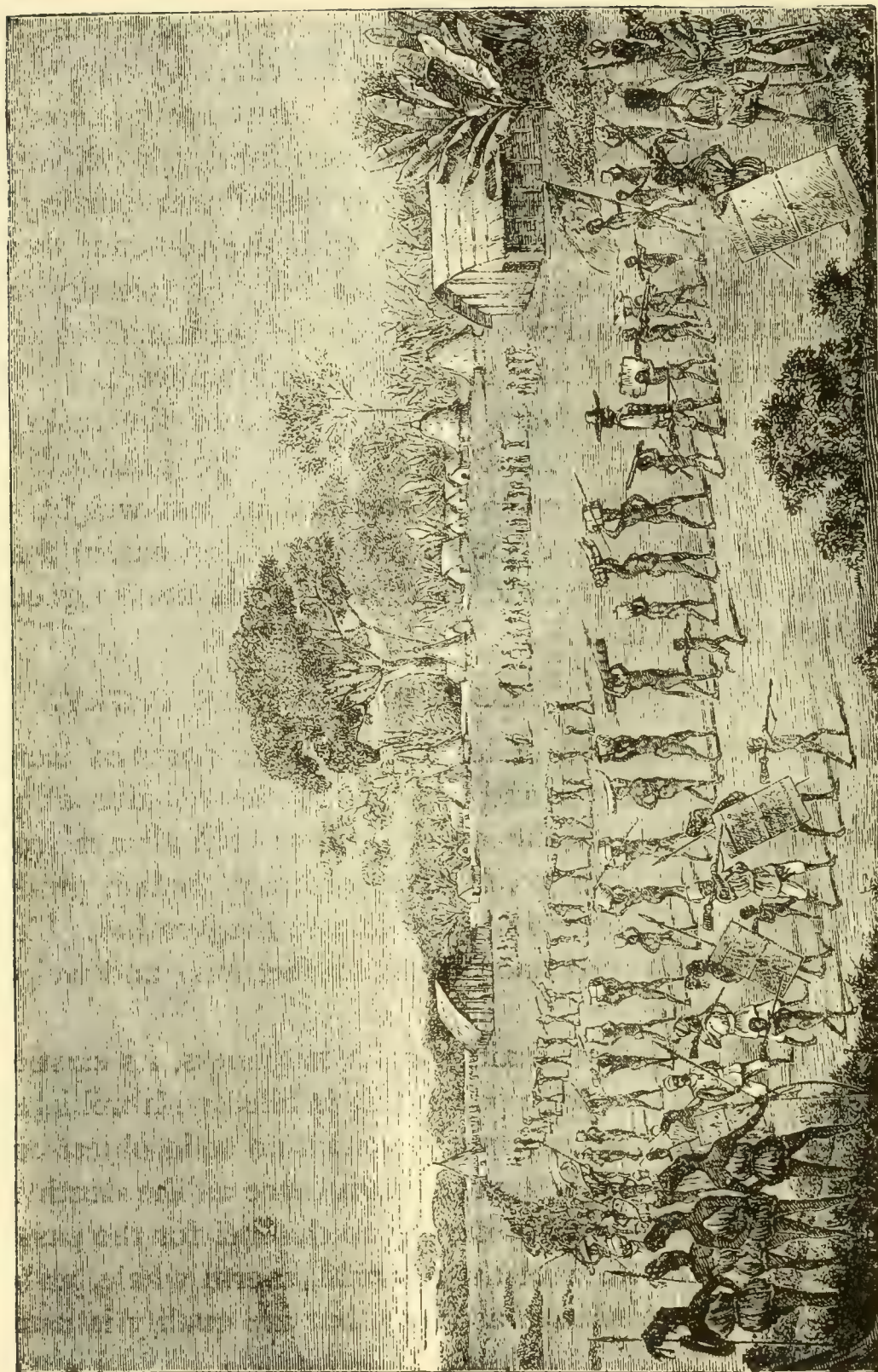
The best ivory comes from Africa. Some of the tusks are from eight to ten feet long, and often weigh 170 pounds. The Indian elephants' tusks are much shorter and of less weight, and the great demand has reduced the supply to such an extent that it is now rare to find a large tusk. Indian ivory is not so good in quality as that from Africa.

A TRAP FOR THE PRODUCER OF THE IVORY.

Much of the ivory used in Russia and other parts of Europe is found in northern Russia and Siberia, in the remains of prehistoric mammoths. Where the skeletons have been always frozen in the earth, the ivory is as good as the ordinary Indian product, but much of it has been injured by exposure to the weather. Tusks have been found which were more than 12 feet long and weighed upwards of 200 pounds.

The value of ivory rests mainly in its toughness, its elasticity, and its quality of taking a high polish. It is filled with millions of minute holes which give it an elasticity which no solid object could ever have. In effect ivory is the same substance as the dentine of the teeth, and it is unlike bone in having no channel for the passage of blood. The teeth or tusks of the narwhal, sperm whale, walrus, and hippopotamus are also used as ivory, but the quality is usually poor.

Great skill is required in buying tusks, for the external appearance is most often deceptive. The inside may be full of abscesses



AN EXPLORING PARTY BRINGING IVORY TO THE COAST FOR SHIPMENT.

and cracks, and sometimes the core is filled with pieces of stone and chunks of iron by the tricky natives and no less tricky dealers.

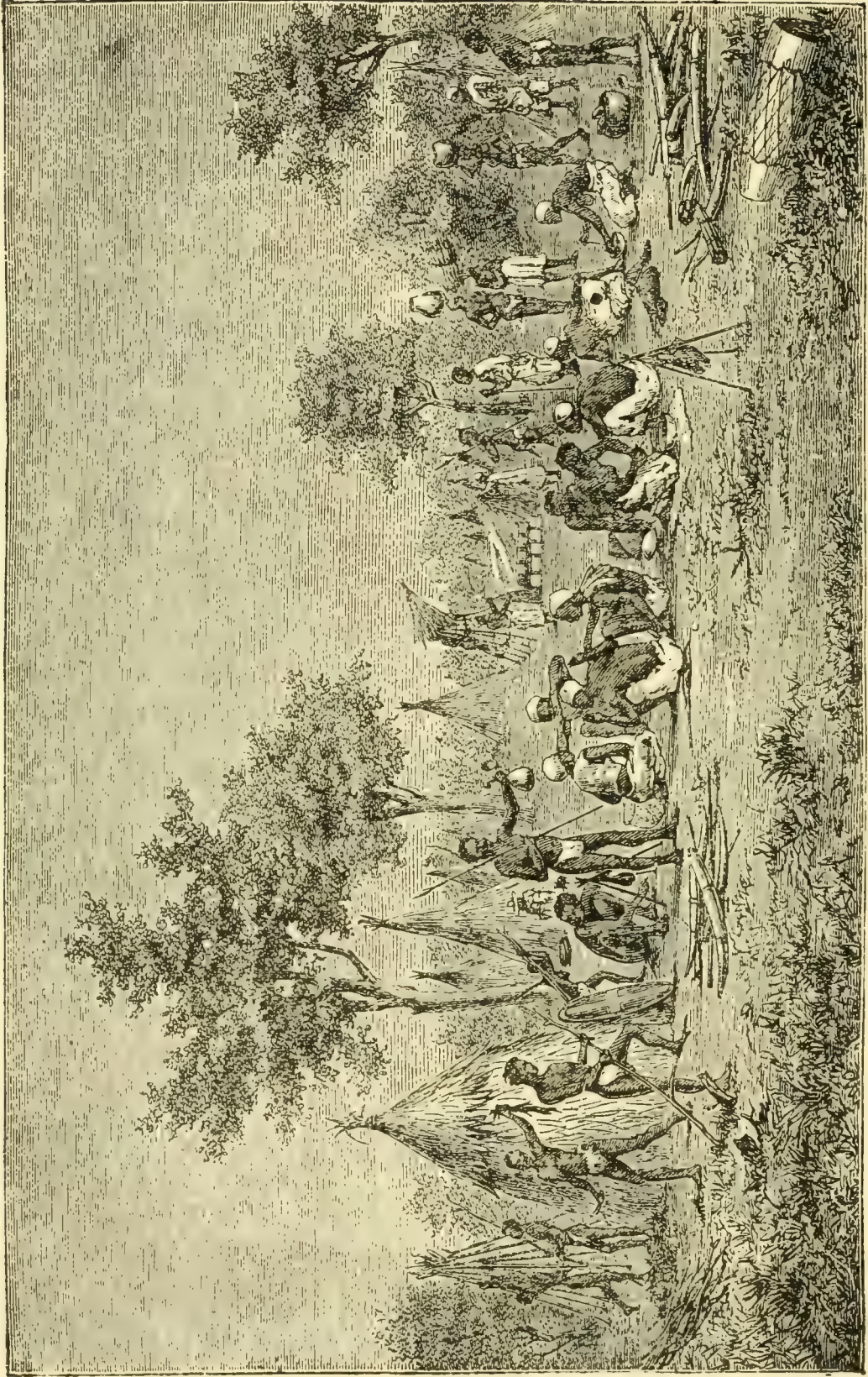
When at last the tusk reaches the manufacturer of billiard balls it is again examined very carefully for flaws, and even if the smallest crack is perceptible, the ivory is used for some other purpose. If the tusk is found to be perfect and of about the right size—a little larger in diameter than the ball is to be—it is sent out to the workroom. Here workmen measure the tusk into the proper distances to be cut into blocks. It is then sawed into lengths of two and a half to three inches, according to the size of balls to be made, and the turners take the blocks in hand.

In order to save the corners of the blocks the turner cuts a ring at each end and slowly deepens it until a rough ring drops off. This is subsequently finished into a martingale ring like those used on expensive harness. Two rings come from each billiard ball block. The remaining ivory is now almost round, and after a few more shavings are taken off it is laid aside to dry for about six months, for “green” ivory is rather soft, and there is always a likelihood of some shrinkage.

AN ADDITIONAL WEALTH IN ECONOMY.

When it has been seasoned it goes to the workman again, and with still more delicate chisels he pares it down smooth and exactly round, a task requiring much skill and care. Then the ball is roughly polished by means of an ingenious little machine, after which it is treated to a rubbing with chalk and chamois skin, and finally with plain, soft leather. It is now bright, shiny, and to one who doesn't know about such things, perfectly smooth. But a workman spends much time rubbing it with the palms of his hands, the best of all devices.

Every particle of sawdust and shavings from an ivory shop is scrupulously saved. By a wonderful process these are treated with chemicals, submitted to enormous hydraulic pressure, and molded into various small articles so perfect in every particular that only an expert can tell them from solid ivory. Worn-out billiard balls are cut into various small articles.



AN IVORY MERCHANT'S CAMP.

The carving of ivory is one of the oldest arts in the world. Excellent bas-reliefs and images are found in ancient ruins, and when they are affected by time and weather they are partially restored by boiling in gelatine. The most expert carvers are the Japanese and Chinese, who spend years on a single piece, making it exquisitely beautiful.

Many attempts have been made to produce artificial ivory, but thus far they have not been very successful, the elephant still retaining a monopoly of the business. Ivory is growing more costly and more rare from year to year, and it is only a question of time when the sources of supply will fail.

Until a few years ago London and Liverpool were the two great ivory markets of the world, but they have been outstripped of late by Antwerp. This is on account of the development of the trade in the Congo Free State, which is a colony of Belgium.

THE FUTURE OF THE IVORY TRADE.

The stock offered in Antwerp for sale is remarkable not only for the great number of tusks, but also for the enormous size of some of them. Among those sold lately was a pair weighing nearly 350 pounds. A few days before the opening of the market the tusks, all laid out and numbered in lots, are placed on public exhibition in some great hall, as represented in the accompanying illustration, and the buyers come here to select what they want and bid for them.

The world's consumption of ivory is very large. The annual average quantity used is about 1,500,000 pounds. Taking into consideration the fact that in the wholesale markets such as Antwerp and London ivory costs on an average \$1.75 a pound, an idea may be had of its importance in commerce.

Unfortunately the future of this trade, which has caused streams of blood, is seriously threatened. The constant war waged upon the elephant on account of his ivory is bringing him nearer and nearer to extinction. The Congo Free State has occupied itself earnestly with this question, and has officially established a closed season and limited conditions, during which elephant-hunting is

absolutely forbidden. It is also proposed to establish elephant farms in the Congo State, as has been done by the English with ostriches in South Africa.

When the demands of fashion for plumes and the careless slaughter of the great birds began to threaten the extermination of the ostrich, clever men in South Africa decided to domesticate the valuable producers of the big feathers, and raise them more carefully, for profit. So it was that a new industry was created. Eggs were obtained and hatched, the young birds carefully reared, and though the first experiments were carried on at a loss, it was



THE OSTRICH OF SOUTH AFRICA.

not long before the milliners of the whole world were drawing their supply of plumes from the ostrich farms of Cape Colony and Natal. The trade now has reached such proportions that in a single year ostrich feathers to the value of more than \$3,000,000 have been exported from South Africa.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE LIONS WITH THREE BULLETS—WILDEBEEST OR GNU WAS ROOSEVELT'S FIRST VICTIM—SON'S EXPEDITION WITHOUT FATHER—SMALLPOX BREAKS OUT IN THE CAMP—HUNT DELAYED BY MISSING BAGGAGE.

YEARNING of years at last was on the verge of satisfaction. Theodore Roosevelt was where, in all the world, he most desired to be—in the heart of Africa, surrounded by the most majestic game the earth affords.

The first night of the Roosevelt expedition under canvas in Africa was spent in the elaborate camp set up for the party near the railroad station at Kapiti Plains. It was without incident save that the plains resounded with the night roaring of an unfenced Zoo.

No decision yet had been reached as to when the expedition would leave. Some of the baggage sent by the Smithsonian Institute was left behind at Mombasa, and this fact threatened to cause a delay in the start of the shooting trips of two or three days. It was rumored that the baggage in question was stolen on board the steamer Admiral, but these statements were eventually proven without foundation.

Col. Roosevelt, who arose the next morning in splendid spirits, forbore all the members of his expedition to give out any information regarding the future plans or movements of the party.

He was much annoyed to receive word that the Mombasa Standard has published a violently worded attack upon Mr. F. J. Jackson, the Acting Governor of the protectorate, and Col. Roosevelt, for allowing only representatives of American newspapers to accompany the Roosevelt special train from Mombasa to Kapiti Plains.

This attack was copied by the Nairobi newspapers, and it is said that the imperial government asked an explanation from the

local authorities of this exclusion of English newspaper men. An exception was made in the case of the representative of an English news agency, who was allowed to accompany the special.

Col. Roosevelt spent part of the afternoon sorting his kit, while Kermit and several of the men went to try their luck with the rifles. An old settler, who seemed to take a liking to Kermit, offered to show him a likely place for good sport. They succeeded in bringing down one buck.

If ever there was a happy boy on earth, it was when the native bearers brought in Kermit's booty and laid it at the feet of the former President, whose face beamed with pleasure at his son's luck and skill with the rifle.

Col. Roosevelt's first hunt was favored by fine weather, and he enjoyed the experience immensely. He bagged two wildebeests and a Thompson's gazelle.

THE STRANGE WILDEBEESTS.

The wildebeests, of which Col. Roosevelt killed two, are generally known as the gnu, the Hottentot name. This animal is of a sub-family of antelopes and resembles a "horned horse." The mane and tail are like a horse's. The legs are slender as those of the gazelle.

These animals, when captured young, may be tamed, but if caught at a mature age, they behave like mad in captivity. When chased on horseback they often give the pursuer a lively time on account of their endurance and great speed. The young are playful and will circle around a caravan for hours showing a marked curiosity in everything the traveler is doing.

The flesh of the gnu is palatable and the horns are made into knife handles and other articles.

The gnu is about the size of a full-grown donkey. The neck and tail strikingly resemble those of a small horse, and its pace, which is a species of light gallop, is so perfectly similar, that a herd of gnus, when seen at a distance scampering over the plains, might be easily mistaken for a troop of wild horses, but for their dark and uniform color.

They live in large herds on the great plains. When first alarmed, like a restive horse, tossing their heads and tails, and butting at the mole-hills, or any other object that might be in their way; but immediately after, off they start, traversing the ground with a speed which soon carries them beyond the reach of danger. They do not run in a confused crowd, like sheep or oxen, but in single file, following the leader, and exhibiting an agreeable regularity as they bound over the plains.

"When hunted they will turn upon the hunter, and pursue him, dropping on their knees before making an attack, and then darting forward with amazing alacrity and force.

WONDERFUL ANTIPATHY TO SCARLET.

"In common with the ox and buffalo," says Captain Harris, "the gnu has an unconquerable aversion to scarlet—pawing the earth and becoming perfectly furious on the sudden display of that color. In situations where these whimsical animals had been rendered more than usually wild by the incessant persecutions of the border colonists, I frequently found it requisite, in order to allure the herd within range, to hoist a red pocket handkerchief upon the muzzle of my rifle.

"This exhibition invariably produced the most violent tumult and excitement, and caused the whole troop to charge past in single file—'with mane erect and blazing eye'—following their leader, flinging out their taper heels, whisking their streaming tails, butting with their horns in so menacing a manner, and displaying emotions of such violent frenzy, that I was fain to strike my colors and have recourse to my weapons—when they instantly whirled and pranced confidently round at a safer distance, headed by their swarthy chief."

It was by means of this exhibition of scarlet, the scent of which Mr. Selous revealed to the American, that Col. Roosevelt's first game in Africa was enticed within reach of his death-dealing rifle.

While game was plentiful on the plain, it was exceedingly wise and wary. The fame of the Colonel seemed almost to have reached the animal kingdom, for no sooner did he appear, rifle in

hand, than every living creature seemed to vanish as if by magic. Then it was that Selous's trained eye detected the presence of a pair of wildebeests.

But they, too, were wary.

A moment later, however, a red handkerchief was floating from the muzzle of the Ex-President's gun.

The infuriated beasts made a dash for the obnoxious scarlet! Crack!

One stumbled and went down to death. Its now even more than ever infuriated mate plunged on straight for the daring hunter.

He reserved his fire till the last possible moment and then pulled the trigger.

A double kill was the result, and the Colonel smiled while the native bearers clapped their hands in glee that the great hunter from across the seas had not been lacking in coolness and aim in his first encounter on African soil.

A GRIEVOUS DISAPPOINTMENT.

In one respect Col. Roosevelt was somewhat disappointed as he had been anxious to secure a Grant's gazelle, whose massive horns are much sought after for trophies.

The hunt lasted several hours, and all the members of the party were tired out when they returned to camp.

The Thompson gazelle which Col. Roosevelt shot and the Grant's gazelle which he failed to get, are members of a large family. The gazelle is one of the most graceful animals known. Its eyes are large and liquid and the poets of the East always likened the eyes of their lady loves to them. The animal is often hunted with greyhounds and falcons.

When hunted with dogs alone the gazelle easily outstrips the pursuit running swiftly and making tremendous leaps over obstacles ten feet high without apparent exertion. When a falcon is used the bird will rise high in the air and swoop down on its quarry, fixing its talons near the long, lyre-shaped horns and harass the animal till the hounds come up.

There are many species of the gazelle, ranging from three feet

in height to five and six feet. The springbok is one of the largest species, and it is known to make vertical jumps in the air with its legs folded.

Considerable anxiety was felt because smallpox was prevalent at Nairobi, and two cases developed among the porters at Kapiti. These were quarantined and the strictest precautions observed to prevent a spread of the disease among those attached to the Roosevelt party. The danger of this was at first considered slight, but later several of the bearers were attacked.

Pleased with even the small measure of success of their expedition on the plains, the Ex-President and his party the next day broke camp and continued their journey to the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, on the Athi river.

The rain was falling heavily when they arrived, this giving fine promise of good sport. As the torrential downpour continued, the party spent the next day indoors resting from the fatigue inseparable from the first hunting trip. Seasoned sportsman though he was, the former President had not yet gotten hardened as he was destined to get within the next few weeks.

FATHER AND SON HUNT TOGETHER.

The next day Col. Roosevelt and his son Kermit had sufficiently recovered from the fatigue connected with their first shooting trips and their journey from Kapiti Plains station to the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, on the Athi river, to go out shooting for small game.

They were successful in bringing down a Grant's gazelle and a hartebeest.

The Ex-President was especially pleased by his success in bagging the Grant's gazelle, which he had failed to secure on the first expedition.

Now they were in the very heart of the game country, where 'small game' especially was very plentiful and all were correspondingly elated. Col. Roosevelt and Kermit were fully recovered from their indisposition, and the Colonel was astir early, anxious to get a shot at something and complete preparations for pushing on. Both Loring and Heller, however, were showing the strain of pre

paration and of the climate change. Their indisposition was not serious.

The Colonel shot a couple of bucks during the day, but they were not particularly good specimens. However, he got real satisfaction from hearing lions roaring all through the night, a promise of better sport to come, and he did not chafe at the enforced delay as much as might be expected from a man of his temperament.

The fact that all hands must be fully acclimatized was being more and more impressed on everyone, as only in that manner could their arduous program be carried out.

ANTICIPATIONS TO SOON REACH FULFILMENT.

But the intrepid Roosevelt could not long remain inactive. Hardly waiting for the first effect of the African lassitude to wear off, he was eagerly planning for the great feat over which he had dreamed for years.

He wanted to kill a lion!

None but the most majestic beast of the jungle would satisfy him.

To slay a lion he was determined, and his restless spirit could not brook delay, especially as he lay in bed and heard the deep booming roar of the king of beasts as it rang out on the air, night after night.

He was counselled to go slow and to test his aim first on game where a miss would be less disastrous, but to no avail.

"Now is as good as any time," he would reply. "Bring on your lions!"

Accordingly, the party soon was hurried into motion.

The caravan started early Thursday morning from the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease and proceeded slowly in the Mau Hills. This range is open for wide areas, but in places is covered with dense growths, where game is plentiful.

The first night in camp was without special incident, no attempt being made to go after lions, although their call was heard now and then during the course of the night, but at dawn the camp was astir, and the drive speedily organized.

The native beaters set out in all directions under the instruction of the "headman," armed with all sorts of noise-making devices, which could not but arouse any game within earshot. Some of the beats proved blanks, but by nightfall no less than ten kinds of game had been bagged.

Kermit during the greater part of the day did more effective work with his camera than he did with his gun, he and the other members of the party allowing Col. Roosevelt the much-prized shots.

Mr. Selous accompanied the former President, who also was attended by the usual retinue of beaters. As a rule the beaters go into the jungle with considerable trepidation, but as Col. Roosevelt's reputation as a hunter had reached Africa long before he arrived in person, the beaters on this occasion were exceptionally enthusiastic. They seemed even eager to play a part in the first hunt of the distinguished American.

FIRST LION HUNT FULL OF THRILLS.

Col. Roosevelt's first lion hunt was full enough of thrills to last the average man a lifetime, yet it is doubtful if that dauntless hunter so much as turned a hair at his marvellous shot, which unquestionably saved the life of two members of his party.

After that one shot, his fame was as secure in Africa as it is in America.

The beaters had discovered three lions in the act of pulling down a buffalo, off on the edge of the open ground, where prairie and jungle meet.

Two of the men, one of them a native and the other a white employe of Sir Alfred Pease, Col. Roosevelt's host, stealthily advanced and strove to disconcert the animals and to drive them in the direction of the other members of the party.

Two of the lions, with that queer psychology so common in wild beasts, bounded off into the high grass, and temporarily, at least, evaded the sportsmen.

Not so the third and largest of the trio. With a bound and a roar he leaped for the now thoroughly terrified men. One instant he was in the air in a grand flying charge. The next—

"Crack!" spoke a rifle full in his face.

Limp in death the majestic beast crashed to earth and Col. Roosevelt's first shot at really big game in Africa had saved two lives.

The Ex-President's fondest ambition had been realized!

Scarcely had this magnificent beast fallen before the deadly aim of the American sportsman, now more than ever a hero among these simple children of nature than one of the beaters who had gone up the river-bed close by to get some water, came running back to say that a lion had been down to drink at one of the shallow sand wells. Col. Roosevelt started at once with two trackers, telling his pony-boy to follow on as soon as he could get the pony saddled. When tracking, he had been advised always to have the pony led some distance behind. The boy ought to have no difficulty in following the tracks of two or three men and a lion, and if the pony is kept close up, it is sure to stamp or blow its nose at the critical moment.

A TIRESOME JOURNEY FOLLOWING A LION.

When they got to the well there was the spoor plain enough in the sand, but rather blurred by some rain which had fallen at day-break. This made the tracking a little difficult after they left the river-bed, but when they had followed it slowly for some distance, they came to a place where the lion had lain down under a thick bush, evidently to shelter from the rain, as the spoor after this was quite distinct on the top of the damp ground.

This made the party think they were in for a short track, for it must have been light when the lion went on again, and lions generally lie up shortly after the sun rises; but this day proved an exception, because it was cloudy and cool through the forenoon.

The spoor now led along a sandy path, where they could follow it as fast as they could walk. When it turned off into the bush, all quite expected to see the lion at any moment; but not a bit of it—he wandered about through endless clumps of mimosa and "irgin" bushes, as if he did not mean to lie up at all.

The track at last led down a little sandy watercourse, which it

followed for some distance. Up to this time the trackers had had no real difficulty in making it out, but now came the first serious check.

The nullah turned off along the side of a stony ridge, and, instead of going along it, the lion had turned up the hill. The party had got the general direction that the lion had been going in, but this was no good, as on casting forward in the same line to the bottom of the other side of the ridge where there was some sandy ground, they could find no sign of his having passed in that direction.

Nonplussed the party halted for a few minutes, but Col. Roosevelt, having tasted blood, could not long restrain his impatience.

"Another lion," he was heard to mutter, "won't that be a grand climax for the day's hunt?"

A MOMENT OF IMPATIENCE.

Impatiently he strode back and forth while the trackers spent some time hunting about, growing less hopeful as time went on. A man following a trail by sight certainly has an enormous advantage over a hound hunting it by nose, because time is of no particular object to him, and every direction can be tried in turn. After making out east forward they went back to the little watercourse, and followed that down for some distance, hoping that the lion had turned down hill again; but here, too, they were disappointed, and gravitated back to where they had first lost the spoor. The trackers knew that the lion had not gone straight on, nor had he turned back; he must have gone along the top of the ridge and then crossed into other stony hills where it was hopeless to try to track him.

In the meantime Selous, with half a dozen beaters, came up. On hearing of what had been done, Selous, who is never defeated, said there was a big river-bed further on in the direction in which the lion was going. It seemed a very slender chance, as he might have turned off anywhere in between, but it was the only one, so off all went.

They were evidently in luck that day, for they had only gone about a quarter of a mile when the trackers struck the spoor. The lion seemed now to have made up his mind as to his direction, for

he kept on straight down the middle of the river-bed. The sun had come out from behind the clouds, and in places the sand was very deep, so that the American was not sorry when at last the track led into a little island of bush in the great flat sand.

There was no doubt the lion was at home, for on casting round no sign was perceptible of a track coming out. The island, raised a little above the river-bed, was formed of a mass of thick-tangled bush and creepers clustered round a few big trees. The water coming down the river after heavy rain had washed it roughly into the form of a triangle, the apex of which pointed up the river. From this point the sides widened out to the other end, which was about thirty yards broad, the whole length being somewhat under a hundred yards.

Now, more than ever, the Ex-President's impetuous temperament asserted itself, but Selous, the veteran huntsman, who had slain scores of lions, counselled caution.

A DANGEROUS AND TRYING SITUATION.

Accordingly he posted Col. Roosevelt on a spit of land opposite the point of the island, while the beaters began to rain stones from the other side.

At the first stone there was a growl and a crash in the bushes and then, for a minute or two, not a sound. The men started to walk down, one on each side, shooting and throwing in stones. Col. Roosevelt was watching them, and wondering what had happened to the lion, when there was a faint crackling just in front, and he appeared at the point of the island. Although the Colonel was standing within a few yards of him, and absolutely in the open, he did not see him.

He was facing straight towards Selous and the Ex-President, and was so close that the Colonel did not like to fire at him as, on receiving the bullet, he would be very likely to plunge in the direction he was going and be upon them; nor did he want him to come any closer; so, as he stepped down on the sand, he moved his rifle up towards the shoulder to attract his attention. He saw the move-

ment at once, stopped dead and turned his head sharply towards the huntsman.

With an angry snarl he made one bound in the direction of the American. He was so close that the dauntless hunter could almost feel the beast's fetid breath in his face.

But that bound was his last.

One shot from the rifle of the former President laid him low. The bullet caught him straight in the heart while he was at the highest point of his leap and the great body of the tawny brute crashed to earth to rise no more.

Coolly adjusting his glasses the Colonel strode over to where the giant form lay stretched. Then with a smile he turned to Selous:

"That's a fine one, eh, Selous?" he said.

"And magnificently shot, too," rejoined the Englishman with a zest in which the native beaters joined.

Another gazelle next fell prey to the Ex-President's unerring aim, but he merely glanced at the carcass before he remarked:

"I think I prefer lions for targets. Let's find another one."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT GETS A THIRD LION.

And find another one they did. The encounter was scarcely less dramatic and dangerous than the other two, and once again did the American's aim prove so true that but one bullet was necessary to end its life.

Once again did Col. Roosevelt prove his prowess, but this time, instead of standing and letting the beast do the charging, Roosevelt himself, his eyes snapping with surprised excitement, but otherwise as cool as he had been on another memorable morning when he led his troops in the face of the Spanish fire, advanced upon a raging lion, angry at having been roused from its morning nap.

One of the excited bearers fired first at the beast, but missed. The terrified bearer then made a wild dash to get under Col. Roosevelt's protection, but the lion was close upon him when the former President rushed to meet him.

He was almost too late!

The animal was crouching for that last spring which, had it

been consummated, would have snuffed out the life of the helpless native like a candle.

But that leap it never was to take!

The former President was advancing along a line at an acute angle to the beast's path, but on the animal's right, so that his heart could not be reached. His head, too, was down in the tall grass, thus destroying any chance for an accurate aim.

And that shot *must* be accurate or a man's life would pay the forfeit.

With that quick decision for which he is famous, Roosevelt threw his rifle to his shoulder and, aiming at the only other vulnerable spot, the spine, split it with one ball.

The beater's life was saved.

Most marvellous of all, the shot that killed Col. Roosevelt's third lion was made while the Ex-President was on a run.

Small wonder that the natives called him 'The Lion Slayer.'

CHAPTER XII.

COL. ROOSEVELT A REMARKABLE HUNTER—ALL RECORDS BROKEN—BAGS A BULL RHINOCEROS—SHOOTS A GIRAFFE IN THE NECK AT 400 YARDS—COL. ROOSEVELT KILLS HIS FIRST ELEPHANT—BAGS A LEOPARD AND CAPTURES THE LEOPARD'S CUBS ALIVE—ARRIVES AT THE JU JA RANCH—COL. ROOSEVELT DELIGHTED.

COL. ROOSEVELT'S hunting in Africa and his expedition has been successful enough to satisfy the most exacting of men. Not only has he broken the record for the number of lions killed by one man, but he has secured giraffes, elephants, rhinoceroses, buffalos, hippopotami and leopard as well, to say nothing of a number of less important game. His first ten days' hunting yielded twenty-seven head of big game of many different species.

When not occupied in searching for specimens or writing he spends his time practicing shooting. When particularly delighted with the result of his day's hunting he spends the evening at the camp-fire, pointing out how Africa could be made a great country.

Col. Roosevelt undoubtedly owes his life to his courage and unerring aim, which combination brought death to a huge bull rhinoceros near Machakos.

Charged by a huge rhinoceros, Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the United States, raised his rifle and waited.

On came the maddened beast, crashing through the reeds, his ugly horned head bent low, the impact of his powerful feet making the earth tremble.

He was forty paces distant, his squeal was heard above the snapping of the brush; he was thirty paces away and his blood-shot eyes glistened like rubies; twenty paces between the hunter and the bulky monster, whose hot breath raised the temperature, even in that torrid climate; fourteen paces to go and no downs Then—

Theodore Roosevelt glanced casually along the barrel of his deadly rifle. Crack! A single shot and the ferocious and dreadful rhinoceros of the jungle hesitated, rocked and pitched forward on his knees, dead.

The bullet was fatal, but so fierce was the rush of the giant rhinoceros that it plunged almost to the feet of the Colonel.

The rhinoceros, the first that the party had bagged, was



A DESPERATE RACE WITH RHINOCERI.

encountered unexpectedly while making a short sortie from the camp near Machakos, some fifty miles south of Nairobi.

The native beaters had made a wide detour movement, and a returning signal soon told the hunters to be on the alert. Within a few moments the stalked animal gave its own warning, and, with furious snorts, it broke through the underbrush electrifying the Colonel, who expected to meet his sixth lion.

The bull came into the clearing at a point about two hundred yards from Col. Roosevelt, and immediately charged upon the party. Realizing the danger that beset "Bwana Tumbo," others in the party were on the point of firing, but Col. Roosevelt held them in check while he stepped immediately in the path of the oncoming infuriated beast. With wonderful coolness, such as no American hunter ever exceeded, Col. Roosevelt took deliberate aim and fired. A second shot would have been impossible, but a second shot was not necessary, as the first had pierced the animal's brain.

When the rhinoceros tumbled over Col. Roosevelt enjoyed the keenest moment of pleasure that he has had in Africa. The fact that he had saved his life did not seem to appeal to him half as much as the fact that he had added a rhinoceros to his collection and under conditions that any hunter in the world might well have envied.

ROOSEVELT CONGRATULATED FOR HIS SKILL.

Col. Roosevelt was warmly congratulated for his coolness and skill, and when the natives returned and saw the huge beast dead they were more certain than ever that their title of Bwana Tumbo had not been misapplied.

The rhinoceros made the forty-fifth animal that has been killed by Col. Roosevelt and his son Kermit. The kill represents fifteen varieties, an unsurpassed record for the time that the party has been in the field.

The rhinoceros which was of unusual size, will undoubtedly make one of the most prized items in Col. Roosevelt's collection.

All the species of rhinoceros are very quick in their temper, and liable to flash out into anger without any provocation whatever. During these fits of rage they are dangerous neighbors, and are apt to attack any moving object that may be within their reach. In one well-known instance, where a rhinoceros made a sudden dash upon a number of picketed horses, and killed many of them by the strokes of his horn, the animal had probably been irritated by some unknown cause, and wreaked his vengeance on the nearest victims.

The rhinoceros is always vicious, and, like the elephant, the buffalo, and many other animals, will conceal himself in some

thicket, and thence dash out upon any moving object that may approach his retreat.

Sometimes the rhinoceros will commence a series of most extraordinary antics, and seeming to have a spite against some particular bush, will rip it with his horn, trample it with his feet,



RHINOCEROS ATTACKING A HORSE.

roaring and grunting all the while, and will never cease until he has cut it into shreds and levelled it to the ground. He will also push the point of his horn into the earth, and career along, ploughing up the ground as if a furrow had been cut by some agricultural implement. In such case it seems that the animal is not laboring

under a fit of rage, as might be supposed, but is merely exulting in his strength, and giving vent to the exuberance of health and violent physical exertion.

The rhinoceros is a good aquatic, and will voluntarily swim for considerable distances. It is very fond of haunting the river-banks and wallowing in the mud, so as to case itself with a thick coat of that substance, in order to shield itself from the mosquitoes and other mordant insects which cluster about the tender places, and drive the animal, thick-skinned though it may be, half-mad with their constant and painful bites.

The skin of the rhinoceros is of very great thickness and strength, bidding defiance to ordinary bullets, and forcing the hunter to provide himself with balls which have been hardened with tin or solder. The extreme strength of the skin is well known to the African natives, who manufacture it into shields and set a high value on these weapons of defense.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

That Col. Roosevelt has a keen eye and is a remarkable shot will be shown by the fact that he shot a giraffe dead, with a bullet through the neck, at a distance of 400 yards. This feat he performed, incidental to bagging another giraffe.

Wherefore the former President was proclaimed the most famous shot who ever hunted in East Africa, his feat being the more remarkable because the giraffe he shot at 400 yards was in full gallop when he pulled the trigger. "Bwana Tumbo" made this record while hunting with his son and five porters a few miles south of Machakos.

The buffalo shot by former President Roosevelt was one of the typical and common South African species, which was equal in size to the Indian or Water Buffalo, the largest of which stand six feet high at the withers and has a spread of horns sometimes exceeding six feet. The South African type has a bluish-black hide, in old age almost completely hairless. Like the buffalo of the American plains the African species has upward-curving horns, but with a greater



THE END OF THE CHASE WITH A WOUNDED RHINOCEROS.

sweep. It lacks the shoulder hump which is characteristic of the American bison or buffalo.

The African buffalo are justly regarded as exceedingly dangerous by sportsmen. When wounded they will charge with extreme speed and ferocity.

During the hunt Col. Roosevelt shot a leopard, capturing the leopard's cubs alive.

This animal is one of the most graceful of the graceful tribe of cats, and, although far less in dimensions than the tiger, challenges competition with that animal in the beautiful markings of its fur, and the easy elegance of its movements. It is possessed of an accomplishment which is not within the powers of the lion or tiger, being able to climb trees with singular agility, and even to chase the tree-loving animals among their familiar haunts.

A GRACEFUL ANIMAL.

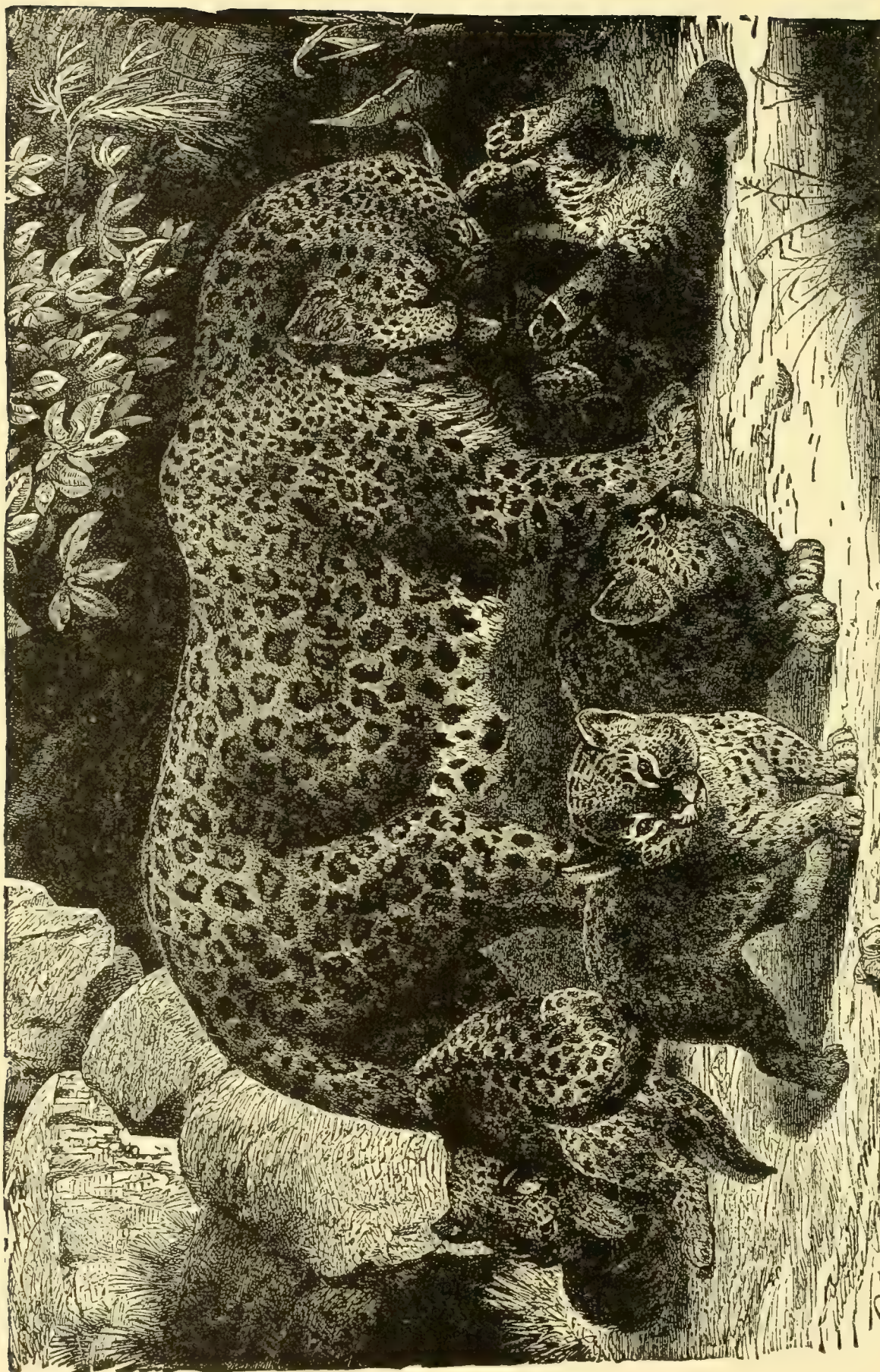
In Africa the leopard is well known and much dreaded, for it possesses a most crafty brain, as well as an agile body and sharp teeth and claws. It commits sad depredations on flocks and herds, and has sufficient foresight to lay up a little stock of provisions for a future day.

When attacked it will generally endeavor to slink away, and to escape the observation of its pursuers; but if it is wounded, and finds no mode of eluding its foes it becomes furious, and charges at them with such determinate rage, that unless it falls a victim to a well-aimed shot, it may do fearful damage before it yields up its life.

Col. Roosevelt and party started out early one morning along the wooded shores and swamps in search of hippopotami.

They occasionally saw the uncouth head of a hippopotamus protrude from the water, and the Colonel decided to shoot one, hitting it behind the ear, which is a vulnerable spot, and it spun around in a huge circle like a great top, emitting horrifying sounds, until it died, and the body floated on the water.

This enormous quadruped is a native of various parts of Africa, and is always found either in water or in its near vicinity.



AN AFRICAN LEOPARD WAS KILLED BY COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND THE CUBS CAPTURED ALIVE.

In absolute height it is not very remarkable, as its legs are extremely short, but the actual bulk of its body is very great indeed.

The average height of a full-grown hippopotamus is about five feet. Its naked skin is dark brown, curiously marked with innumerable lines like those on "crackle" china or old oil-paintings, and is also dappled with a number of sooty black spots, which cannot be seen except on a close inspection.

A vast number of pores penetrate the skin, and exude a thick, oily liquid, which effectually seems to protect the animal from the injurious effects of the water in which it is so constantly immersed. The mouth is enormous and its size is greatly increased by the odd manner in which the jaw is set in the head.

There are various modes of hunting the mischievous but valuable animals, each of which is in vogue in its own peculiar region.

DIFFICULT TO KILL THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The white hunter of course employs his rifle and finds that the huge animal affords no easy mark, as unless it is hit in a mortal spot it dives below the surface and makes good its escape. Mortal spots, moreover, are not easy to find, or when found, to hit; for the animal soon gets cunning after it has been alarmed, and remains deeply immersed in the water as long as it is able, and when it at last comes to the surface to breathe, it only just pushes its nostrils above the surface, takes in the required amount of air, and sinks back again to the river bed.

News filtered into Nairobi from the Roosevelt camp of a thrilling adventure of Kermit Roosevelt. He was lost for a whole night in the wilds and wandered about until daylight when he stumbled on Kiu Station and soon got his bearings. Kermit had been hunting by himself considerably since the party went to Machakos, and was out in search of big game when he was surprised by sudden darkness, nightfall in this region coming without much preliminary twilight.

Kermit who was on horseback, turned in what he thought was the direction of the camp, but lost his direction, and wandered westward toward the Ferman boundary. He soon found himself in the



HIPPOPOTAMI AND YOUNG.

barren waste toward that line which is both unwatered and uninhabited. After riding slowly for a time he realized that he had lost his bearings and instinctively turned backward.

He rode very slowly for hours, taking the direction from his pocket compass and with the dawn located the Kiu Station. He was then 20 miles south of the Machakos camp and rode in just as an expedition was getting ready to go in search of him.

ROOSEVELT FOLLOWED A LION INTO A THICKET.

Theodore Roosevelt kills his first elephant. It was a big "tusker," and the former President picked it out of a herd of about a dozen. A baby elephant about two months old was roped and taken alive, and it was sent as a gift from Col. Roosevelt to the New York Zoological Gardens.

Col. Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and F. C. Selous had a narrow escape from the elephant which fell a prize. The men were out before daybreak for lions near Machakos, and there had been no report of elephants in the district. They wounded a lion returning to its lair, and the animal led them on a chase of several miles.

Selous advised against following the lion into a thicket, but Roosevelt went in, taking the lead, and at times moving on hands and knees, with his rifle stuck out in front of him. Selous insisted on following close behind Col. Roosevelt, Kermit bringing up the rear.

Col. Roosevelt reached a fringe of grass at an open spot, and instantly brought his rifle to his shoulder. Selous rose until he was almost standing upright, and saw that the former President was aiming at the leader in a herd of elephants.

His whispered command came just in time to keep Col. Roosevelt from firing at a range of about 20 feet. Selous insisted upon a retreat, and warned Col. Roosevelt that to fire on the herd would be to invite death in a charge.

Roosevelt reluctantly moved back along the trail, and followed Selous in a wide detour. The Englishman had marked down the herd. He kept safely to leeward, and finally directed Roosevelt and Kermit to climb a tree. All three men went into the branches, and

were able to make out the backs of the elephants through the towering reeds. Roosevelt's elephant gun, firing explosive shells, was in the camp. Selous advised him in aiming and he sent half a dozen bullets into the "tusker."

The elephant charged the fire, and went down on its knees close to the tree. Then at a distance of about forty feet Roosevelt struck the heart, and it went over dead. The rest of the herd tore wildly through the thicket in retreat. Kermit trying several shots, but without effect. The baby elephant was captured an hour afterward by the natives in Roosevelt's caravan.

MOST INVISIBLE OF FOREST CREATURES.

The African elephant is spread over a very wide range of country, extending from Senegal and Abyssinia to the borders of the Cape Colony. Several conditions are required for its existence, such as water, dense forests, and the absence of human habitations.

Although it is very abundant in the locality which it inhabits, it is not often seen by casual travelers, owing to its great vigilance and its wonderful power of moving through the tangled forests without noise and without causing any perceptible agitation of the foliage.

In spite of its enormous dimensions, it is one of the most invisible of forest creatures, and a herd of elephants, of eight or nine feet in height, may stand within a few feet of a hunter without being detected by him, even though he is aware of their presence. At a certain season of the year these animals are seized with a ferocity which renders them intractable, and formidable.

Camp was broken the following day and Col. Roosevelt and his party began their march of fifty miles northeast to the Ju Ja ranch of William McMillan, a nephew of former United States Senator McMillan, of Michigan. The Roosevelt party was the guests of Mr. McMillan, hunting daily in the vicinity of the ranch.

Years ago Mr. McMillan went to British East Africa in search of big game and was so well pleased with the country that he acquired an immense reservation for his private use. He has also

led exploring expeditions that accomplished work of considerable importance.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillan have a wide reputation for generous hospitality. She has shared life in Africa with her husband and delights in the experience.

The McMillan farm gets its name from the Ju and Ja rivers, between which it lies. It covers 20,000 acres of land, and is about thirty-five miles from Nairobi, one of the largest towns of the plateau which is included in the British East Africa. It is fenced in on three sides by wire netting, while on the fourth the river Athi forms a sufficient protection to its boundaries.

Theodore Roosevelt and his son Kermit had good hunting luck on the ranch. Their bag included a waterbuck, an impalla and other varieties of antelope. All the skins were saved entire, and the expedition had now a total of sixty specimens representing twenty different species.

KERMIT KILLS A LEOPARD AT SIX PACES.

Kermit Roosevelt, while on a trip, despatched a leopard at a distance of six paces. The animal already had mauled a beater and was charging Kermit when he fired the fatal shot.

The impalla, or, as more commonly called, palla, is a species of South African antelope also known as a rodebok. It is the principal food for lions and leopards, and being of a suspicious nature, it is not only hard to shoot, but is likely to alarm other game by its shrill whistle when discovered. Only the male impalla has horns.

At the ranch the Roosevelt party had heard stories of a fierce black maned lion that had been prowling around the ranch for several weeks, and had killed a score or more of zebras. Col. Roosevelt was particularly anxious to get a shot at this lion, as it was of a species not included in the lions that he has already killed.

The Colonel spent two days in a futile chase of a black maned lion in the Mau hill country, but it was no such animal as the party desired. The entire party was in high spirits and confident of a record breaking hunt later on.

Roosevelt started early one morning on the most hazardous

hunt of his trip. He and Kermit and their party left the ranch to bag another hippopotamus. On the way to the lair of the "hippo" Col. Roosevelt and Kermit shot two bull buffaloes and a python. One, the biggest of the two, was brought down by Col. Roosevelt alone, while the other was bagged by Col. Roosevelt and Kermit together.

The python killed by Col. Roosevelt the preceding day was the largest taken in British East Africa in many years. The former President and F. C. Selous, his guide, stumbled across the python at the edge of a swamp, where it was quietly making a meal of an antelope, horns and all.

Roosevelt was more excited over the killing of the serpent, measuring twenty-three feet, than over his first lion, although there was slight danger to himself. The bullet that killed, however, was one back from the head, which cut a vertebra. Roosevelt assisted Selous and a band of natives in skinning the python on the spot.

THE ROOSEVELT PARTY AT NAIROBI.

All the members of the Roosevelt party came into Nairobi at 4 o'clock in the afternoon from the Heatley ranch. They were in splendid health. In the last hunting Col. Roosevelt bagged another buffalo, and a bull wildebeest fell before the rifle of his son Kermit.

The naturalists of the expedition had collected two pythons and four hundred odd birds and animals. They were especially delighted with some unexpected specimens.

The Spanish-American War, in which Col. Theodore Roosevelt played a stellar role, was vividly recalled to him by the display of a flag captured by an American at the naval battle of Santiago. The owner had since settled in British East Africa, and had added his prized relic to the wealth of decorations that had been put out in honor of Col. Roosevelt's return.

The reception to Col. Roosevelt in the evening was the heartiest ever if not the most elaborate that he had encountered since leaving New York. The whole town was decorated with flags and bunting, the display being many times more elaborate than that which greeted him upon his first coming to the town.

During Col. Roosevelt's stay in Nairobi a number of affairs

had been planned in his honor, but which was abandoned, owing to his expressed desire to spend the time as quietly as possible in order to do a little writing.

The special train bearing Ex-President Roosevelt and party arrived at Kijabe in the afternoon. All the porters of the expedition, who had preceded Col. Roosevelt to this point, were lined up on the station platform and cheered Col. Roosevelt when the train pulled in. The journey of forty-four miles occupied four days.

ROOSEVELT RODE ON A LOCOMOTIVE COWCATCHER.

Col. Roosevelt rode half the distance on the locomotive cowcatcher with Major Mearns. They perched themselves on the engine's front at Kikuyu and stayed there until the train reached Escarpment, a distance of twenty-two miles. A hyena that got on the track was nearly run down.

The scenery along the road delighted Col. Roosevelt, especially the Rift Valley. The country between Nairobi and Kijabe is for the most part thickly wooded and high.

The highest point of the Kikuyu escarpment is 7,830 feet. From this point there is a magnificent view down 2,000 feet into the great Rift Valley. Elephants are plentiful in these forests, but are fairly safe from the hunter, as the thickness of the growth renders pursuit very difficult.

The American missionaries, whose field and work the Ex-President has come to look over, were at the station, too. They invited him to dinner, but the invitation was declined.

The party slept in tents pitched near the railway. The following day Col. Roosevelt visited the mission at Kijabe, an American organization called the African Inland Mission. It is independent and self-controlling in the field, although represented by home councils in Philadelphia and London. The headquarters are at Kijabe, where schools are conducted for missionaries' children and for the industrial training of natives.

Col. Roosevelt spent some time shooting monkeys, particularly the colobus. Edmund Heller bagged three of the colobus species and a green-faced monkey, and Kermit Roosevelt killed two large

specimens of the former. Major Mearns occupied his time in shooting birds.

While at the mission Ex-President Roosevelt made a thorough inspection of the institution, and afterward had luncheon with forty of the missionaries and their wives and settlers in the country. The Rev. Mr. Hurlburt, in a speech, welcomed the American.

In replying, Col. Roosevelt said: "I have a peculiar feeling for the settlers working in this new country, as they remind me of my own people working in the western States, where they know no difference between easterner, westerner, northerner, or southerner, and pay no heed to creed or birthplace."

Col. Roosevelt remained over night at the mission and started for the Sotik district the following day.

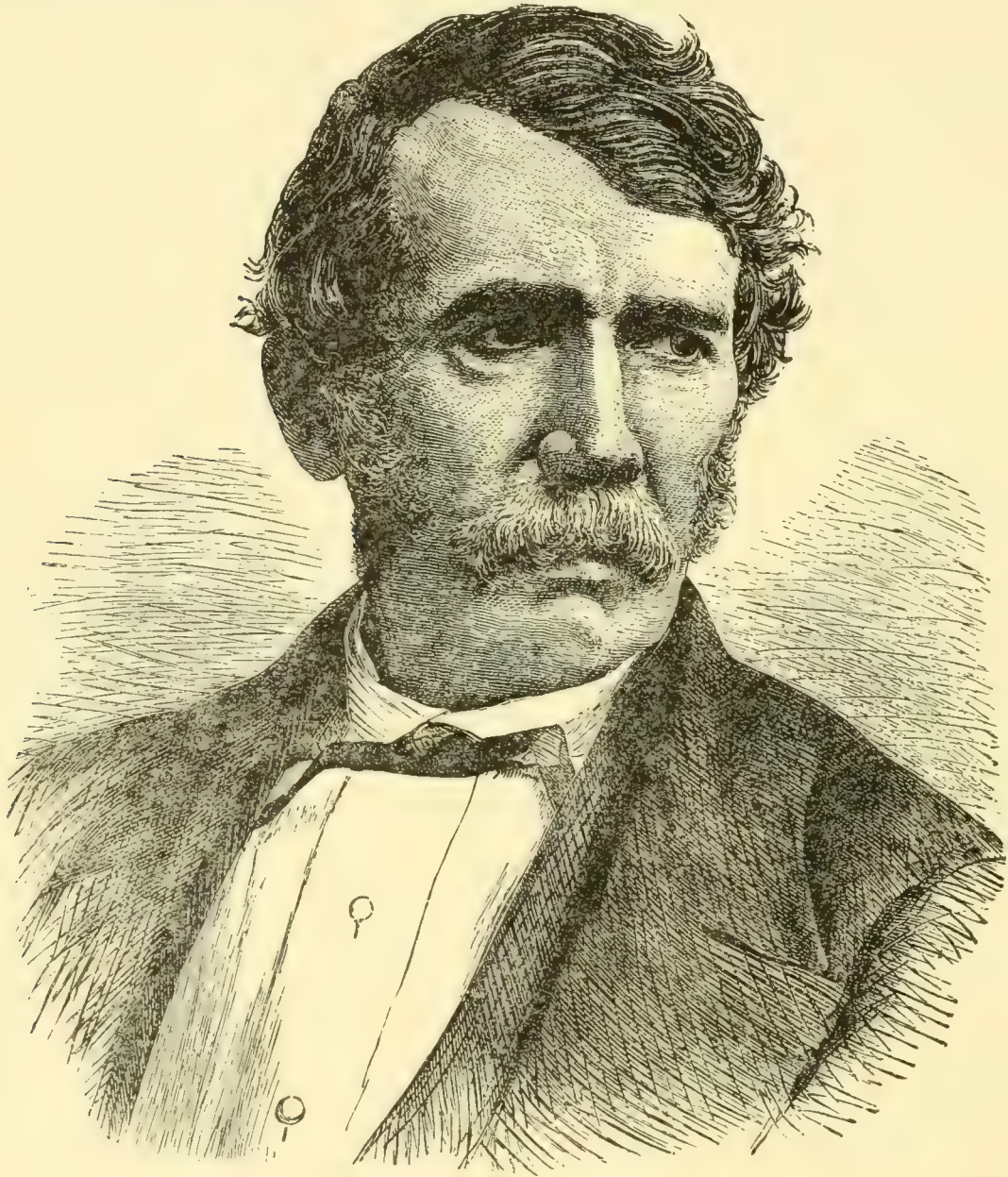
CHAPTER XIII.

AFRICA A WORLD OF SURPRISES AND WONDERS—JOURNEYS OF LIVINGSTONE—AN ANCESTRY OF STURDY SCOTCH QUALITIES—DAVID'S FACTORY LIFE—EAGER THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE—TENDING THE LOOM, WITH ONE EYE ON HIS BOOK—A LOVER OF HEROIC DEEDS—RESOLVES TO BECOME A MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN CHINA—DEPARTURE FOR AFRICA—ENCOUNTERS WITH A FEROCIOUS LION—LIVINGSTONE'S NARROW ESCAPE—GORDON CUMMING'S DESCRIPTION OF THE NOBLE BEAST—A POWERFUL ANIMAL—BEAUTY OF THE LION—ROAR OF THE FOREST KING—FRIGHTFUL FEROCITY—REQUIREMENTS OF LION HUNTERS—BRAVE CHARACTER OF LIVINGSTONE.

A WORLD of surprises, of captivating wonders, opens before us as we approach the Continent of Africa. Before relating in detail the great achievements of Stanley, particularly his world-renowned achievement of finding Livingstone, who was lost and reported as having been murdered, it will be interesting to give a brief sketch of the life and travels of the celebrated explorer whom Stanley sought and found. The journeys of the sturdy Scotchman have a thrilling interest.

At a very early age David Livingstone gave sign of rising above his mates, gaining distinction in some honorable calling, and becoming an illustrious example of self-reliance and energy. When promoted at the age of nineteen to cotton-spinning, he took his books to the factory, and read by placing one of them on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. He was well paid, however, and having determined to prepare himself for becoming a medical missionary abroad, was enabled, by working with his hands in summer, to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. He was thus able to pass the required examinations, and was at length admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

Having been charged by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to carry on and extend the work of Moffat, Livingstone arrived in Cape Town in the summer of 1840, and, after a short rest, started for the interior by way of Algoa Bay. A journey of



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

seven hundred miles, of which so far as we have been able to ascertain, no record has been published, brought him to Lattaku, then the furthest missionary station of South Africa. Here he remained only long enough to recruit his oxen before he pressed on northwards to that part of the country inhabited by the section of the Bechuana tribe known as the Bakwains.

Having satisfied himself of the existence of a promising field for missionary effort, he returned to the Kuruman station, rested there for three months, and then took up his quarters in the Bakwain country itself, at the present Litubaruba, at that time known as Lepelole.

Determined to neglect nothing which could in any way promote his success with the natives, Livingstone now cut himself off from all intercourse with Europeans for six months, devoting himself to acquiring an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of the Bechuanas, and in laying the foundations of a settlement by making a canal for irrigation purposes from a river near by.

A TIRESOME JOURNEY ON FOOT.

These preliminaries being well advanced, our hero paid a visit to the Bakaa, Bamangwato, and the Makalaka. The greater part of this trip was performed on foot, the draught oxen being ill, and some of the natives forming the escort observed in Livingstone's hearing, not knowing that he understood them—"He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those bags [trousers]; he will break down." Stung by these derogatory remarks on his appearance, Livingstone revenged himself by keeping the whole party at highest speed for several days, and was rewarded later by hearing them speak no more disrespectfully of his pedestrian powers.

Having, without knowing it, approached to within ten days' journey of Lake N'gami, afterwards discovered by him, our hero went back to Kuruman to bring his luggage to the site of his proposed settlement, but before he could do so, came the disappointing news that the Bakwains, with whom he had become friendly, had been driven from Lepelole by the Baralongs, rendering it impossible for him to carry out his original plan.

With the courage and energy which distinguished him from the first, Livingstone at once set about looking for some other site, and after a journey to Bamangwato, to restore to chief Sekomi several of his people who had come down with him to the Kuruman, and for whose safety he felt responsible, he selected the beautiful



DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A FEROCIOUS LION.

valley of Mabotsa, the home of the Makatla branch of the Bechuana tribe, where he removed in 1843.

Here the chief difficulty to contend with at first was the number and ferocity of the lions, which not only leaped into the cattle pens of the village of Mabotsa at night, but sometimes attacked the herds in broad daylight. Expeditions sent out against the marauders returned without having achieved any success, and knowing that if but one of the troop of lions were killed the others would take alarm and leave the country. Livingstone determined himself to join a sortie against them.

THE FEROCITY OF THE LION OCCASIONS ALARM.

Great was the consternation of the natives, who firmly believed that a neighboring tribe had given them into the power of these merciless animals. Their attacks upon them were feeble and half-hearted, so that hitherto the lions had come off victors. Livingstone now came to their aid, and the cry was—

“Mount! mount for the hunting! the lion is near!
The cattle and herdsmen are quaking with fear.
Call the dogs! light the torches! away to the glen!
If needs be, we'll beard the fierce brute in its den.”

They discovered their game on a small tree-covered hill. The circle of hunters, at first loosely formed around the spot, gradually closed up, and became compact as they advanced towards it. Me-balwe, a native schoolmaster, who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired but missed him, the ball striking the rock by the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him in the attempt, as they should have done.

The circle re-formed, having yet within it two other lions, at which the pieces could not be fired, lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound and a roar, and yet again; and the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations.

But they did not seem to have retreated far, for as the party



WOUNDED LION TURNING ON LIVINGSTONE.

was going round the end of a hill on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes sitting quietly, as though he had purposely planted himself there to enjoy their defeat, and wish them "Good-day." It was but a little distance from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels. "He is shot! He is shot!" is the joyful cry, and the people are about to rush in; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger.

He is just in the act of ramming down his bullets for another fire, when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground; of two glaring eyes, and hot breath upon his face; a momentary anguish, as he is seized by the shoulder and shaken as a rat by a terrier; then comes a stupor, which was afterwards described as a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling or terror, although there was a perfect consciousness of all that was happening.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

Being thus conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone knew that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and turning round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute and bitten in the thigh. Another man also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and, with a quiver through all his huge frame, the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side dead.

All this occurred in a few moments; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the lion sprang upon him in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No less than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant's arm, and crushed the bone; it was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter, and felt its effects in the injured limb. The tartan jacket which he had on, wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so pre-

served him from much after-suffering, such as was experienced by the others who were bitten and had not this protection.

These ferocious beasts are a constant menace to travellers in some parts of Africa. Of course, if one goes out for the purpose of indulging in sport and shooting game, as former President Roosevelt did, he is not disconcerted when he meets the king of the forest in his native lairs. Cumming's account of his encounters with lions is so graphic and interesting that it is here inserted in connection with the thrilling story, already related, of Livingstone and the lion.

Mr. Cumming first describes the appearance and habits of the noble beast. This is the account of one of the world's most famous hunters, whose journeys in the Tropics in pursuit of adventure, have attracted universal attention, and have awakened the most eager interest. The dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion, says Mr. Cumming, has long rendered him famous among his fellow quadrupeds. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance.

THE LION THE KING OF BEASTS.

The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature.

Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness.

The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of American cattle; the lion also

preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and on both varieties of the gnou. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit.

Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feed upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcasses of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle.

The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded



LIONS CAPTURING A BUFFALO.

parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake.

It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large ones nearly full grown; at other times full-grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship; two, three, and four full-grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together.

The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life" and "Chiel fore life;" this idea, however, is erroneous.

The color of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color.

THE ROAR OF THE FOREST KING.

These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting fertile districts.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder.

At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regu-

larly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like Scottish stags, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

IMPRESSIVE NOCTURNAL CONCERTS.

The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued.

It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vales.

From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. When he is successful in his beat

and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

Lions are ever most active, daring and presuming in dark and stormy nights, and consequently, on such occasions, the traveler ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact



HIS MAJESTY, THE LION.

connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forest of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my gun.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has

robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outlines of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath.

EYES THAT GLISTEN LIKE BALLS OF FIRE.

One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation, which confirmed the reports I had before heard from the natives.

One day, when out elephant-hunting in the territory of the Baseleka, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards us with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid Bechuanas, he approached.

A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs which they had been leading, were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with



COMBAT WITH AN ENRAGED LIONESS.

which the lioness was retreating in the back-ground. Facing about, he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on each side of him. Three troops of elephants having been discovered a few minutes previous to this, upon which I was marching for the attack, I, with the most heartfelt reluctance, reserved my fire. On running down the hill side to endeavor to recall my dogs, I observed, for the first time, the retreating lioness with four cubs. About twenty minutes afterwards two noble elephants repaid my forbearance.

Among Indian Nimrods, a certain class of royal tigers is dignified with the appellation of "man-eaters." These are tigers which, having once tasted human flesh, show a predilection for the same, and such characters are very naturally famed and dreaded among the natives. Elderly gentlemen of similar tastes and habits are occasionally met with among the lions in the interior of South Africa, and the danger of such neighbors may be easily imagined.

THE MAN-EATER AT WORK.

I account for lions first acquiring this taste in the following manner: some tribes of the far interior do not bury their dead, but unceremoniously carry them forth, and leave them lying exposed in the forest or on the plain, a prey to the lion and hyæna, or the jackal and vulture; and I can readily imagine that a lion, having thus once tasted human flesh, would have little hesitation, when opportunity presented itself, of springing upon and carrying off the unwary traveler or native inhabiting his country.

Be this as it may, man-eating occurs; and on my fourth hunting expedition, a horrible tragedy was acted one dark night in my little lonely camp by one of these formidable characters, which deprived me, in the far wilderness, of my most valuable servant. In winding up these observations on the lion, I may remark that lion-hunting, under any circumstances, is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may nevertheless be followed, to a certain extent, with comparative safety by those who have naturally a turn for that sort of thing.

A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession,

an acquaintance with the disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts.

Livingstone himself narrates minutely his dreadful encounter with a lion. He always regarded it as one of his most thrilling experiences in Africa, and he had occasion to remember it from the fact that he was so severely injured. The wonder is that when the ferocious beast had the great explorer in his power and might easily have taken his life, he should have been prevented from doing it. A few moments more and the life of one of the world's greatest heroes would have been terminated.

After having encountered many strange tribes, and had many thrilling experiences, Livingstone on November 11, 1853, accompanied by the chief and his principal men to see him off, embarked on the Chobe. His great achievements and wonderful adventure in the then unknown country, are matters of history.

Early in 1857 Livingstone returned to England. On March 10, 1858, on board Her Majesty's Ship "Pearl" at the head of the government expedition, he set out again. This time he was lost, and all the civilized world was agitated.

CHAPTER XIV.

STANLEY'S PERSEVERANCE—MASTERING MOUNTAINS OF DIFFICULTY—BENT ON FINDING LIVINGSTONE—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TWO GREAT EXPLORERS—LIVINGSTONE'S TOUCHING REFERENCE TO THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE—WONDERFUL RESULTS OF AFRICAN EXPLORATION—STANLEY APPROACHES UJIJI—NEWS OF A BROTHER WHITE MAN—GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE TRAVELLERS—FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT—LIFE GIVEN TO ETHIOPIA'S DUSKY CHILDREN—LIVINGSTONE'S MARVELLOUS LOVE FOR AFRICA.

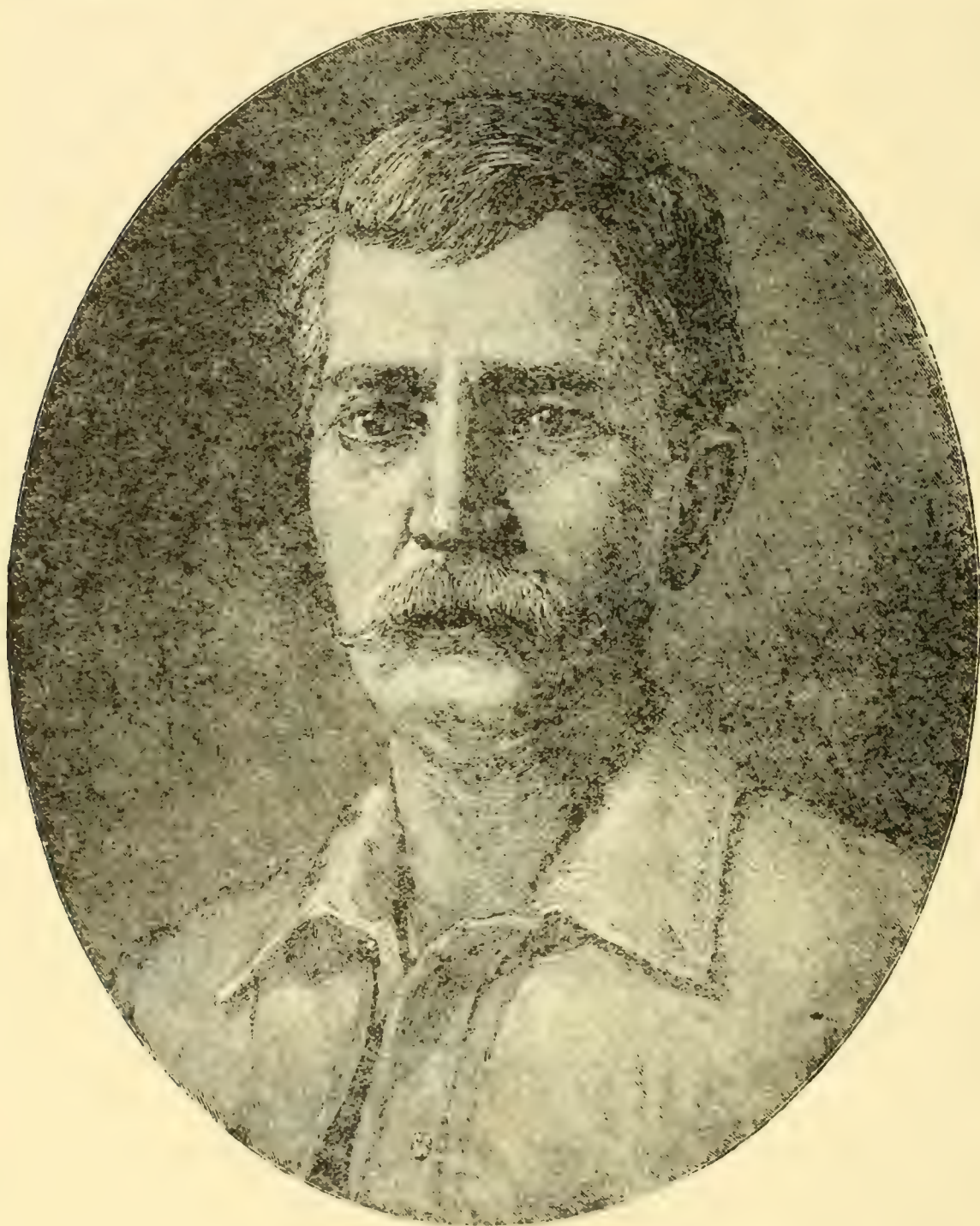
LIVINGSTONE was now lost in the jungles of the great dark continent. Two or three minor expeditions had started to search for him, but did not proceed very far. It remained for Henry M. Stanley to head a searching and exploration expedition that succeeded.

Long and perilous days those were which were passed by Stanley and his caravan. Yet they illustrate one of the most important lessons of life, which is that no one is to make more than a day's journey at a time and that the most practical method of overcoming difficulties is to take them and master them one by one. If Stanley had been less resolute, if he had been easily discouraged, if he were one of the men who make a sudden start and then as suddenly halt, if he had not been a kind of Hercules in body and in soul, if he had possessed less of the push and enterprise which always go with a great character, the world would never have rung with acclaim at his achievements.

It was a new experience to him, that of traversing the wilds of the Dark Continent, quelling mutiny among his men, meeting unfriendly chiefs who were given to rapacious extortion, and plunging on through jungles, thickets and pathless tracts, untrodden and unmarked, yet he had gone with the definite purpose of finding Livingstone, and, as we read the story of his successful search, we are

quite ready to believe that he would sooner have laid down his life than failed in his undertaking.

Livingstone was a man nearly sixty years old; Stanley had on



HENRY M. STANLEY.

his side all the advantages of youth. He had been toughened by early adversity, by travelling in various climes, exposure to all winds and all weathers, and it may be doubted whether any other man in

our time has been so well equipped with courage, latent resources, command of men, sturdy heroism and self-sacrifice as he was for the almost miraculous task confided to him by his wealthy and enterprising patron, Mr. Bennett.

In reading of his adventures and successes, we are quite apt to lose sight of certain great results which must inevitably follow from his journeys in Africa. We see only the lost explorer, Livingstone, admired and beloved by half the world, his terrible sufferings and the slow wasting of his life. But this man, this hero to whom so many eyes are turned, this great explorer, who, like Stanley, was much more than a mere adventurer, is only one figure in the vivid scene which passes before our eyes. It will not do to limit our thought to either of these men or to both of them.

TWO FAMOUS TRAVELERS.

Livingstone had forsaken his early home and his fatherland; all the hardship that comes to one by being in an uncivilized country fell to his lot; the wife who had shared his fortunes, and quite as often, his misfortunes, had been rudely torn from his side; the vast benefit to savage races which she as well as her illustrious husband was capable of imparting was suddenly lost. The beautiful and touching reference of Livingstone to her grave, which has been related, is something that must move the heart of every reader.

Stanley's journeys were free from some of the incidents which are so thrilling in those of the one he was trying to find, yet others fell to his lot with which Livingstone was unacquainted. And so this man stands out in strong proportions, with a most remarkable individuality of his own; a man raised up for a certain work, peculiar in his make-up, endowed for adventure and exploit, and ages hence history will turn to him and write some of its most eloquent pages.

Still it is true that the great interest of African exploration does not gather around either of these men, or both of them, except as they are the instruments for penetrating a continent hitherto dark and unknown; for what they achieved in bringing the dark races of Africa under the full light of modern civilization and Christianity is, after all, the finest thing to be noted. Whoever

studies history knows very well that every man is building higher than he thinks, accomplishing more than he imagines, casting off results that are left behind him as he crowds on, while his unconscious influence and the incidental effects of his life and undertakings are such as we have no scales for weighing.

After having been lost half a dozen years, Livingstone is to be met by a brother white man, who will assure him that the world is interested in his welfare. It will be to him a surprise, and a piece



STANLEY ON THE MARCH.

of intelligence as gratifying as it is unexpected. It will convince him that his heroic sacrifices are not forgotten, and will be treasured and commemorated after he is gone.

In his thrilling account of the meeting with Livingstone, Stanley says: We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim,

and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us.

At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, or of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, or of the many forests we have traversed, or of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, or of the fervid salt plains



ARRIVAL AT UJJI.

that blistered our feet, or of the hot sun that scorched us, nor of the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted!

At last the sublime hour had arrived;—our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the “white man with the gray beard” we had already heard about.

“Unfurl the flags, and load your guns.”

"We will, master, we will, master!" respond the men eagerly.
"One, two, three,—fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

"Now, kirangozi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!"

OUR VOLLEYS HAD AWAKENED UJJI.

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani, whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us, remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American Consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of "Bindera Kisungu!"—a white man's flag! "Bindera Merikani!"—the American flag!

Then we were surrounded by them and were almost deafened with the shouts of "Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!" To each and all of my men the welcome was given.

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say,

"Good morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and

joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

“Who the mischief are you?”

“I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,” said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

DR. LIVINGSTONE FOUND.

“What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“In this village?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Are you sure?”

“Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now.”

“Good morning, sir,” said another voice.

“Hallo,” said I, “is this another one?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, what is your name?”

“My name is Chumah, sir.”

“What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And is the doctor well?”

“Not very well, sir.”

“Where has he been so long?”

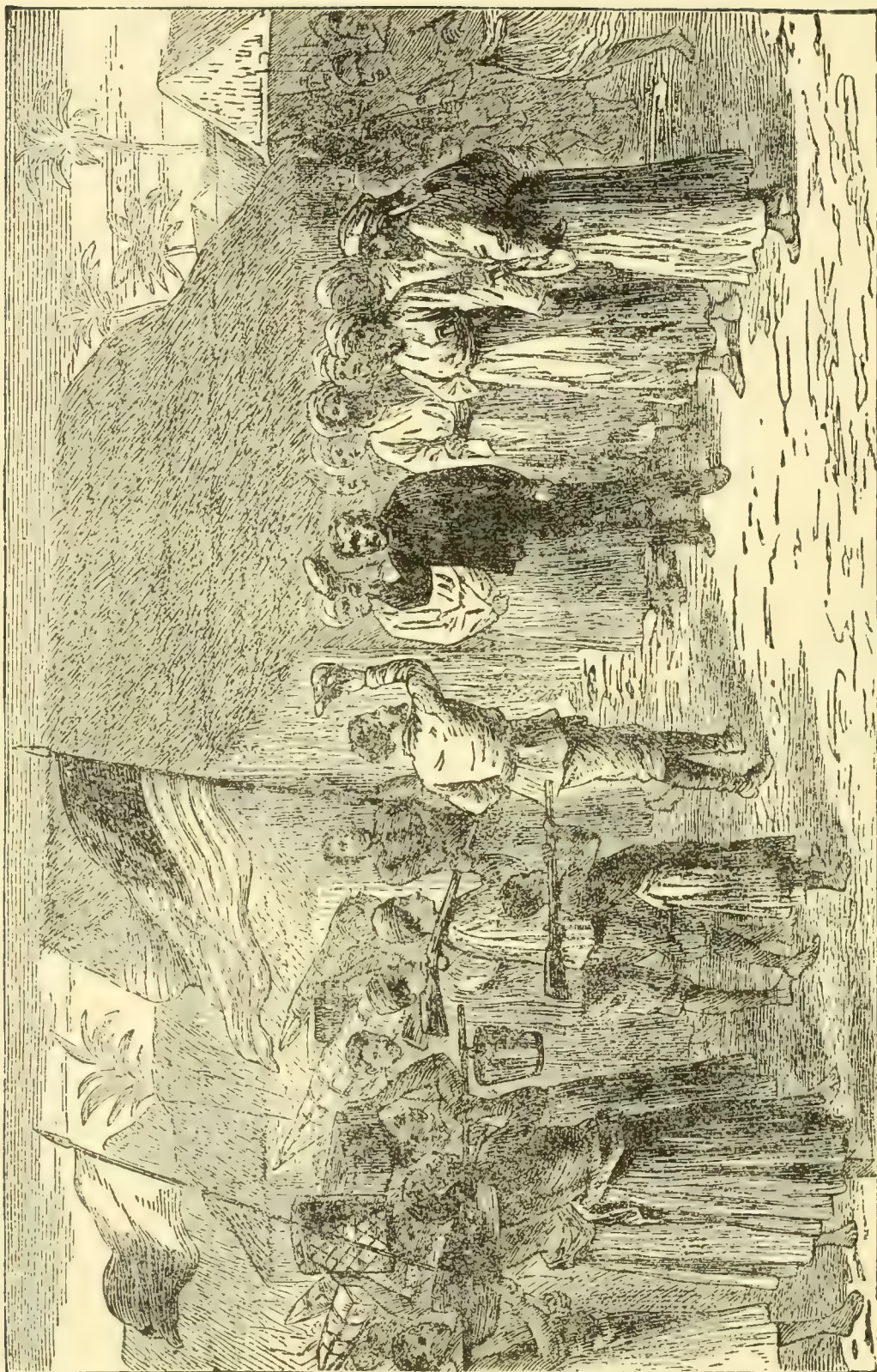
“In Manyuema.”

“Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.”

“Yes, sir,” and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, “How did you come from Unyanyembe?”

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.



STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the Expedition had halted, and the kinangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, "I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

A STORY OF MARVELLOUS INTEREST.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood the "white man with a grey beard."

As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had grey whiskers and moustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive it; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. I then said aloud:

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turned to the Arabs, took off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I received, and the doctor introduced them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turned our faces towards his house. He pointed to the veranda, or rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he pointed to his own particular seat, which I saw his age and experience in Africa had suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protested against taking this seat, which so much more befitted him than me, but the doctor would not yield: I must take it.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

We were seated—the doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs took seats on our left. More than a thousand natives were in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as:

"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time?—the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful figure and face of the man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa.

Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, "Take what you want, but find Livingstone." What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds.

The Arabs rose up, with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves.

WELCOME LETTERS AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

I sent Bombay with them to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. Sayd bin Majid was the father of the gallant young man whom I saw at Masangi, and who fought with me at Zimbizo, and who soon afterwards was killed by Mirambo's Ruga-Ruga in the forest of Wilyankuru; and, knowing that I had been there, he earnestly desired to hear the tale of the fight; but they had all friends at Unyanyembe, and it was but natural that they should be anxious to hear of what concerned them.

After giving orders to Bombay and Asmani for the provisioning of the men of the Expedition, I called "Kaif-Halek," or "How-do-ye-do," and introduced him to Dr. Livingstone as one of the soldiers in charge of certain goods left at Unyanyembe, whom I had compelled to accompany me to Ujiji, that he might deliver in person to his master the letter-bag with which he had been intrusted. This was that famous letter-bag marked "Nov. 1st, 1870," which was now delivered into the doctor's hands 365 days after it left Zanzibar! How long, I wonder, had it remained at Unyanyembe had I not been despatched into Central Africa in search of the great traveller?

The doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then, presently, opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children's letters, his face in the meanwhile lighting up.

He asked me to tell him the news. "No, doctor," said I, "read your letters first, which I am sure you must be impatient to read."

"Ah," said he, "I have waited years for letters and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No, tell me the general news: how is the world getting along?"

"You probably know much already. Do you know that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened, and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?"

"I did not hear about the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?"

THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration—or any penny-a-line news, or of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a Regent had been appointed; General Prim was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark, and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the "man of Destiny" was a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe; the Queen of Fashion and the Empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in the purple had lost forever the Imperial crown intended for his head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke; and France, the proud empire, was humbled to the dust.

What could a man have exaggerated of these facts? What a budget of news it was to one who had emerged from the depths of the primeval forests of Manyuema! The reflection of the dazzling light of civilization was cast on him while Livingstone was thus listening in wonder to one of the most exciting pages of history ever repeated. How the puny deeds of barbarism paled before these! Who could tell under what new phases of uneasy life Europe was

laboring even then, while we, two of her lonely children, rehearsed the tale of her late woes and glories? More worthily, perhaps, had the tongue of a lyric Demodocus recounted them; but, in the absence of the poet, the newspaper correspondent performed his part as well and truthfully as he could.

At the time, when reduced almost to death's door by sickness and disappointment, the assistance thus brought to Dr. Livingstone



MARKET IN MANYUEMA.

was of inestimable worth. What might have been his fate had he not been relieved, it is impossible to say. The society of his new friend, the letters from home, the well-cooked meal which the doctor was able to enjoy, and the champagne quaffed out of silver goblets, and brought carefully those hundreds of miles for that special object, had a wonderfully exhilarating influence.

Some days were spent at Ujiji, during which the doctor continued to regain health and strength. Future plans were discussed, and his previous adventures described. The longer the intercourse Stanley enjoyed with Livingstone, the more he rose in his estimation.

He formed, indeed, a high estimate of his character, though, he fully believed, a just one.

"Dr. Livingstone," he says, "is about sixty years old. His hair has a brownish color, but here and there streaked with grey lines over the temples. His beard and moustache are very grey. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright; he has a sight keen as a hawk's. His frame is a little over the ordinary height; when walking, he has a firm but heavy tread, like that of an over-worked or fatigued man. I never observed any spleen or misanthropy about him.

"He has a fund of quiet humor, which he exhibits at all times when he is among friends. During the four months I was with him I noticed him every evening making most careful notes. His maps evince great care and industry. He is sensitive on the point of being doubted or criticized. His gentleness never forsakes him, his hopefulness never deserts him; no harassing anxiety or distraction of mind, though separated from home and kindred, can make him complain. He thinks all will come out right at last, he has such faith in the goodness of Providence.

A REMARKABLE MEMORY.

"Another thing which especially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but it is constant, earnest, sincere, practical; it is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only towards his servants, but towards the natives. I observed that universal respect was paid to him; even the Mahommedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say: 'The blessing of God rest on you!'

"Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him, and reads prayers and a chapter from the Bible in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone, and afterwards delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language, about the subject read to them, which is listened to with evident interest and attention.

"His consistent energy is native to him and his race. He is a very fine example of the perseverance, doggedness, and tenacity which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon spirit. His ability to withstand the climate is due not only to the happy constitution with which he was born, but to the strictly temperate life he has ever led.

"It is a principle with him to do well what he undertakes to do, and, in the consciousness that he is doing it, despite the yearning for his home, which is sometimes overpowering, he finds to a certain extent contentment, if not happiness.

CHARM OF ETHIOPIA'S CHILDREN.

"He can be charmed with the primitive simplicity of Ethiopia's dusky children, with whom he has spent so many years of his life. He has a sturdy faith in their capability—sees virtue in them, where others see nothing but savagery; and wherever he has gone among them, he has sought to ameliorate the condition of a people who are apparently forgotten of God and Christian men."

In another place Stanley says: "Livingstone followed the dictates of duty. Never was such a willing slave to that abstract virtue. His inclinations impell him home, the fascinations of which require the sternest resolution to resist. With every foot of new ground he travelled over he forged a chain of sympathy which should hereafter bind the Christian nations in bonds of love and charity to the heathen of the African Tropics. If we were able to complete this chain of love by actual discovery, and, by a description of them, to embody such people and nations as still live in darkness, so as to attract the good and charitable of his own land to bestir themselves for their redemption and salvation, this Livingstone would consider an ample reward.

"Surely, as the sun shines on both Christian and infidel, civilized and pagan, the day of enlightenment will come; and though the apostle of Africa may not behold it himself, nor we younger men, nor yet our children, the hereafter will see it, and posterity will recognize the daring pioneer of its civilization."

Yes, and Stanley might have added: with his enlarged and far-seeing mind, this is what encourages Livingstone to persevere

in his task to do what he knows no other man can do as well. It might be far pleasanter to tell crowded congregations at home about the wrongs of the sons and daughters of Africa, but, with the spirit of a true apostle, he remains among those whose wrongs it is the ardent desire of his soul to right, that he may win their love and confidence, and open up the way by which others may with greater ease continue the task he has commenced.



THE GIRAFFE

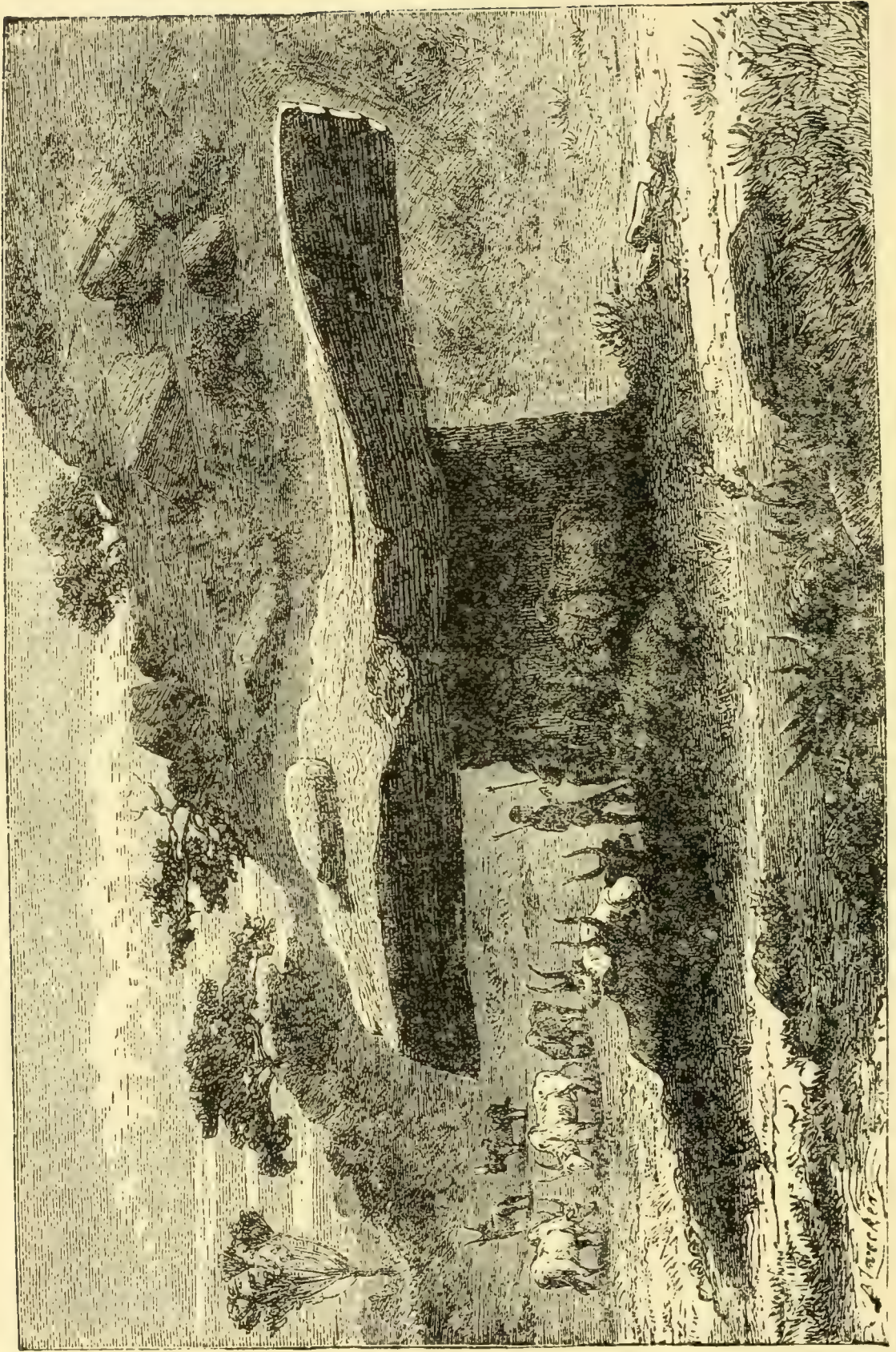
CHAPTER XV.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE AT UJJI—CRUISE ON LAKE TANGANYIKA—GIANTS OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY—STANLEY LEAVES—LIVINGSTONE'S SAD AND ROMANTIC HISTORY—TIMELY ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS FROM STANLEY—LIVINGSTONE'S DYING WORDS—THE WORLD'S GREAT HERO DEAD—SORROWFUL PROCESSION TO THE COAST—BODY TRANSPORTED TO ENGLAND—FUNERAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—CROWDS OF MOURNERS AND ELOQUENT EULOGIES—INSCRIPTION ON THE CASKET.

FIVE day later, when much intensely interesting information had been exchanged between the two heroes of travel, the trip to the north of Tanganyika was commenced. Embarking at Ujiji, with a few picked followers, the explorers cruised up the eastern coast, halting at different villages for the night, and on the 29th of November reached, at the very head of the lake, the mouth of the Rusizi river, respecting the course of which great doubt had hitherto been entertained, some geographers supposing it to flow *into* and others *out of* the lake. In the latter case Tanganyika might possibly empty its waters through it into the Albert Nyanza of Baker, and the supposition that the two lakes were connected would receive confirmation.

It will be seen by the observant reader that the reason why such herculean efforts have been made to ascertain the existence and dimensions of the great inland lakes of Africa, was to discover, if possible, the real sources of the Nile, concerning which the world has been for centuries in ignorance. To solve the wonderful secret, explorations have been made that embody the most thrilling achievements, and the most heroic deeds.

Such giants of African discovery as David Livingstone, Speke and Burton, Stanley and Cameron, seized on Lake Tanganyika with a powerful grip, and in spite of all its slippery wriggling, did not



CURIOUS TABLE-ROCK IN THE NILE VALLEY

loosen their hold until it had yielded up its secrets. Tanganyika, like the Albert Nyanza, is an enormous "trough" or crevasse, sunk far below the level of the high table-land which occupies the whole centre of Africa from the Abyssinian mountains on the east to the Cameroons on the west coast, and terminating, towards the south only with Table Mountain. Though its shores are not, perhaps, generally so steep as those of other lakes, the surrounding mountain walls are as high.

Its length is greater than any of the others, being little short of five hundred miles. Its waters are very deep, and sweet to the



CURIOUS MODE OF SALUTING A STRANGER.

taste, proving almost conclusively that it must have an outlet somewhere; for lakes which have no means of draining away their waters, and sustain themselves by a balance of inflow and evaporation, are salt or brackish. But while the Albert is undoubtedly part of the Nile basin, to what great river does Tanganyika present its surplus?

The first notion was that it was a far outlying branch of ancient Nilus. Arm-chair geographers constructed a remarkable lake, in shape like a Highland bagpipe. The swollen "bag" represented a

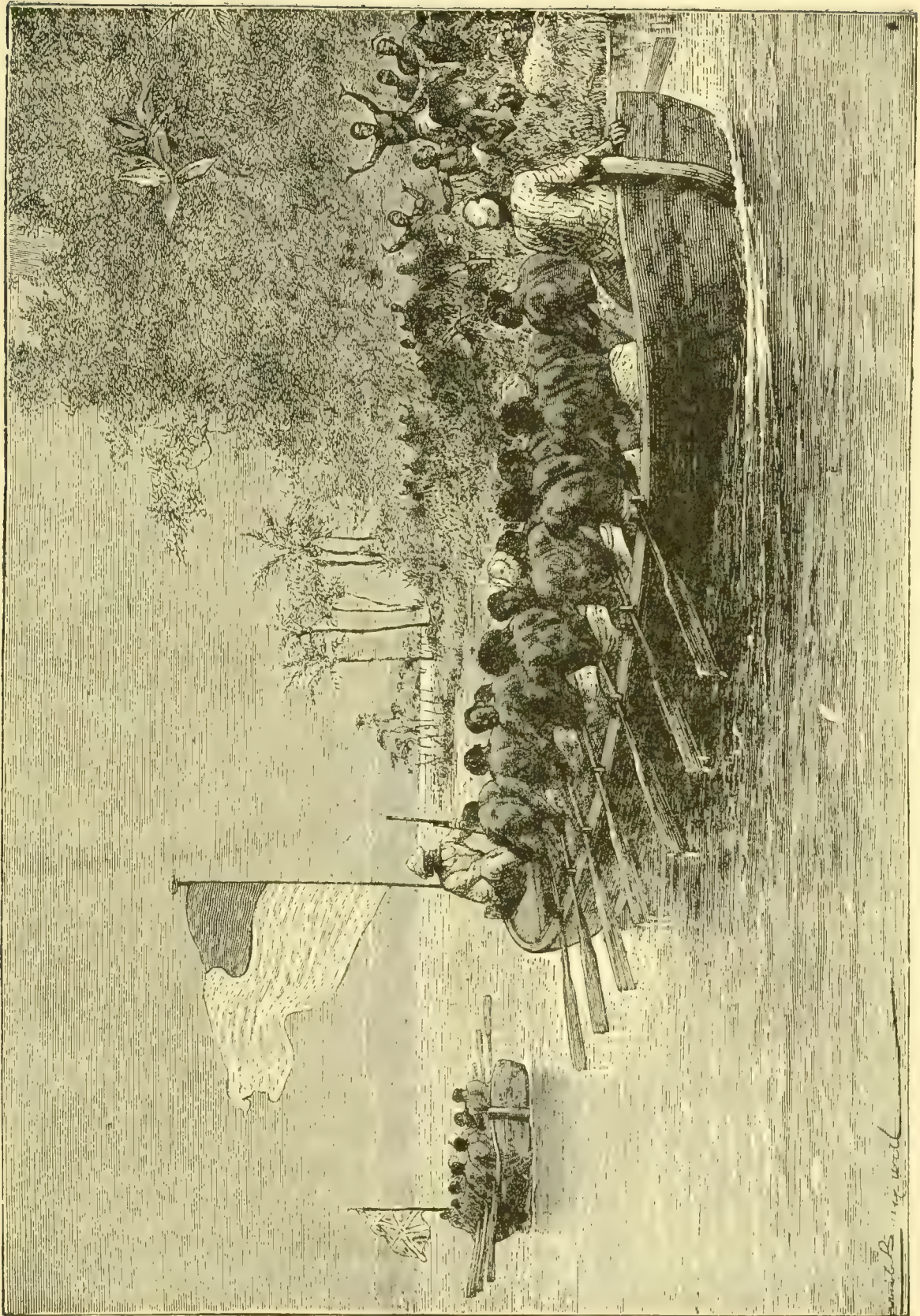
shadow of the Victoria Nyanza, drawn from native report, and it was joined to the long "chanter" of Tanganyika as actually seen by Burton's party. Livingstone was strongly convinced that the outlet of the lake would be found at the extreme northern end, and that its waters went to reinforce the Nile.

Seeing, however, is believing; and from Ujiji he set out in company with Stanley to discover the "connecting link." The voyage was not without its dangers and excitements. The dwellers on the lake shores showed themselves several times to be hostile. At one place they shouted to the boatmen to land, and rushed along the shore, slinging stones at the strangers, one of the missiles actually striking the craft.

When night fell, and the crew disembarked to cook their supper and to sleep under the lee of a high crag, the natives came crowding around, telling them with a show of much friendliness to rest securely, as no one would harm them. The doctor was too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. The baggage was stowed on board, ready for a start, and a strict watch was kept. Well into the night, dusky forms were noticed dodging from rock to rock, and creeping up towards the fires; so, getting quietly on board, the party pulled out into the lake, and the skulking enemy rushed out upon the strand, howling furiously at being balked of their prey.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The first geographical surprise was met with a little beyond the turning-point of Burton and Speke. These latter investigators coasted the lake until, as they thought, they saw its two bounding ranges meet, and there they drew the extremity of Tanganyika, and returned. This appearance, however, was found by Livingstone and Stanley to be caused by a high promontory which juts out from the western shore overlapping the mountains on the east. Beyond this narrow strait Tanganyika again opens up, and stretches on for sixty miles further, overhung by mountains rising to a height of seven thousand feet above sea-level, and some four thousand three hundred feet above the surface of the lake. At last the actual extremity of the long trough-like body of water came in view.



EXPLORING PARTIES ESCAPING FROM SAVAGES.

As the voyagers approached it, they only became more puzzled as to what they should find. 'Two days' sail from their destination they were positively assured by the natives that the water flowed out of Tanganyika. Even when the limits of open water were reached in a broad marshy flat covered by aquatic plants, it was not easy to answer the question which the travelers had come all this long way to solve. Seven broad inlets were seen penetrating the bed of reeds. In none of them could any current be discovered.

A ROMANTIC JOURNEY IN A CANOE.

Entering the centre channel in a canoe, however, and pulling on for some distance past sedgy islands and between walls of papyrus, disturbing with every stroke of the paddles some of the sleeping crocodiles that throng in hundreds in this marsh, all doubt as to the course of the Rusizi was soon removed. A strange current of discolored water was met pouring down from the high grounds, and further examination showed that the stream had other channels losing themselves in the swamp, or finding their way into one or other of the inlets at the head of the lake.

Their work in connection with the Rusizi done, our heroes returned to Ujiji, this time skirting along the western shores of the lake, and crossing it near a large island called Muzumi. Back again at Ujiji on the 15th of December, Stanley did all in his power to persuade Livingstone to return home with him and recruit his strength; but the only answer he could obtain was, "Not till my work is done."

In this resolution Livingstone tells us in his journal he was confirmed by a letter from his daughter Agnes, in which she said—"Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than to return merely to gratify me." "I must complete the exploration of the Nile sources before I retire," says the devoted hero in another portion of his notes, little dreaming that he was all the time working not at them, but at those of the Congo.

It was arranged, however, that Livingstone should accompany Stanley on his return journey as far as Unyanyembe, to fetch

the goods there stored up for his use, and the start for the east was made late in December, 1871. Making a roundabout trip to the south to avoid the war still going on, the party reached Unyanyembe in February, 1872, after a good deal of suffering on Stanley's part from fever, and on Livingstone's from sore feet.

In March, after giving all the stores he could spare to Livingstone, Stanley left for Zanzibar, accompanied for the first day's march by the veteran hero.

Livingstone gave the earlier portion of the precious journal from which our narrative has been culled into the care of the young American, and as they walked side by side, putting off the evil moment of parting as long as possible, the following interesting conversation, the last held by Livingstone in his own language, took place:—

“Doctor,” began Stanley, “so far as I can understand it, you do not intend to return home until you have satisfied yourself about the ‘Sources of the Nile.’ When you have satisfied yourself, you will come home and satisfy others. Is it not so?”

LOOKING HOPEFULLY INTO THE FUTURE.

“That is it exactly. When your men come back” (Stanley was to hire men at Zanzibar to accompany Livingstone in his further journey) “I shall immediately start for Ufipa” (on the south-eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika); “then I shall strike south, and round the extremity of Lake Tanganyika. Then a south-east course will take me to Chikumbi's, on the Lualaba. On crossing the Lualaba, I shall go direct south-west to the copper mines of Katanga. Eight days south of Katanga the natives declare the fountains to be. When I have found them, I shall return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua. From the caverns, ten days north-east will take me to Lake Komolondo. I shall be able to travel from the lake in your boat, up the river Lufira, to Lake Lincoln. Then, coming down again, I can proceed north by the Lualaba to the fourth lake—which will, I think, explain the whole problem.”

“And how long do you think this little journey will take you?”

“A year and a half at the furthest from the day I leave Unyanyembe.”

"Suppose you say two years, contingencies might arise, you know. It will be well for me to hire these new men for two years, the day of their engagement to begin from their arrival at Unyan-yembe."

"Yes, that will do excellently well."

"Now, my dear doctor, the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back."



NATIVES OF THE NILE REGION.

"Well, I will say this to you, you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travelers I know, and I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell."

A few more words of good wishes on either side, another and yet another clasp of the hand, and the two heroes parted, Stanley hurrying back with all possible speed to Zanzibar to despatch men and stores for the doctor to Unyanyembe, Livingstone to return to that town to await the means of beginning yet another journey to the west.

It has long been well known that Stanley found the Royal Geographical Society's Livingstone Search Expedition at Bagamoyo, and that its leader, Lieutenant Dawson, threw up his command on hearing of the success of his predecessor. With the aid of Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the son of the great explorer, the young American, however, quickly organized a caravan, and saw it start for the interior on the 17th of May.

Somewhat later, the Royal Geographical Society sent out another exploring party, led by Lieutenant Grandy, with orders to ascend the Congo, to complete the survey of that stream, and at the same time to convey succor and comfort to the great traveler, who geographers already began to suspect was upon the upper waters of the Congo, and not of the Nile; but this last expedition utterly failed of success.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST LETTER.

Not until long afterwards was the true sequel of Livingstone's sad and romantic history known in England. In his last letter, one to Mr. Well, Acting American Consul at Zanzibar, dated from Unyanyembe, July 2, 1872, he says: "I have been waiting up here like Simeon Sylites on his pillar, and counting every day, and conjecturing each step taken by our friend towards the coast, wishing and praying that no sickness might lay him up, no accident befall, and no unlooked-for combinations of circumstances render his kind intentions vain or fruitless."

The remainder of our narrative is culled from the latter part of Livingstone's journal, brought to Zanzibar with his dead body by his men, and from the accounts of his faithful followers Susi and Chumah, as given in "Livingstone's Last Journals," edited by Dr. Horace Waller. From these combined sources, we learn that

in June, just four months after the departure of Stanley, Sangara, one of his men, arrived at Unyanyembe with the news that the new caravan was at Ugogo, and that on the 14th of August in the same year the men actually arrived.

Livingstone's servants now numbered some sixty in all, and included the well-known John and Jacob Wainwright; two highly-trained Nassick men, sent from Bombay to join Lieutenant Dawson, who, with their fellow-countrymen Mabruki and Gardner, enlisted in 1866; and Susi, Chumah, and Amoda, three of the men who joined Livingstone on the Zambesi in 1864, and now formed a kind of body-guard, protecting their master in every peril in life, and guarding his body in death with equally untiring devotion.

WITHOUT FOOD FOR EIGHT DAYS.

On the 25th of August, 1872, the start for the south-west was at last made, and after daily records in the journal of arduous ascents of mountains, weary tramps through flat forests, difficulties in obtaining food, in controlling men, etc., we come on the 19th of September to a significant entry, to the effect that our hero's old enemy, dysentery, was upon him. He had eaten nothing for eight days, yet he pressed on without pause until the 8th of October, when he sighted the eastern shores of Tanganyika.

Then ensued a halt of a couple of days, when, turning due south, the course led first along a range of hills overlooking the lake, and then across several bays in the mountainous district of Fipa, till late in October a very large arm of Tanganyika was rounded. The lake was then left, and a *detour* made to the east, bringing the party in November to the important town known as Zombe's, built in such a manner that the river Halocheche, on its way to Tanganyika, runs right through it.

At Zombe's a western course was resumed, and passing on through heavy rains, and over first one and then another tributary of the lake, our hero turned southwards, a little beyond the most southerly point of Tanganyika, to press on in the same direction, though again suffering terribly from dysentery, until November, when he once more set his face westwards, arriving in December

on the banks of the Kalongosi river, a little to the east of the point at which he had sighted it on his flight northwards with the Arabs.

In December what may be called the direct march to Lake Bangweolo was commenced, the difficulties of traveling now greatly aggravated by the continuous rain which had filled to overflowing the sponges, as Livingstone calls the damp and porous districts through which he had to pass. To quote from Dr. Waller's notes, "our hero's men speak of the march from this point" (the village of Moenje, left on the 9th of January, 1873) "as one continued plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity of using canoes.

To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms," adds Dr. Waller, "the effect may well be conceived. It is probable that, had Dr. Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man of them would have been down in a fortnight."

A JOURNEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Under these circumstances we cannot too greatly admire the pluck of Livingstone's little body of men, for it must not be forgotten that Africans have an intense horror of wet, and that those from the coast suffer almost as much as white men from the climate of the interior.

Following the route, we find that he crossed no less than thirteen rivulets in rapid succession—more, in fact, than one a day. In January he notes that he is troubled for want of canoes, they being now indispensable to further progress, and that he is once more near the Chambeze, the river which he had crossed far away on the north-east just before the loss of his medicine-chest and the beginning of his serious troubles.

No canoes were, however, forthcoming; the natives were afraid of the white man, and would give him no help either with guides or boats. Nothing daunted even then, though his illness was growing upon him to such an extent that the entries in his journal are

often barely legible, he pressed on, now wading through the water, now carried on the shoulders of one or another of his men.

The following extract from the Journal, dated January 24th, will serve to give some notion of the kind of work done in the last few stages of this terrible journey:—"Went on east and north-east to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went an hour-and-three-quarters' journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of 100 yards. One part was neck deep for fifty yards, and



LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MEN CROSSING A "SPONGE."

the water was cold. We plunged in elephant's footprints one and a half hours, then came in one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down.

"Carrying me across one of the deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task; one we crossed was at least 1,000 feet broad, or more than 300 yards. The first part the main stream came up to Susi's mouth. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another

took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on and bent down the grass so as to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants.

"It took us a full hour and a half for all to cross over. We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. At four in the afternoon it came on pouring cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet, sloppy weather truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges."

ACROSS THE CHAMBEZE AT LAST!

Thus, wet, sick, and weary, often short of food and doubtful of his way, the indomitable hero still struggled on, his courage sustained by his hope of yet reaching the Chambeze, rounding the lake, and passing the confluence of the Lualaba on the west; his heart cheered by the ever-increasing love of his men, especially of the seven already mentioned, who vied with each other in their eagerness to carry their dear master, to build the tent for his reception, to save for him the best of the provisions they were able to procure.

The whole of February and the first half of the ensuing month were consumed in wandering backwards and forwards amongst the swamps of the north-east shores of Bangweolo, but about the 20th of March the camp was at last pitched on the left bank of the Chambeze, close to its entry of the lake, and the question of its connection with the Lualaba was to some extent solved. Late in March canoes were actually obtained, and, embarking in them, our explorer and his men paddled across the intervening swamps to the Chambeze, crossed a river flowing into it, and then the main stream itself, losing one slave girl by drowning in the process.

Preparations were made for a further "land," or we would rather say wading journey, for though all the canoes, except a few reserved for the luggage, were left behind, the water was not. All went fairly well, however, in spite of the gigantic difficulties encountered, until the 10th of April, when, about midway in the journey along the western bank of the lake, Livingstone succumbed to a severe attack of his complaint, which left him, to quote his own words, "pale, bloodless, and weak from profuse bleeding."

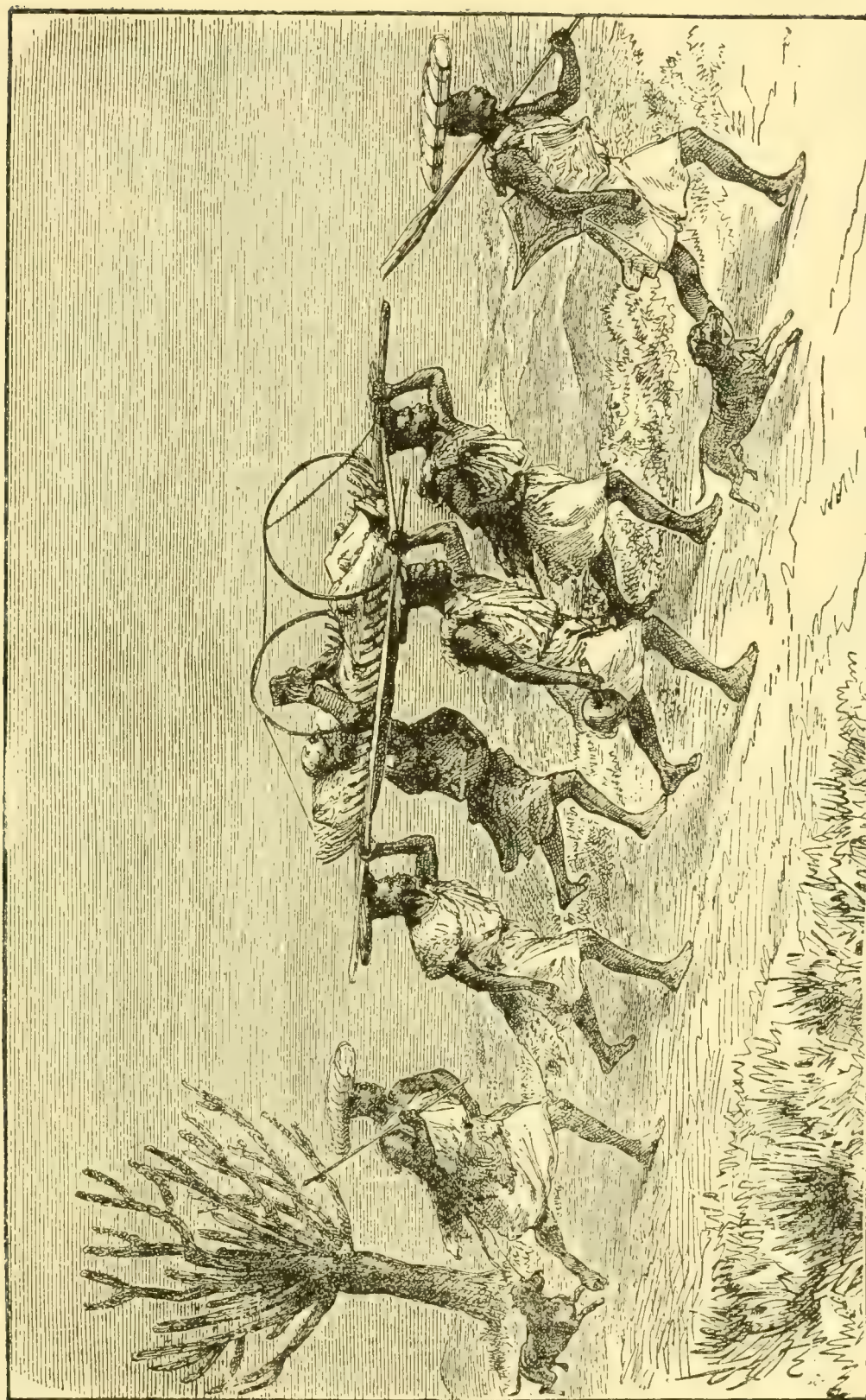
Surely now he would pause and turn back, that he might at least reach home to die! But no! he allowed himself but two days' rest, and then, staggering to his feet, though he owns he could hardly walk, he "tottered along nearly two hours, and then lay down, quite done. Cooked coffee," he adds—"our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down."

TENDERLY CARRIED IN A LITTER.

Unwilling even then to be carried, he yielded at last to the expostulations of his men, and, reclining in a kind of litter suspended on a pole, he was gently borne along to the village of Chinama, and there, "in a garden of durra," the camp was pitched for the night. Beyond on the east stretched "interminable grassy prairies, with lines of trees occupying quarters of miles in breadth." On the west lay the lake connected with so many perils, but which Livingstone even yet hoped to round completely.

Our hero was ferried over the Lolotikila, was carried over land for a short distance to the south-west, the Lombatwa river was crossed, and, after a "tremendous rain, which burst all the now rotten tents to shreds," three sponges were crossed in rapid succession. Two days later Livingstone rallied sufficiently to mount a donkey, which, strange to say, had survived all the dangers of the journey from Unyanyembe, and came in sight of the Lavusi hills—a relief to the eye, he tells us, after all the flat upland traversed.

Following the course of the Lulimala till they came to a reach where the current was interrupted by numerous little islands, the party found Kalunganjova awaiting them on a little knoll, and under his superintendence the embarkation proceeded rapidly, whilst



LIVINGSTONE BEING CARRIED ON A LITTER.

Livingstone, who was to be taken over when the rough work was done, rested on his litter in a shady place.

The canoes not being wide enough to admit of the litter being laid in any one of them, it was now a difficult question how best to get the doctor across. Taking his bed off his litter, the men placed it in the strongest canoe and tried to lift him on to it, but he "could not bear the pain of a hand being placed under his back." Making a sign to Chumah, our hero then faintly whispered a request to him "to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head," at the same time begging him "to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back." His wishes were tenderly carried out, and in this manner he was laid in the canoe, ferried over as rapidly as possible, and once more placed in his litter on the other side.

LIFE FAST EBBING AWAY.

Susi now hastened on with several servants to the next village, the now celebrated Chitambo's, to superintend the building of a house for the reception of his beloved master, the rest of the party following more slowly, and bearing their precious charge "through swamps and splashes," till they came, to their great relief, to something "like a dry plain at last."

The strength of the great explorer was now ebbing rapidly away. Chumah, who helped to carry him on this the very last stage of his journey, says that he and his comrades were every now and then "implored to stop and place their burden on the ground." Sometimes a drowsiness came over the sufferer, and he seemed insensible to all that was going on; sometimes he suffered terribly for want of water, of which, now that it was so sorely needed, not a drop could be obtained, until, fortunately, they met a member of their party returning from Chitambo's, with a supply thoughtfully sent off by Susi.

A little later, a clearing was reached, and Livingstone again begged to be set down and left alone, but at that very moment the first huts of Chitambo's village came in sight, and his bearers begged him to endure yet a little longer.

Arrived at last at Chitambo's, the party found the house their fellow-servants were building still unfinished, and were therefore compelled to lay their master "under the broad eaves of a native hut" for a time. Though the village was then nearly empty, a num-



CHARMING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

ber of natives soon collected about the litter, to gaze "in silent wonder upon him whose praises had reached them in previous years."

When the house was ready, our hero's bed was placed inside it, "raised from the floor by sticks and grass;" bales and boxes,

one of the latter serving as a table, were arranged at one end; a fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door; and Livingstone was tenderly and reverently carried from his temporary resting-place to that which was to be his last. A boy named Majwara was appointed to sleep inside the house, to attend to the patient's wants.

Chitambo came early in the morning to pay his respects to his guest, but Livingstone was too ill to attend to him, and begged him "to call again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him." In the afternoon the doctor asked Susi to bring him his watch, and showed him how to hold it in the palm of his hand, whilst he himself moved the key. The rest of the day passed without incident, and in the evening the men not on duty silently repaired to their huts, whilst those whose turn it was to watch sat round their fires, waiting for the end which they felt to be rapidly approaching.

At about 11 P. M. Livingstone sent for Susi, and loud shouts being at the moment heard in the distance, said to him, "Are our men making that noise?"

"No," replied Susi, adding that he believed it was only the natives scaring away a buffalo from their durra fields. A few minutes later, Livingstone said slowly, "Is this the Lualaba?" his mind evidently wandering to the great river which had so long been the object of his search. "No," said Susi, "we are in Chitambo's village, near the Lulimala."

THE GREAT HERO'S LAST WORDS.

A long silence ensued, and then the doctor said in Suaheli, an Arab dialect, "How many days is it to the Lualaba?" and Susi answered in the same language, "I think it is three days, master."

A few seconds later, Livingstone exclaimed, "Oh dear! oh dear!" as if in terrible suffering, and then fell asleep. Susi, who then left his master to his repose, was called in about an hour by Majwara, and on reaching the doctor's bedside received instructions to boil some water, for which purpose he went to the fire outside to fill his kettle. On his return, Livingstone told him to bring his medicine-chest and to hold the candle near him. These instruc-

tions being obeyed, he took out a bottle of calomel, told Susi to put it, an empty cup, and one with a little water in it, within reach of his hand, and then added in a very low voice, "All right; you can go out now."

This was the last sentence ever spoken by Livingstone in human hearing. At about 4 A. M. Majwara came once more to call Susi, saying "Come to Bwana (his name for Livingstone); I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

Susi, noticing the boy's terror, and fearing the worst, now aroused five of his comrades, and with them entered the doctor's hut, to find the great explorer kneeling, as if in prayer, by the side of his bed, "his head buried in his hands upon the pillow."

"For a minute," says Dr. Waller, "they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of them advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks." It was enough; Livingstone was dead. He had probably expired soon after Susi left him, dying as he had lived, in quiet unostentatious reliance upon his divine Father. "History," says Banning, one of the members of the Brussels Conference, "contains few pages more touching, or of a more sublime character, than the simple narrative of this silent and solitary death of a great man, the martyr to a great cause."

A MARTYR TO A GREAT CAUSE.

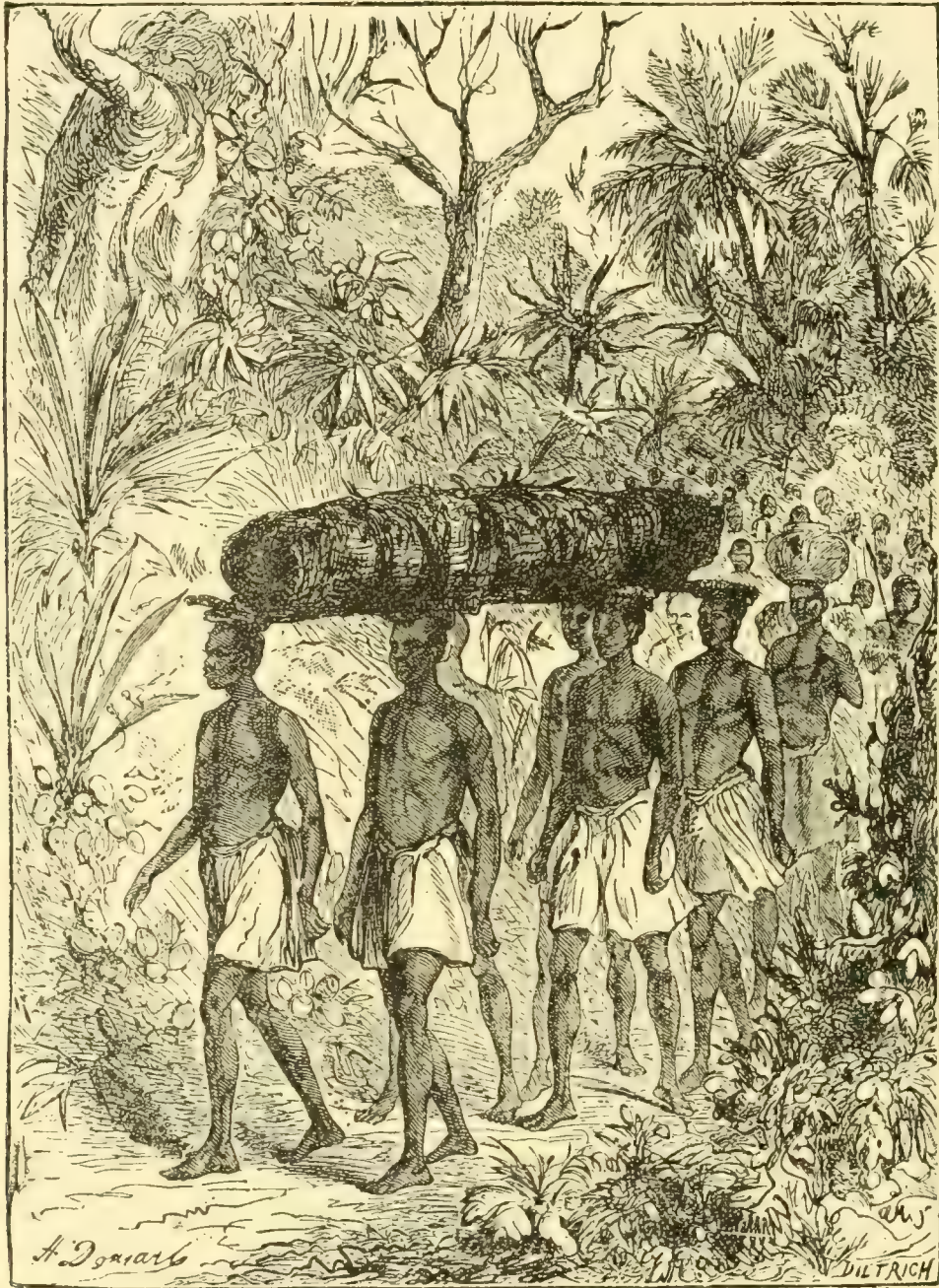
Thus ended the career of the greatest hero of modern geographical discovery, and of one of the noblest-hearted philanthropists of the present century. Very sadly, very tenderly, very reverently Livingstone's servants laid the corpse of their beloved master on his bed, and retired to consult together round their watch-fire as to what should next be done.

The following day it was unanimously decided that Susi and Chumah, who were "old men in traveling and in hardship," should act as captains of the caravan, the other men engaged promising faithfully to obey them.

All agreed further that the body of Livingstone must be preserved and carried back to Zanzibar. With the ready co-operation

of Chitambo, a strong hut, open to the air at the top, was built for the performance of the last melancholy offices.

A native mourner was engaged to sing the usual dirge before the commencement of the post-mortem examination. Wearing the



CONVEYING LIVINGSTONE'S BODY TO THE COAST.

anklets proper to the occasion, "composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels," he sang the following chant, dancing all the while—

"To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours;
Come round to see the Englishman."

After this concession to the customs of the people amongst whom they found themselves, Livingstone's faithful servants carried his remains to the hut prepared for them, where Jacob Wainwright read the burial service in the presence of all his comrades. The great hero's heart was removed and buried in a tin a little distance from the hut, and the body was "left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it beyond placing some brandy in the mouth, and some on the hair."

At the end of fourteen days, the body, thus simply "embalmed," was "wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package," which was placed in a cylinder ingeniously constructed out of the bark of a tree. Over the whole a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the strange coffin was then



PECULIAR HEAD-DRESS.

securely lashed to a strong pole, so that it could be carried by the men.

Under the superintendence of Jacob Wainwright, an inscription was carved on a large tree near the place where the body was exposed, giving the name of the deceased hero and the date of his death. Chitambo promised to guard this memorial as a sacred charge, and the melancholy procession started on the return journey.

Completing the circuit of Bangweolo, the men crossed the Lua-

laba near its entry into the lake on the west, thus supplementing their master's work, and, turning eastward beyond the great river which had so long been the goal of his efforts, they made for the route he had followed on his trip to the south in 1868. A short halt at Casembe's was succeeded by an uneventful trip eastwards to Lake Tanganyika, rounding the southern extremity of which the funeral procession rapidly made its way in a north-easterly direction to Unyanyembe, where it arrived in the middle of October, 1873.

Here Lieutenant Cameron, the leader, and Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy, members of a new Livingstone Relief Expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, were resting before starting westwards. After the sad news of the doctor's death had been communicated to them and confirmed by indisputable evidence, Cameron did all in his power to help and relieve the brave fellows who had brought the hero's dead body and all belonging to him thus far in safety.

A MOURNFUL PROCESSION TO THE COAST.

Then, finding them unwilling to surrender their charge before reaching the coast, although he himself thought that Livingstone might have wished to be buried in the same land as his wife, he allowed them to proceed, Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy accompanying them.

Soon after the march to the coast began, Dr. Dillon, rendered delirious by his sufferings from fever and dysentery, shot himself in his tent, but Susi, Chumah, and their comrades arrived safely at Bagamoyo in February, 1874, where they delivered up their beloved master's remains to the Acting English Consul, Captain Prideaux, under whose care they were conveyed to Zanzibar in one of Her Majesty's cruisers, thence to be sent to England on board the *Malwa*, for interment in Westminster Abbey.

To describe the stately funeral which was accorded to the simple-hearted hero in old Westminster Abbey would be beyond our province, but none who read the glowing newspaper accounts of the long procession, the crowds of mourners, and the orations in honor of the deceased, can fail to have been touched by the contrast they

offered to his lonely death in the wilderness, untended by any but the poor natives whose affections he had won by his gentleness and patience in the hardships and privations they had endured together, and to whom alone England is indebted for the privilege of numbering his grave amongst her sacred national possessions.

The remains of the great African Explorer were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey on the 18th of April. The casket bore the inscription—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,
19 MARCH, 1813,
Died at Ilala, Central Africa,
4 MAY, 1873.

CHAPTER XVI.

REMARKABLE SCENERY IN TROPICAL AFRICA VISITED BY ROOSEVELT—MASSES OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FOLIAGE BRIGHT WITH ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW—RANK GROWTHS OF RUSHES AND GRASS—VARIETIES OF ANIMAL LIFE—THE SACRED IBIS—THE LONG-LEGGED STORK AND HERON—PRIMEVAL FORESTS AND RUNNING STREAMS—FINE SPECIMENS OF FLOWERS—PERPETUAL MOISTURE—TURTLE DOVES AND GOLDEN PHEASANTS—GRAVE-LOOKING MONKEYS—BEAUTIFUL VALLEYS AND HILLSIDES—THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE MARRED BY HUMAN CRUELTY—CITIES BUILT BY INSECTS.

A FAMOUS Traveler wrote the following description of the scenery of Africa, which was penetrated by Col. Roosevelt: Unyamwezi is a wide undulating table-land, sinking westward toward Tanganyika. Any one taking a bird's-eye view of the land would perceive forest, a purple-hued carpet of foliage, broken here and there by barren plains and open glades, extending toward every quarter of the heavens. Here and there rise masses of rocky mountains, towering like blunt cupolas above the gentle undulations of the land, on to the distant horizon. Standing upon any projecting point, a scene never before witnessed meets the view. Nothing picturesque can be seen; the landscape may be called prosaic and monotonous; but it is in this very overwhelming, apparently endless, monotony that its sublimity lies.

The foliage is bright with all the colors of the prism; but as the woods retreat towards the far distance, a silent mystical vapor enfolds them, and bathes them first in pale, and then in dark blue, until they are lost in the distance. But near the lake all is busy life. The shore immediately adjoining the Lake of Ugogo is formed by a morass of at least sixty feet wide, and extending on every side. It is an impenetrable tangle of luxuriant sedge and rushes, where the unwieldy hippopotamus, going his nightly rounds, has left his

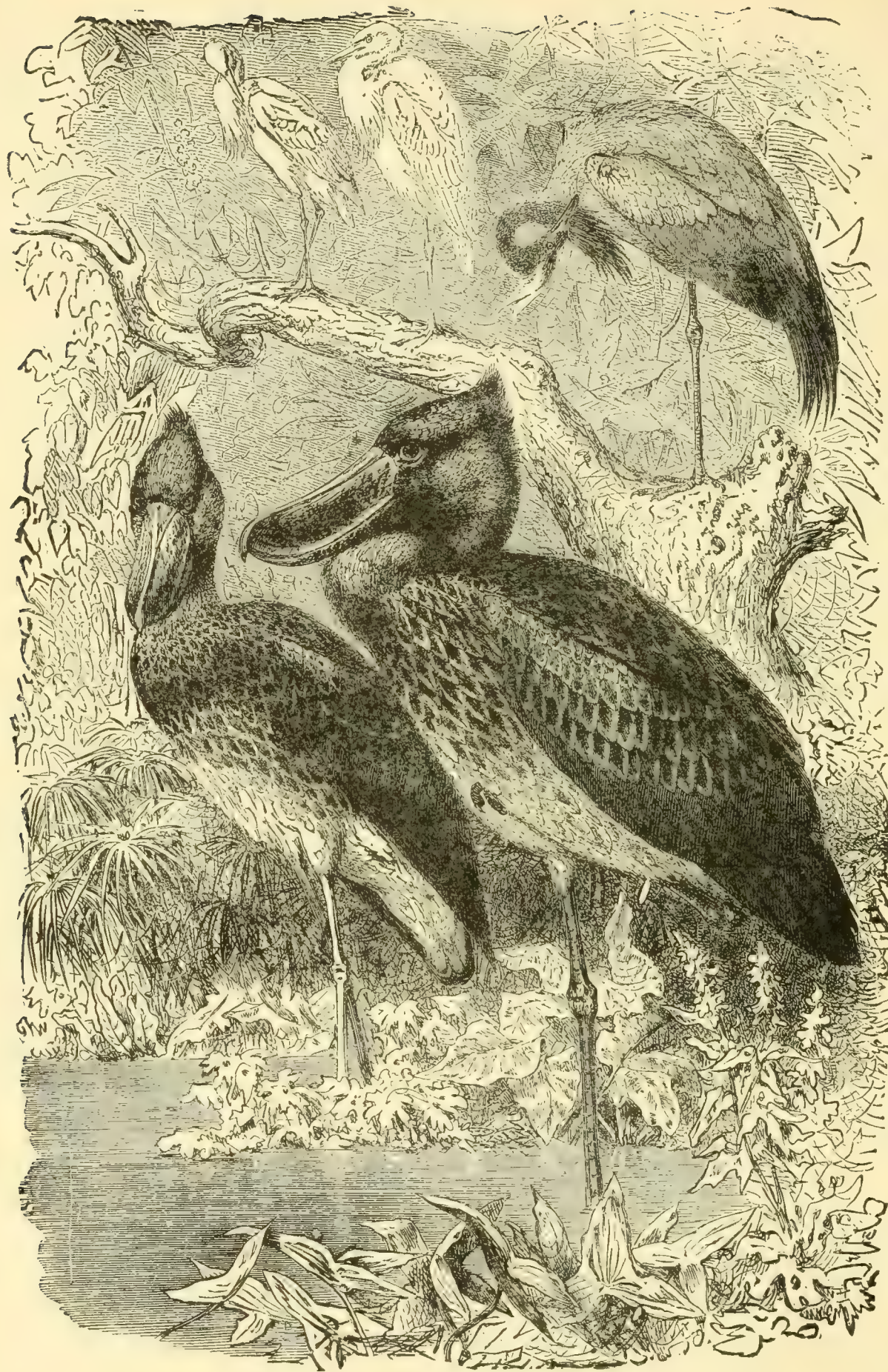
watery footsteps imprinted in the swamp. Numerous buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, boars, kudu antelopes, and other animals come here at nightfall to quench their thirst.

The shores and surface of the lake are alive with an amazing



HIPPOPOTAMUS IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.

number of aquatic birds—black swans, ducks, sacred ibises, cranes, and pelicans; high overhead, watchful for their prey, hover kites and fish eagles; while the shore is vocal with the loud call of the guinea-fowl, the hoarse scream of the toucan, the cooing of the pigeons, the hoot of the owl mingling with the cry of the snipe and



THE STRANGE SHOE BILL OF AFRICA.

wild fowl rising from the long grass by the water's edge. These shores are also the paradise of the long-legged stork and the heron, the saddle stork, the marabout, an ugly bird, in spite of its wonderful and costly feathers, the giant heron, while the curious stilt-bird, or shoebill, of Africa, one of the most singular birds of the globe, inhabits the more northern marshlands, vast impenetrable morasses of the White Nile, and some of its tributaries. This bird has a bulky body, a thick neck, a large head and a curiously formed bill, not unlike a clumsy wooden shoe. Its color is an ashy gray, with jet black wing feathers.

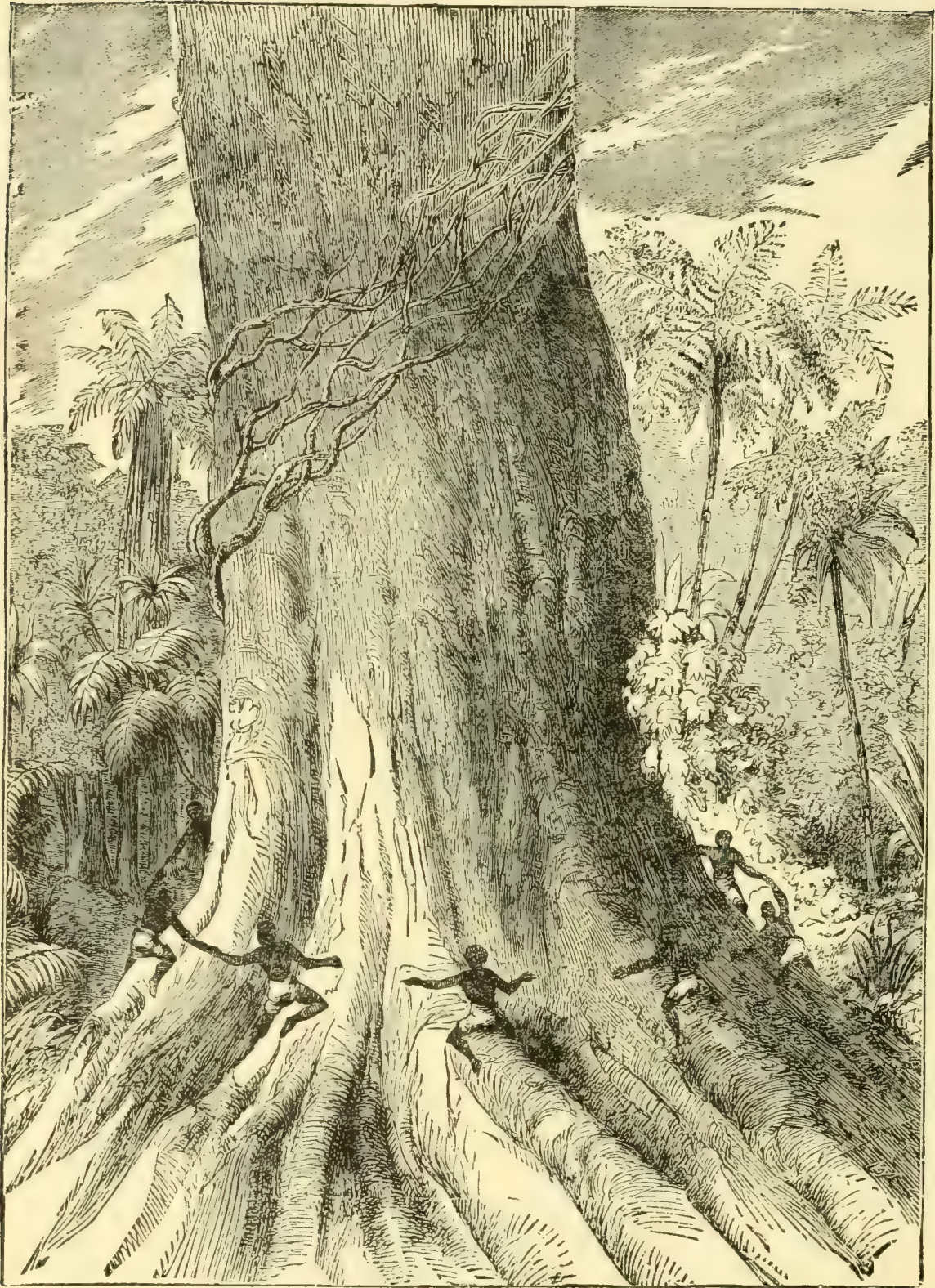
The shoebill is the giant of the wading birds and is found in pairs or smaller societies as remote as possible from human habitations, mostly in the impenetrable swamps of the White Nile and some of its tributaries. At the approach of man it flies away, and when frightened by shots it rises to a great altitude and never returns to its swamps as long as there is any suspicion of danger. This bird selects for its breeding place a small elevation in the reeds, either immediately on the border of the water or in the swamp, mostly where surrounding water renders an approach difficult.

WONDERFUL LUXURIANCE.

The flora concentrates all its luxuriance in the first months of the rainy season, leaving the autumn, when the grass of the steppes is withered, to fare less richly. The scenery varies much less than in the most monotonous districts of our own country, but it has nevertheless its alternation of clustering groves of bushes, its clearings with noble trees more than thirty or forty feet in height, its luxuriant undergrowth broken by grassy reaches or copses of tall shrubs.

Palms play a subordinate part in this scenery; the fan palms are found clustered together in groves; and in the marshy steppes grows the prickly date, perhaps the primitive type of the date palm. Then come the leather-leaved fig trees of every kind, and among them the grandest monuments of African vegetation, the sycamores, together with large-leaved tamarinds.

Very characteristic of the country are the patches of primeval



GIGANTIC BAOBAB TREE OF AFRICA.

forests, watered by running streams, and known by the name of galleries. The soil is unusually rich in springs of water, which keep up a perpetual overflow of the brooks; and while in the northern

districts the rivers have to find their way across open lowlands where the volume of water soon diminishes, and is lost in the parched earth, the country here is like a well-filled sponge. The result of this abundant moisture is that the valleys and fissures of the earth through which the water flows, whether in the form of little brooks and streamlets, or of great rivers, are clothed with all the majesty of a tropical forest; while an open park-like glade, the chief feature of which appears at the first glance to be the amazing size of its foliage, fills up the higher-lying spaces between the water-courses and the galleries.

The number of distinct types of trees, and the variety of forms among the undergrowth, is very great. Trees with large trunks, whose height throws into the shade all the previously seen specimens of the Nile flora, not excluding the palms of Egypt, are here found in serried ranks, without a break, and beneath their shelter the less imposing platforms are arranged in terraces.

LEAFY CORRIDORS WITHIN VIRGIN FORESTS.

In the interior of these virgin forests, leafy corridors, rivalling the temple walls of Egypt, lie veiled in deep perpetual shadow, and are spanned by a triple roof of foliage, rising vault above vault. Seen from without, the galleries appear like an impenetrable wall of the densest leafage, while from within corridors of foliage open out in every direction beneath the columns of the tree stems, and are filled with the murmuring voice of springs and water-courses.

The average height of the roof of leaves measures from seventy-five to ninety feet; but very often these galleries, seen from without, by no means produce the imposing effect which is felt from within in looking up from the depth of the valley or the water-side; because in many places the depression of land or water which makes up the gallery or tunnel-like character of the scene scarcely allows half of the forest to rise above the level ground, many galleries being entirely sunk in the depression. Great tree trunks, thickly overgrown with wild pepper, rise from the depths, and support wide-spreading branches draped with lichens and mosses, above which towers the remarkably fine tree called the elephant's ear, which

grows in rich abundance. High up on the branches are seen the very large nests built by the "tree-termite."

Other tree stems, long since dead, serve as supports for colossal vines, and with their impenetrable festoons form bowers as large as houses, in which perpetual darkness reigns. From the depths of the brushwood gleam flame-red blossoms, and rivalling them in splendor are seen tall shrubs bearing large orange bell flowers.

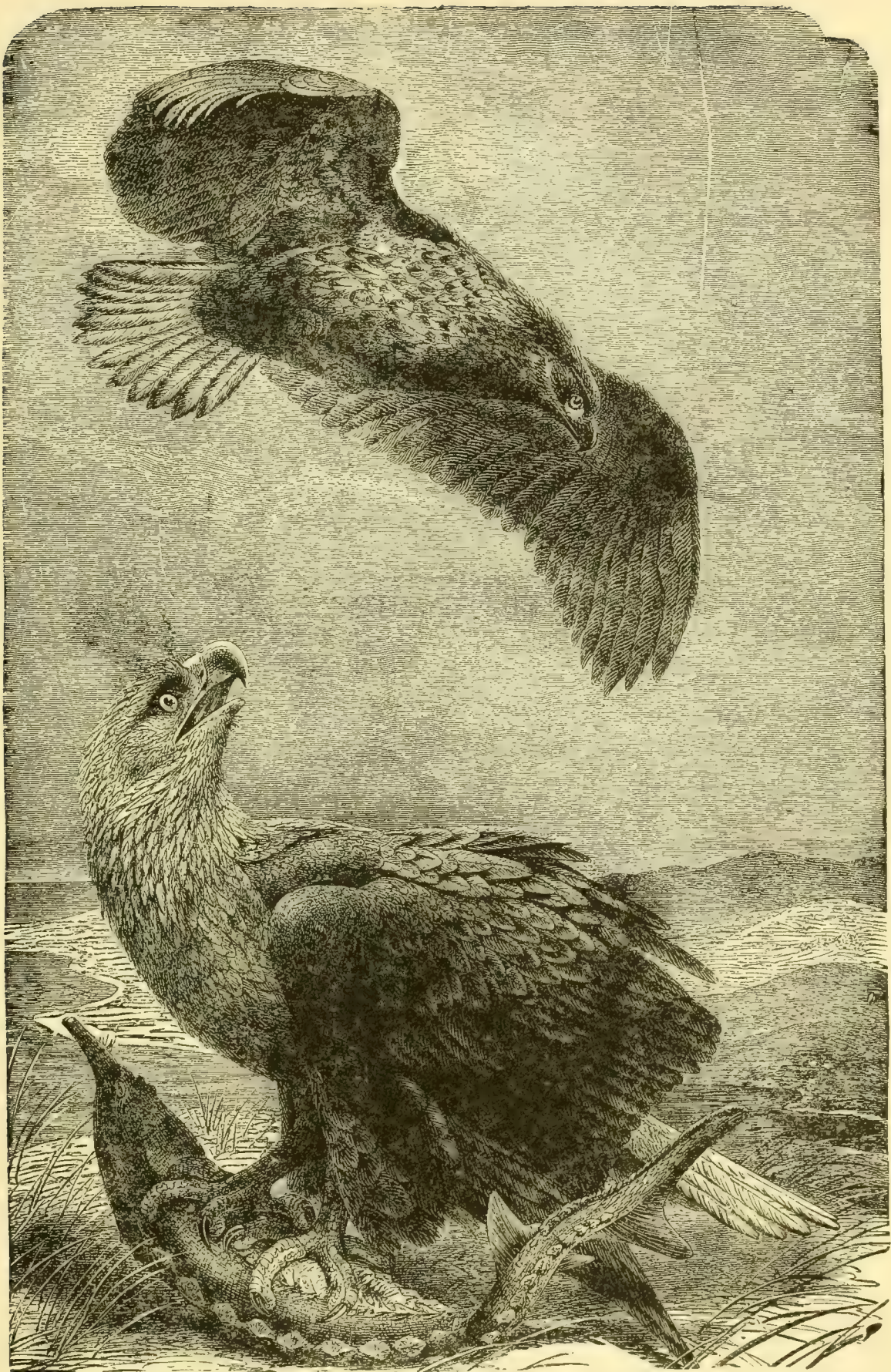
AN UNBROKEN IMPENETRABLE GREENERY.

The eyes may roam in every direction, and meet with nothing but this unbroken impenetrable greenery. There where the narrow pathways wind along, partly through and partly under the tangle of shrub and bush ascending the valley wall, bare roots of trees form the supports which hold the loose friable earth together. Mouldering trunks, covered with thick mosses, are met with at every step, and make our advance through these waves of massive greenery anything but easy.

The air we breathe is no longer that of the free sunlit steppe, or of the cool leafy paths without; it is the heavy, humid atmosphere of our green-houses. There prevails a constant moisture, produced by the breath of the woods itself, and which it is impossible to escape.

The Negroes belonging to the caravan, while prowling through the backwoods in search of anything eatable, lighted here upon an important discovery; their cry of triumph guided us to the place where they stood clustered together round a tree, very busy with their firebrands. They had discovered in the hollow stem a large quantity of honey, and were preparing to secure their treasure with great indifference to the results of their attack. Honey, wax, and even the little bodies of the honey-makers slain in the combat, were swallowed down by the Negroes without any distinction.

One of the birds peculiar to some parts of Central Africa is the fish-eagle. The best known and largest is the white-headed eagle. The length is about three feet, and the extent of wings seven feet; the female is somewhat larger. Its usual food is fish, but it eats the flesh of other animals, when it can get it and often seizes



FISH-EAGLES CONTENDING FOR A PRIZE.

quadrupeds and birds of inferior flight, and when pressed by hunger will feed on carrion. The flight of this bird is very majestic; it sails along with extended wings and can ascend until it disappears from view, without any apparent motion of the wings or tail; and from the greatest height it descends with a rapidity, which can scarcely be followed by the eye. The power of wing is not more remarkable than the consummative skill with which the strong pinions are made to cut the air.

These birds live to a great age. They are generally seen in pairs and the union seems to last for life. The attachment of the old birds to their young is very great. The breeding season commences about March and though each male has but one mate during its entire life, many and fierce are the battles, which arise about the possession of these spouses. It is a singular circumstance in the formation of this bird that the outer toe turns easily backward, so as on occasion to have two of the toes forward and two backward, and it has a much larger claw than the inner one. This, and the roughness of the whole foot underneath, are well adapted for the securing of its prey.

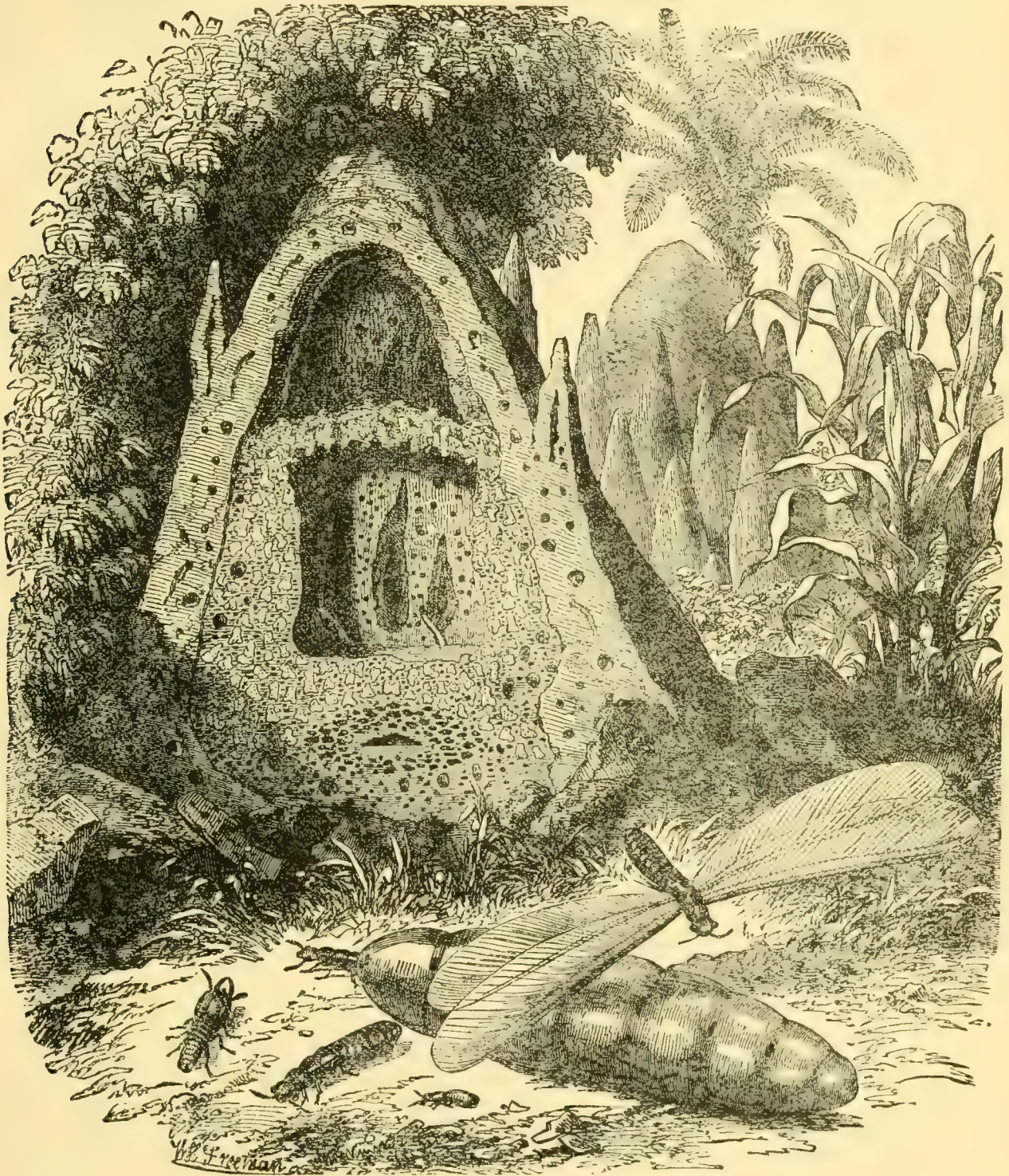
FOREST-CLAD SLOPES AND BEAUTIFUL VALLEYS.

During the spring and summer months the osprey is frequently seen hovering over the rivers for minutes without visible change of place. It then suddenly darts down and plunges into the water, whence it seldom rises again without a fish in its talons. When it rises in the air it shakes off the water and pursues its way towards the woods.

Our traveler was now fairly in the midst of African scenes. The wilderness was broken only by the little villages which every now and then appeared peeping through the crevices of their wonderful fortresses of acacia, and the people were fully up to the average in genuine African characteristics.

Crossing the Ungerengeri, a beautiful river with a broad fertile valley, and passing through the narrow belt of country which is all that is left to the warlike remnants of the once powerful Wakami tribe, the intrepid traveler entered the territory of the Wadoe, a

people full of traditions, who have always defended themselves bravely against the encroachments of neighbors and the invasions



CURIOUS HOUSES BUILT BY ANTS.

of marauders. The region they inhabit might well have been guarded by them with jealous courage.

It is in appearance amongst the most picturesque countries

between the coast and Unyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forests, tipped by the light fleecy clouds, through which the warm glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in a quickening radiance which brings out those globes of foliage that rise in tier after tier along the hill-sides in rich and varied hues which would mock the most ambitious painter's skill. From the winding paths along the crest of ridges the traveler may look down over forest-clad slopes into the deep valleys, and across to other slopes as gayly clad, and other ridges where deep concentric folds tempt him to curious wanderings by their beauty and mystery and grandeur. But those lovely glades and queenly hills told saddest stories of cruel deeds and wrongs irreparable. It is the old story: envious evil eagerly invades with its polluting presence those sacred spots where all is loveliest; infernal malice mars with strange delight what is beautiful and pure.

CITIES BUILT BY INSECTS.

Further on the caravan passed through the thin forests adorned with myriads of marvellous ant-hills, those wonderful specimens of engineering talent and architectural capacity, those cunningly contrived, model cities, with which the tiny denizens of African wilds astonish the traveler continually; and on across plains dotted with artificial-looking cones and flat-topped, isolated mountains, and through marshy ravines, where every unlucky step insured a bath in Stygian ooze—the various scenes of southern Ukonongo—

“Where the thorny brake and thicket
Densely fill the interspace
Of the trees, through whose thick branches
Never sunshine lights the place”—

the abode of lions and leopards and elephants and wild boars, one of those splendid parks of the wilderness where majestic forest and jungles, and lawn-like glades, and reedy brakes and perilous chasms all unite to form that climax of wildness and beauty, “the hunter's paradise.” It was just the place to arouse all the Nimrod spirit a man possesses.

The surface stratum of the country is clay, overlying the sand-

stone, based upon various granites, which in some places crop out, picturesquely disposed in blocks and boulders and huge domes and lumpy masses; ironstone is met with at a depth varying from five to twelve feet, and bits of coarse ore have been found in Unyan-yembe by digging not more than four feet in a chance spot.

“WAVES OF ROLLING LAND.”

During the rains the grass conceals the soil, but in the dry seasons the land is gray, lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide streets of dark mud. Dwarfed stumps and charred “black jacks” deform the fields, which are sometimes ditched or hedged in, whilst a thin forest of parachute-shaped thorns diversifies the waves of rolling land and earth hills, spotted with sunburned stone. The reclaimed tracts and clearings are divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle, varying from two to twelve miles in length, and, as in other parts of Africa, the country is dotted with “fairy mounts”—dwarf mounds—the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the debris of insect architecture. Villages, the glory of all African tribes, are seen at short intervals rising only a little above their impervious walls of lustrous green milk-bush, with its coral-shaped arms, variegating the well-hoed plains; whilst in the pasture lands herds of many-colored cattle, plump, round-barrelled and high-humped, like Indian breeds, and mingled flocks of goats and sheep, dispersed over the landscape, suggest ideas of barbarous comfort and plenty.

It is astonishing what luxury is conveyed into the heart of Africa by Arab merchant-princes. The fertile plain about their villages, kept in the highest state of cultivation, yields marvellous abundance and endless variety of vegetables, and supports vast herds of cattle, and sheep and goats innumerable; while just above the houses the orange, lemon, papaws and mangoes may be seen thriving finely.

Add to these the tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine cloths as they need for their own use, brought from the coast every year by their

slaves; associate these with a wealth of Persian carpets, most luxurious bedding, complete services of silver for tea and coffee, with magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers; and we have a catalogue out of which our imagination produces pictures of luxury that, amid the wildness and rudeness of that barbarous land, seem more like the magician's work than tangible realities, which await the worn-out traveler across six hundred miles of plains and mountains and rivers and swamps, where a succession of naked, staring, menacing savages throng the path in wonder at a white face.

A further description of some of the tropical birds will prove of interest to the reader who wishes to obtain a correct idea of the wonders abounding in Africa.

GUINEA-HENS PECULIAR TO AFRICA.

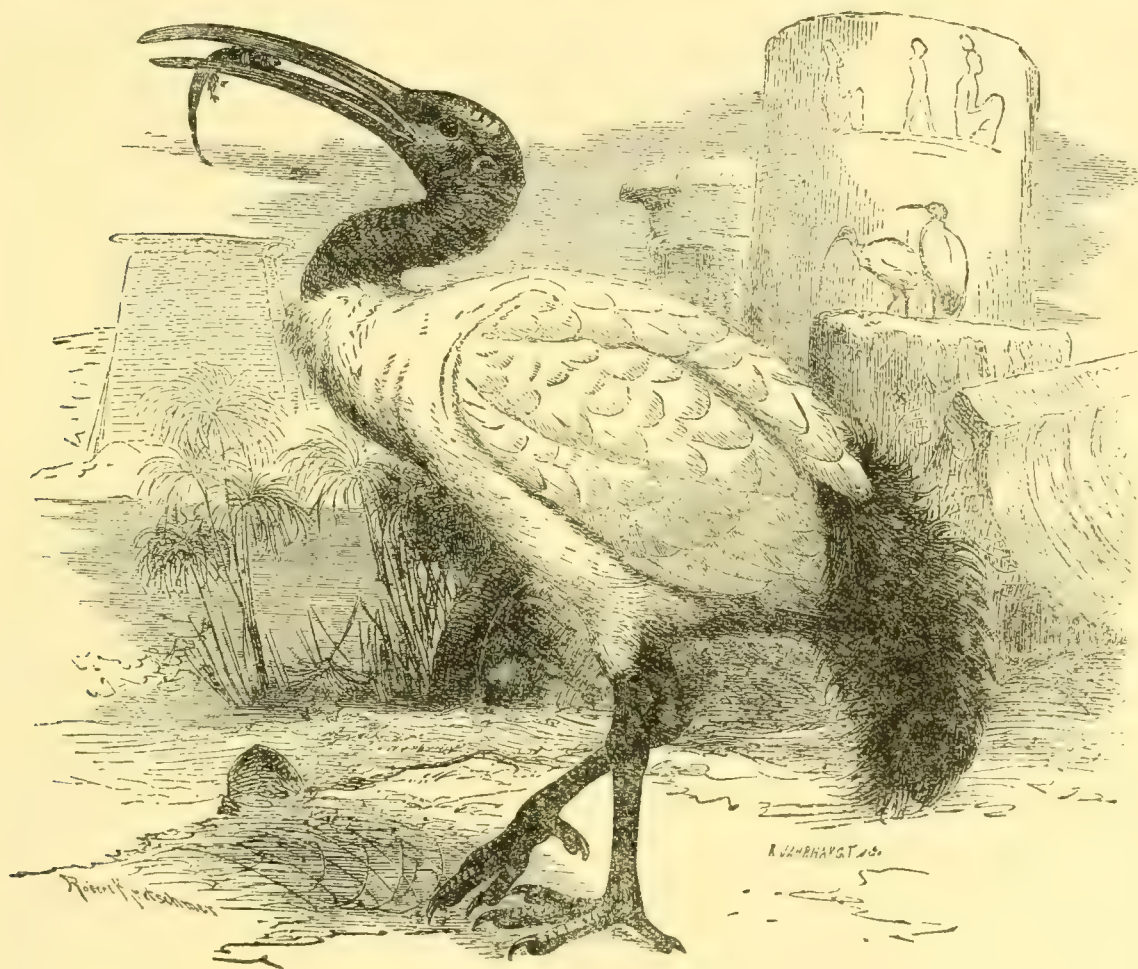
Guinea-hens are peculiar to Africa, where they frequent woods on the banks of rivers, in large flocks. They feed on grains, grasshoppers and other insects. When alarmed they attempt to escape by running, rather than by flight. The common guinea-hen is slate colored, covered all over with round white spots and is about the size of the common fowl. They are very noisy and troublesome, always quarreling with the other inmates of the poultry yard, and they are hard to raise from the delicacy of the young and their liability to disease.

Their flesh is of fine flavor and their eggs are excellent. They are great feeders, requiring to be fed beyond what they can pick up by themselves, and are apt to injure tender buds and flowers. The crested guinea-fowl or pintado has a crest of black feathers and the body black with blue spots; the mitred pintado has the head surmounted by a conical helmet and is black, white spotted.

The four species of pintado hitherto known are all natives of Africa and of islands adjacent to the African coast. Their mode of feeding is similar to that of the domestic poultry. They scrape the ground with their feet in search of insects, worms or seeds. The females lay and hatch their eggs nearly in the same manner as the common hens. The eggs, however, are smaller and have a harder shell. Buffon states that there is a remarkable difference

between the eggs of the domestic guinea-fowls and those which are wild; the latter being marked with small round spots, like those on the plumage of the birds, and the former being, when first laid, of a quite bright red and afterwards of the faint color of the dried rose.

The young birds, for some time after they come into the world, are destitute of the helmet or callous protuberance, which is so conspicuous on the heads of the old ones. The guinea-fowl is a



THE SACRED IBIS.

restless and clamorous bird. During the night it perches on high places and if disturbed, alarms every animal within hearing by its cry. These birds delight in rolling themselves in the dust for the purpose of ridding themselves of insects.

This is another African bird. There are about half a dozen species of this wading bird, including three in the United States. The red or scarlet ibis is about twenty-eight inches long, its bill six and one-half inches, and the extent of its wings a little over three

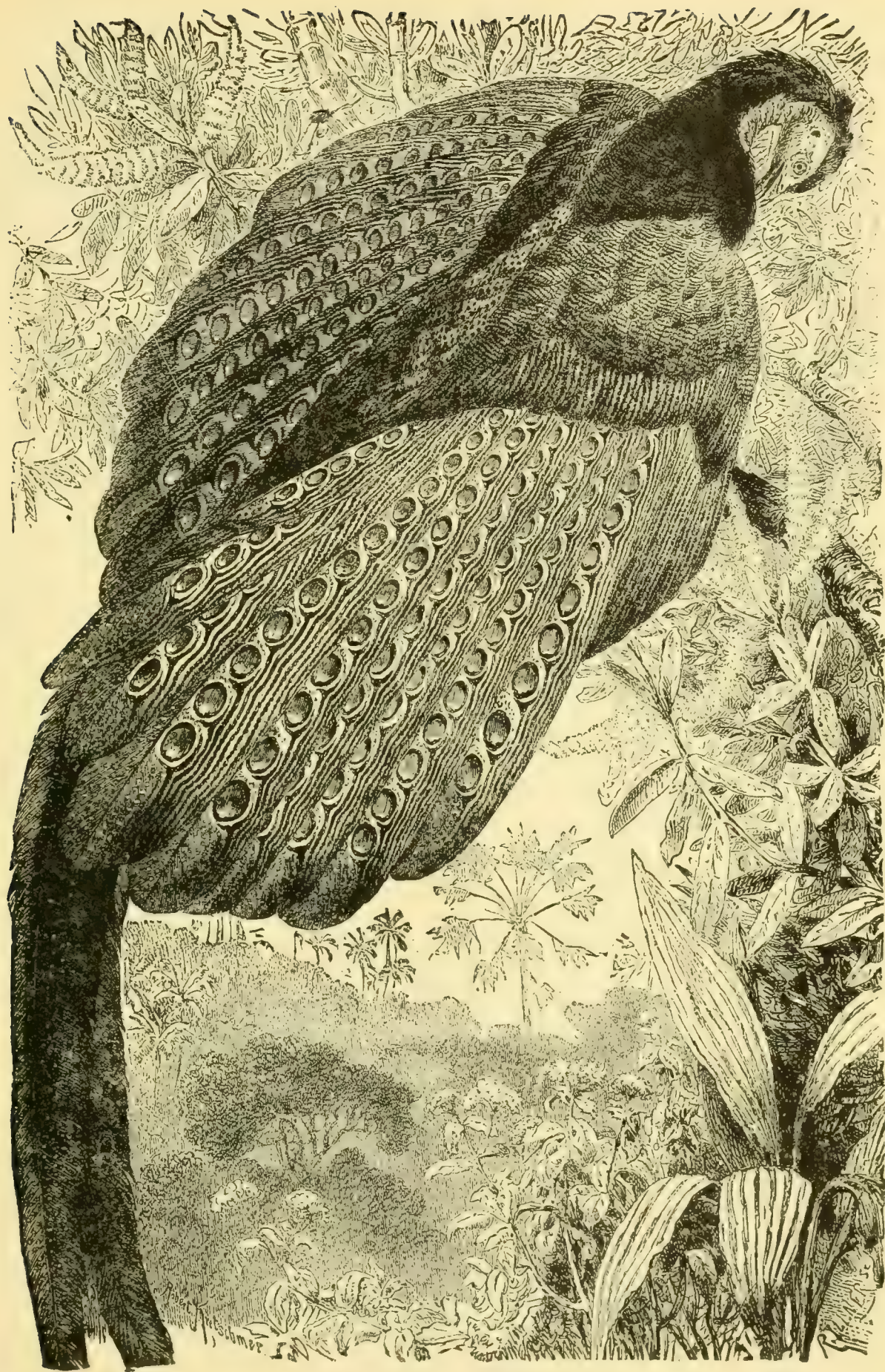
feet. This bird, whose color is a uniform bright scarlet, is found in South America and the West Indies. The white ibis, or white curlew, whose plumage is pure white, is very common in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, occasionally straggling as far north as New Jersey. Its flesh has a very fishy taste and is rarely eaten except by the Indians.

The glossy ibis, a smaller species, is about twenty-one inches long. Its general color is chestnut-brown, with the back and top of head metallic green, glossed with purple. It exists in great numbers in Mexico and has been found as far north as Massachusetts. Of this genus there are about twenty species found in the warmer parts of Africa, Asia and South America, one of which is the Sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. It is about as large as a domestic fowl, and is found throughout Northern Africa.

REARED IN THE TEMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

This bird, which was reared in the temples of ancient Egypt and was embalmed, frequents overflowed lands and dry plains and feeds on frogs and small aquatic lizards. It is a migratory bird, appearing simultaneously with the rise of the Nile and departing as the inundation subsides. It is a remarkable fact, that the ibis does not visit Egypt regularly any more as of old, breeding in the Soudan. As soon as it arrives there it takes possession of its well-selected breeding places, from which it undertakes excursions in search of prey. It is not afraid of the natives and can often be seen among the cattle herds picking up a grasshopper here and a frog or lizard there. Dr. Brehm met, on his travels up the Blue Nile, so many of this beautiful bird, that he was able to kill twenty of them within two days. The female lays three to four white eggs of the size of duck eggs. The bird is easily domesticated and is found in many zoological gardens of Europe and America.

In Egypt the ibis was regarded with great veneration by the ancients, who kept them in their temples, and embalmed them after their death; thousands of their remains are still found in the burial places amid the ruins of ancient Egypt. Various reasons have been given for this custom, some saying that the ibis destroyed the



BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT.

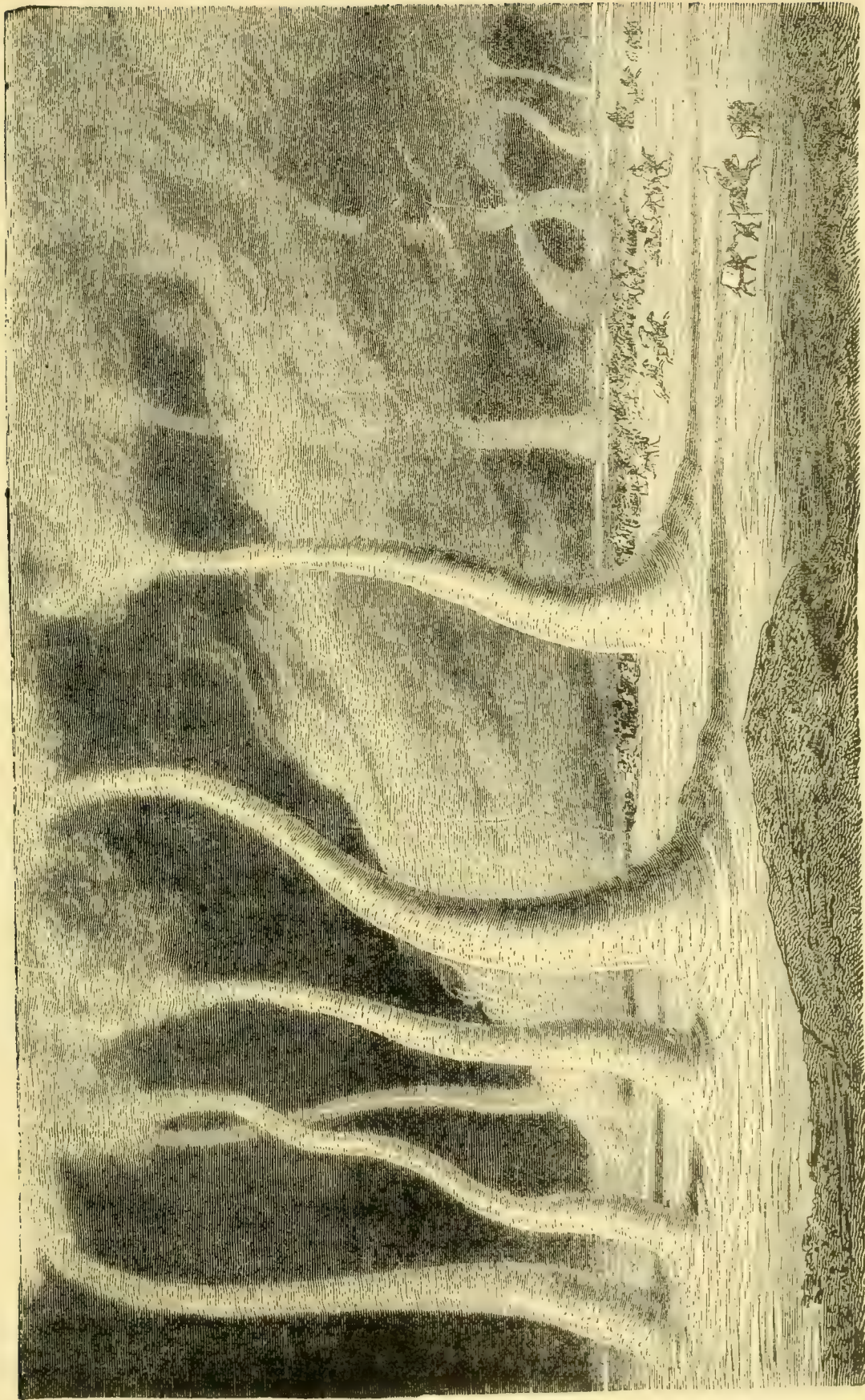
noxious serpents which were so numerous in that country; others that there was supposed to be some analogy between the plumage of the bird and one of the phases of the moon; while a third opinion is that the birds were regarded with favor, because, their annual migration into Egypt taking place at the period of the rising of the Nile, they were considered as the harbingers of that event.

A glowing description of tropical scenery finds a striking contrast of the account given of the African desert, and the perils which often overtake travelers who attempt to cross it.

TERRIFIC SAND STORMS.

The plain of Sahara is the great typical desert. Its name comes from an Arabic word, which means *the plain*. Not that the great desert is by any means an unbroken plain, or destitute of great variety in its physical characteristics. The true sandy desert occupies but a relatively small portion of the space marked upon our maps as the desert of Sahara; and even upon the surface of this "true" desert the distribution of sand is very unequal. The stratum of the sand in some parts is so thin that the underlying limestone is visible through it. The sandy region attains its greatest extent in the Libyan desert, and masses of sand still drift in from the Mediterranean, to settle down upon a bed which in a recent period was buried beneath the waves of the sea. These sand floods extend westward to Tripoli. Near that town the sandy stretches are varied by plantations of palm trees and fields of corn; true deserts of yellow sand, passing like a yellow ribbon from west to east, between fields of wheat and barley.

The western Mongolian desert contains plains of sand perfectly corresponding with those of the Sahara and the Arabian desert. Mounds of loose sand are blown together and scattered again by the wind: a mere breeze is enough to wipe out all trace of a long caravan crossing the waste. The sand is so extremely fine and light, that in sudden storms of wind trenches of thirty or forty feet deep are hollowed out, and swelling waves are raised like those of the Libyan desert, making the journey tedious and difficult to the camels as they cross the shifting plain.



COLUMNS OF DESERT SAND FORMED BY A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

It is true that large stretches of the plain of Sahara are covered by waves of sand, which were once sandy bars and dykes of the sea; but the whole desert is by no means the product of the ocean alone. Very much of the sand is of local origin, formed from the soil of the desert plain by the sudden changes of temperature and the action of the wind. There are many such centres of sand radiation, and the mechanically powdered fragments of rock are found in every phase of transition from crumbled stone to fine drift-sand. The ground above Khartoum, to the west of the Nile, consists partly of rose-colored granite, and the whole surface of the rifted slope of rock is bestrewn with fragments of different sizes.

DUST WHIRLWINDS.

Dust whirlwinds of considerable size are sometimes observed in the Russian steppes; but the best known phenomena of this kind are the high sand pillars of Sahara. Even in Australia these rotary dust pillars are met with, generally being seen upon shadowless plains. It is thought that these Australian whirlwinds are the channels which carry the heated air from the ground to the higher strata.

Instead of the rolling waves and cool breezes of the sea, this funeral region only gives out burning gusts, scorching blasts which seem to issue from the gates of hell; these are the simoon or poison-wind, as the word signifies in Arab. The camel-driver knows this formidable enemy, and so soon as he sees it looming in the horizon, he raises his hand to heaven, and implores Allah; the camels themselves seem terrified at its approach. A veil of reddish-black invades the gleaming sky, and very soon a terrible and burning wind rises, bearing clouds of fine impalpable sand, which severely irritates the eyes and throat.

The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travelers have no chance of safety except by making a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and covering their heads so as to protect themselves against this scourge. Entire caravans have sometimes perished in these sand-storms; it was one of them that buried the army of Cambyses when it was traversing the desert.

Camp, in his charming work on the Nile, describes in the following terms one of these desert tempests. It comes towards one, he says, growing, spreading, and advancing as if on wheels. Its overhanging summit is of a brick color, its base deep red and almost black. In proportion as it approaches it drives before it burning effluvia, like the breath of a lime-kiln. Before it reaches us we are covered with its shadow. The sound it makes is like that of a wind passing through a pine-forest. So soon as we are in the midst of this hurricane the camels halt, turn their backs, throw themselves down, and lay their heads upon the sand. After the cloud of dust comes a rain of imperceptible stones, violently hurled about by the wind, and which, if it lasted long, would quickly flay the skin from those parts of the body unprotected by the clothes. This lasted five or six minutes, and was frightful. Then the sky became clear again, and gave the same feeling of sudden change to the eye as a light suddenly brought into a dark place.

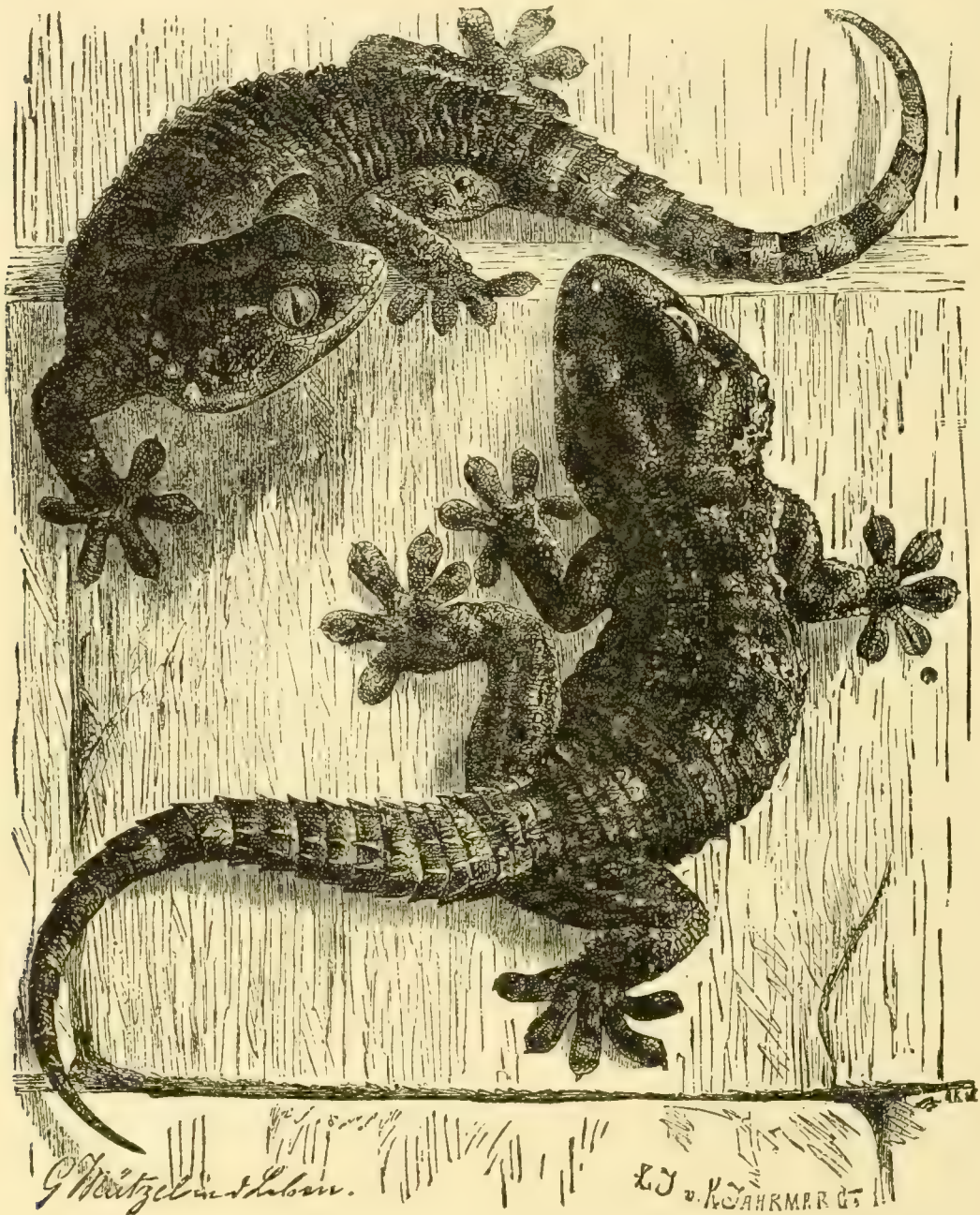
FUNNEL-SHAPED STORM PILLARS.

Whirlwinds are generally preceded by a sultry, oppressive air; sometimes by absolute calm; but the state of the wind never appears clearly connected with the phenomena. The storm pillars vary greatly in form, the sand columns being generally funnel-shaped, and the water-spouts like a pipe surrounded at the base by whirling vapors and foaming water. The height and diameter are also variable; some of the highest have been estimated at 6,000 feet. In many cases the damage caused by the water is of such a kind as to show that there has been an influx of air from every side toward the base of the column.

But hurricanes, cyclones, and all the rush and roar of the elements, are not more wonderful than the curious forms of animal and insect life abounding in the Dark Continent.

The reptile tribe is represented here by some of its most distinguished members. The monitor-lizard crawls along the river banks; the mountain-monitor frequents the desert; a beautiful turtle lives in the Nile. Along the furrows and trenches, nimble bright-colored lizards bask in the sun, and the slippery skink burrows in the wall

of almost every house. Along the walls of the houses dart and glide the nocturnal little gekkoes, the greedy but otherwise inoffensive "fathers of leprosy." Here and there upon the trees is seen the changeful play of color of the familiar chameleon, while other rep-



AFRICAN WALL-LIZARD.

tiles, often brightly-colored, and some of them more than a yard long, love the desert solitudes. Egypt was always famous as the land of snakes. It has about twenty varieties, poisonous and non-poisonous. As in the days of Moses, so in our own times, there are



GIGANTIC BEETLE.

a large number of snake charmers; the snakes which they use in their performances, especially the once sacred viper, urau snake, and the Egyptian spectacle snake, are always first deprived of their fangs. The snake most frequently depicted by the ancients is the very deadly and dangerous horned viper.

In the great insect world Africa has many forms which are known in other parts of the world. Day butterflies are scarce, while moths are more abundant. The beetles are not exactly numerous, but among them are some very fine specimens of brilliant beetles, sand beetles, and dermestes. The commonest are the blackbeetles, but the best known of all is the sacred scarabee beetle of Egypt, which is so frequently represented upon monuments and gems.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENE OF ANIMAL LIFE.

A characteristic scene of animal life, often to be observed both in Central and South Africa, are the manœuvres of a company of these droll little creatures busily employed rolling up manure into globes as large as a walnut, pushing and thrusting each other aside until the great business is completed, and then, with their heads bent down to the earth, rolling away the work of their feet to bury it in a convenient place. The beetle rolls up these balls to feed its young, and deposits its eggs in them. In the theological symbolism of the ancient Egyptians, these "pills" are compared to the substance of which the world was formed, and which was also represented as globular. The beetle itself is looked upon as the principle of light and creative force, which, in union with the sun, infuses into matter the germs of light and creation, as the beetle deposits its eggs in the ball. The deity Ptah (that is, the forming and impelling force) then gives to these germs their form, and creates the heavens and the earth.

The wasp tribe is also represented by many fine and large varieties. The bee is nearly akin to our own, and has often been introduced into other countries. Ants, locusts, and cockroaches are at times great pests. The common house-fly is nowhere more bold and importunate, and succeeds only too completely in rendering an otherwise pleasant life most disagreeable. The stinging gnat is just as

bad, and its unceasing hum is almost more calculated to drive a new-comer to despair than its painful burning sting.

At certain times its worm-like larvæ abound in all standing waters, swarm in the drinking water, which can only be drunk when strained through a cloth, or, as is the usual practice with the poorer classes, through the coat-sleeve held between the pitcher and the lips. Vermin are only too abundantly represented; fleas, bugs, and lice of every kind abound, besides scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and leeches, and those implacable tormentors of animals, horse-flies and gnats. The monotonous character of the whole country is perceptible throughout its flora and fauna, for in almost every class of the animal world the number of varieties is comparatively small.

CHAPTER XVII.

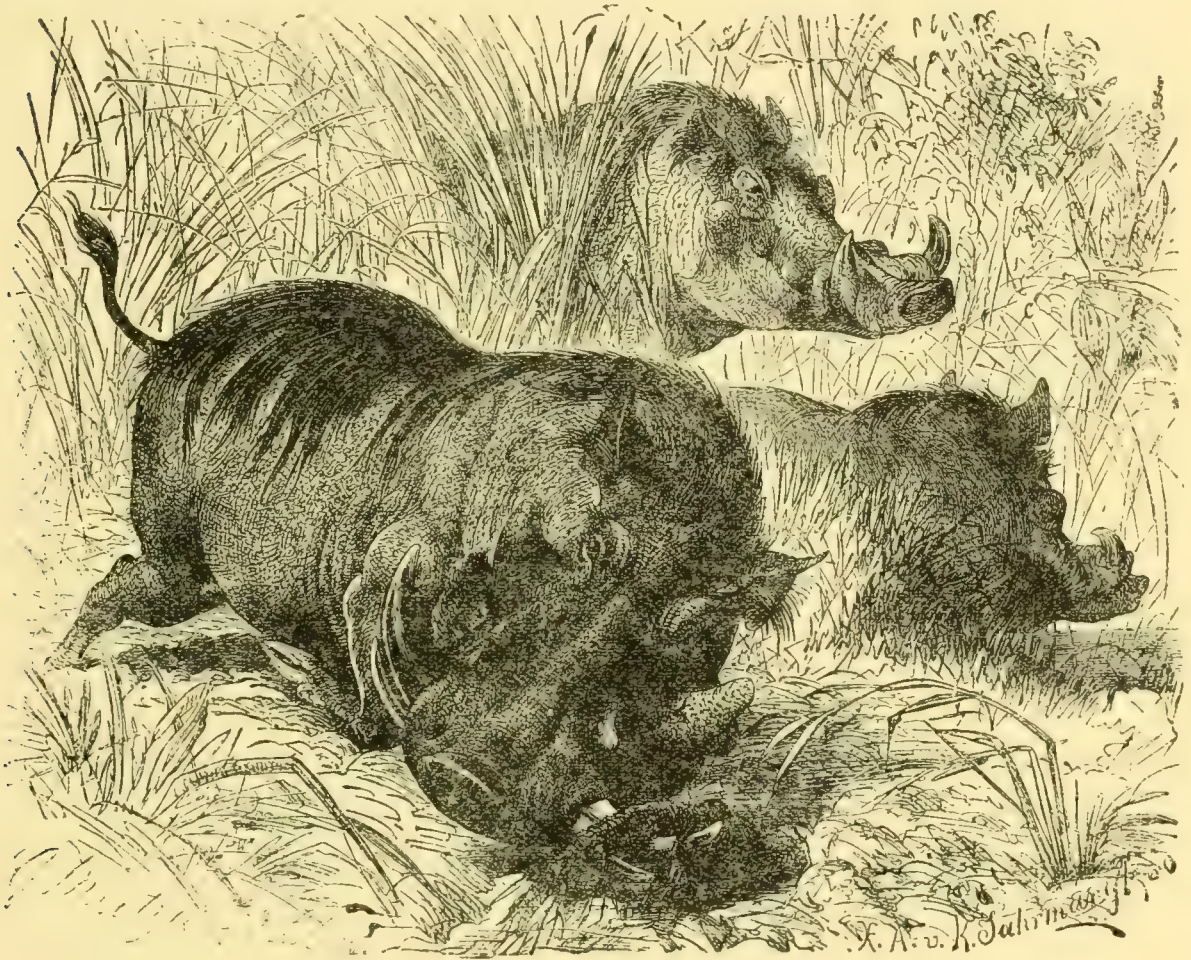
CONTINUED WORD PICTURES BY FAMOUS EXPLORERS—BRAMBLES AND DONKEYS—ELEGANT ANIMALS—SWIFT PUNISHMENT—FIVE MEN WOUNDED BY A LIONESS—THE FAMOUS GORILLA—A VERY HUMAN ANIMAL—INVETERATE THIEVES—QUICK RETREAT—ARMS LONGER THAN LEGS—FORMIDABLE FOE—MUST KILL OR BE KILLED—CUTTING DOWN THE TREE—A YOUNG ORANG.

WE now turn our attention to the country lying eastward toward the Red Sea. The path lies through a desert, which is not, however, wholly destitute of vegetation; where, after abundant rain, the valleys are transformed into verdant pasture lands. The vegetation is most abundant from February to April, but the almost tropical heat destroys one plant after another, leaving only the more deeply rooted growths for the summer months. The plateau-like western portion of the desert resembles, both in its appearance and vegetation, the Libyan desert, and is very poor in vegetable life. By far the most common plant of these regions is the desert bramble, a half-shrub, with flowers like its kindred plant, the radish; it is this plant especially which, when seen from afar, gives to the valley the appearance of green meadow-land.

The wise Egyptian donkey, notwithstanding the preference shown by his European kindred for thistles, is prudent enough to keep at a respectful distance from this plant, which the hard-mouthed dromedary can eat with great relish; chewing the prickly masses without losing one drop of blood; he even swallows with delight the thorns of the acacia. In many places a plant resembling broom grows freely; it is a long-branched, almost leafless bush, much liked by camels.

Shadowy groves of tamarisk, frequented by many birds and insects, often surprise us in the midst of the most barren solitudes; and wherever the soil has received any moisture, willows and rushes

refresh the eye of the traveler. Cassia ranks high among the list of medicinal plants found in the desert, and colocynth, with its creeping cucumber-like stems, filled with fruit resembling our apple, first green and then turning yellow, is found along all the outskirts of the valley. The natives have a wholesome awe of the drastic remedy, and scarcely ever touch the gourd fruit, while the Bedouins remove the inside pith and seeds, and fill it with milk, to take it next day as a remedy.



AFRICAN WART HOG.

The date palm, it is true, is seldom seen, and then only in a half-wild state; but the fig tree is found laden with fruits. The fruit of the caper tree tastes like an odd mixture of sugar and mustard; and the traveler is refreshed by the pleasant acid of the sorrel, the berries of the lycium, a thorny plant. The coast flora of the desert is very peculiar, and depends upon the salt vapors rising from the sea. The dense woods of the shore are famous in travel-

ers' descriptions; they stand out in the sea itself, and are only dry at a low tide. Ships are laden with its wood, which is used for fuel, and many camels live entirely on its great laurel-like leaves. The coast is covered in some places to great distances by saltpetre shrubs, and by many other saline plants.

The traveler who is forced to provide himself with food by his rifle in the chase devotes his attention chiefly to the wild oxen, wild pigs, and different kinds of antelopes which provide him with eatable food when there are no tame creatures, such as goats, sheep, fowl, and fish to be met with. The latter case, however, is seldom experienced, for domestic animals are sure to be found wherever there are Negro settlements.

MANY KINDS OF ANIMALS.

The wild ox is the same as the short-horned breed, also found in East Africa. The wild pig, which is also found, and frequently makes its appearance in herds, is known as the long-eared pig. Its color is dark yellowish red. The flesh is pleasant as food, and is liked also by Negroes. The wild pigs are generally caught by the help of spears and pits dug to ensnare them. These traps make certain parts of the woods rather dangerous to walk in, and the traveler has to submit blindly to his guides, who are taken from the adjoining neighborhood, and who know exactly where such traps are laid. In the east and the south, this "most beautiful of all possible pigs" is replaced by the bush pig, while the whole of Central Africa is the home of the clumsiest and ugliest of all known bristly animals, the wart-hog.

There are at least ten kinds of antelopes in the forests of Gaboon and the district of the Ogowe, from the elegant little dwarf antelope, which stands scarcely twenty inches high, to the white-striped antelope of Bango, which reaches the size of a fallow deer. Large herds of these animals, which are so frequently found in the open plateaus of Central Africa, are naturally unknown in the dense woods of the western part of the continent. From the exceptional character of the animals, their extreme shyness and speed, they are very hard to capture in the chase, and even the Negroes gen-



NATIVE CAPTURED BY A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD.

erally catch them only in pits. Indeed, a successful hunt, with a large amount of booty, is a very rare occurrence. Although the woods are filled with game, the traveler seldom comes across them, and it is a mistaken notion to imagine that one has but to enter the high woods of the Tropics, and fire away right and left, in order to bring home an abundance of food.

Of the larger beasts of prey, the leopard is represented; it is met with all along the west coast, and is erroneously termed a tiger. It is very abundant in certain districts, and particularly dangerous to the herds of goats and flocks of sheep belonging to the factors and the Negroes; indeed, it sometimes attacks men. When our traveler was spending a few days in a village of Banschaka, it happened that a woman who went late at night to a well about half a mile from the huts did not return, and on the following day evident traces of the disaster were discovered. It was, as usual, firmly believed among all the Negroes of the west coast, that the event was not in the natural order of things, but that some one in the village, transformed into a leopard, had devoured the woman.

SWIFT PUNISHMENT.

The family of the unhappy woman went to the priest and magician of the place, who soon discovered the culprit, and sentenced him to eat the poisonous bark of a tree, which paralyzes the action of the heart, and occasions certain death if it is not speedily expelled from the system.

It may be readily imagined that accidents frequently occur in the great African hunts, as it is quite impossible to speculate upon the species of animals that may be driven into the net. One day a native was suddenly attacked and was killed by a leopard within a mile of my station. The grass had been fired, and the animals instinctively knew that they were pursued.

The man went to drink at a stream close to some high bushes, when a leopard pounced upon him without the slightest warning. A native who was close to the spot rushed up to the rescue, and threw his spear with such dexterity that he struck the leopard through the neck while it had the man in its mouth, killing it upon

the spot. The man was immediately brought to me, but the lungs were lacerated, and he died during the night.

On another occasion five men were wounded (two fatally) by a lioness which fought so gallantly that she at length escaped from her assailants with two spears in her body. I was not present on that occasion, but I have frequently admired the pluck of the natives, who attack every animal with the simple hunting-spear, which, of course, necessitates close approach.

NEGROES EAT ALMOST ALL KINDS OF FLESH.

The Negroes eat everything in the shape of flesh, except the feline beasts of prey. Some of the smaller kinds of felines are as dangerous to poultry as are the large species of falcons and eagles. With respect to several kinds of flesh which are considered by us to be uneatable, we may say that different kinds of monkeys, porcupines, large rats, crocodiles, and other creatures, are used for food. It is very singular that the Negroes do not understand the milking of their domestic animals, and were above measure astonished when the explorers' servants milked the goats, and gave the milk to their master; and the Negroes often surrounded him in crowds to see him eat hens' eggs, a diet quite new to them, although they ate numbers of the large round eggs of the turtle and the still larger crocodile eggs.

Mosquitoes abound everywhere, and next to them ranks an insect which has only been known in Africa during the last ten years—the sand flea, which is said to have been brought by the crew of a Brazilian ship who were suffering from them. They multiplied with incredible rapidity. The animalculæ enter the skin beneath the toe-nails, where they lay a bag of eggs as large as a pea; and the difficulty is to remove this bag without breaking it. If this is done, the wound soon heals; but if not, painful sores are the result, and the process of healing is very slow. Another interesting insect is the giant beetle, Goliath, an insect measuring nearly four inches. This black velvety beetle, marked with white on its upper side, is at home throughout all Africa; and, with its kindred types, forms one of the principal treasures of our collections, being so



THE WORLD-RENOUNDED GORILLA.

much in request that twenty-five dollars is paid for a fine specimen. The most interesting animals of these countries are beyond all doubt the gorilla and the chimpanzee. The gorilla is the largest of the man-like apes, an animal rather shorter, but considerably more broad-shouldered than a strong man. Although the gorilla was mentioned more than 2,000 years ago, by Hanno, the commander of a Carthaginian fleet, it is even now very imperfectly known. If the statements respecting the strength and savageness of the gorilla are only half true, there is little prospect of ever being able to bring over full-grown specimens to America; and the young gorilla presented to the zoological garden of Berlin unfortunately fell a victim to the foreign climate. Even the skin and skeleton, as well as the remains of the gorilla, preserved in spirits, are ranked among the greatest treasures of our Natural History Museums.

THE FAMOUS CHIMPANZEE.

The second representative of the African man-like apes is comparatively frequent, and is well-known under the name of the chimpanzee, though few full-grown specimens have been brought to this continent; it is much smaller, slenderer, and more elegantly built than the gorilla, and often measures sixty inches in length. While the gorilla frequents the densest woods, and is only found in the lands near the coast, the chimpanzee inhabits the whole of the West African sub-division, and seems to prefer being near the open clearings of the forests; both kinds of ape feed principally on fruits, nuts, and the young shoots of trees, perhaps also on roots.

As to the mental qualities of the chimpanzee in captivity, much has been written, and it is agreed that the animal may be ranked among the most highly gifted of its race. It not only learns to know its master, to love its friends, and avoid its enemies; it is not only inquisitive, but actually desirous of knowledge. Any object which has once excited its attention increases in value as soon as it has learned how to use it; the chimpanzee is cunning, self-willed, but not stubborn, desiring what is good for itself, betraying humor and caprices; one day cheerful and excited, another depressed and sullen.



APES AMONG THE TREES.

When ill, it is patient under the surgeon's knife; and, according to Brehm, if not entirely human, has a great deal of the human within it. It cannot therefore excite our surprise that the natives of West Africa are of opinion that the chimpanzees were once men, who, on account of their bad qualities, have been thrust out from human companionship; and still persisting in yielding to their evil



THE CHIMPANZEE.

impulses, have gradually sunk to their present degraded condition. Less is known of the chimpanzee in a state of freedom; like the gorilla, it does not live in troops, as do other monkeys, but in pairs, or even alone; it is only occasionally that the young are seen to assemble in larger bands. The chase is difficult. From twenty to thirty skilled hunters are required for the pursuit. To them is entrusted the difficult commission of climbing up the trees for more

than eighty feet, trying to outdo the chimpanzee in speed, and to capture it in the nets, after which it is easily despatched by lances.

When thus brought to bay, the apes defend themselves with savage fury, sometimes snatching the spears from the hunter's hand, and striking out wildly right and left; and even more dangerous than this method of defense is the grip of their pointed teeth, and the amazing muscular power of their nervous arms. Here, as in the woods on the western coast, legends are current of their carrying off human beings, and of the curious nest which it is said they build of leafy branches in the crest of the forest trees.

SMALL APES VERY NUMEROUS.

We must not omit to mention the smaller kinds of apes; for, although they are very numerous in all the primeval woods of the tropical belt of Africa, they are principally found along the west coast and near the Upper Nile. The name sea-cats, by which they are sometimes known, was given centuries ago to these merest and prettiest specimens of the monkey tribe, because they were brought over the sea to Europe, and because something in their shape resembles the cat. The favorites of the children, the nimble, quarrelsome, amusing inhabitants of our menageries and zoological gardens, which sometimes win from the grave man of science a smile, belong to this category. The greyish green monkey, the slate-colored, white-bearded Diana, the ill-tempered black monkey, the reddish huzzar monkey, and numerous other kinds, are included in this family.

It is a real pleasure to meet with a band of these monkeys in the forest; it is a wild chaos of busy life, crying and fighting, quarrelling and reconciliation, climbing, running, pilfering and plundering, grimacing and contortion. They recognize no leader of their commonwealth, except the strongest of their race; they acknowledge no law but that enforced by the sharp teeth and strong hands of their chief; they consider that no danger can exist from which he is not able to set them free, they adapt themselves to every position, have no fear of drought or famine, and spend their lives in perpetual activity and merriment. Their chief characteristic is the

combination of most amusing earnestness with boundless frivolity, which accompanies the beginning and end of all their pursuits.

No tree crest is too high, no treasure too safely hidden, no property too respected, for their attacks. It is therefore not astonishing that the natives of East Soudan only speak of them with unutterable contempt and anger. "Only think, sir, the clearest



CHIMPANZEES IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS.

proof of the godless nature of monkeys may be seen in their never bowing before the word of God's ambassadors: all other creatures honor and revere the prophet; Allah's peace be upon him! The monkeys despise him. The man who writes an amulet, and hangs it up in his field to keep off the hippopotamus, the elephant, and the monkeys from devouring his fruit and injuring his property, always finds that the elephant alone pays any heed to the warning signal;

that is because he is a righteous beast, while the ape has been transformed by the wrath of Allah into an abomination to all men; a child of the unrighteous one, just as the hippopotamus is the forbidding image of the loathsome sorcerer."

But for the impartial spectator it is an attractive and interesting spectacle to watch a band of monkeys setting off upon their predatory expeditions. The audacity they displayed used to delight me as much as it enraged the natives. Under the leadership of the old veteran father of the tribe they approach the corn fields, the females carrying their young before them, instead of on their backs; the young ones, to make themselves perfectly secure, twist their short tails round the tail of their lady mother. At first they approached with great circumspection, traveling generally from one tree top to another.

A VENERABLE SIMIAN LEADER.

The old leader goes first, the others following exactly in his steps, not only seizing the same trees, but the same portion of the same branch. From time to time the leader climbs the highest tree, and surveys the country with careful glances; if his examination is satisfactory, the good news is announced to his followers by a low gurgling sound; if not, the usual warning is given. When close to the field, the band descends the tree, and hastens in vigorous leaps towards its paradise, and then the work begins with indescribable rapidity. First of all they lay in a stock. Quickly are the clusters of maize and ears of durrah torn down and stuffed into the mouth, until the cheeks are distended to the uttermost, and not until these storehouses are full do the marauders allow themselves any relaxation. They then begin to be more particular and dainty in the choice of their food. All the ears and clusters are carefully sniffed and examined after being broken off; and if, as is often the case, they do not come up to the required standard, they are at once thrown away. It may be safely said that of nine clusters which are gathered, only one is eaten; and generally the epicures only take a grain or two out of each ear, and then throw the rest away.

All the members of the band place implicit confidence in the

care and prudence of their leader. The latter often rouses himself from the most dainty morsel to attend to his duties, standing upright on his hind legs, and looking keenly round. After each survey he announces the result either by the gurgling sound, which indicates that he has seen nothing disquieting, or by the peculiar inimitable quivering cry of warning. When that sound is heard, his followers are gathered together in a moment, the mothers call their young ones, and all are at once ready for flight. The retreat is accomplished without the slightest sign of terror or cowardice.

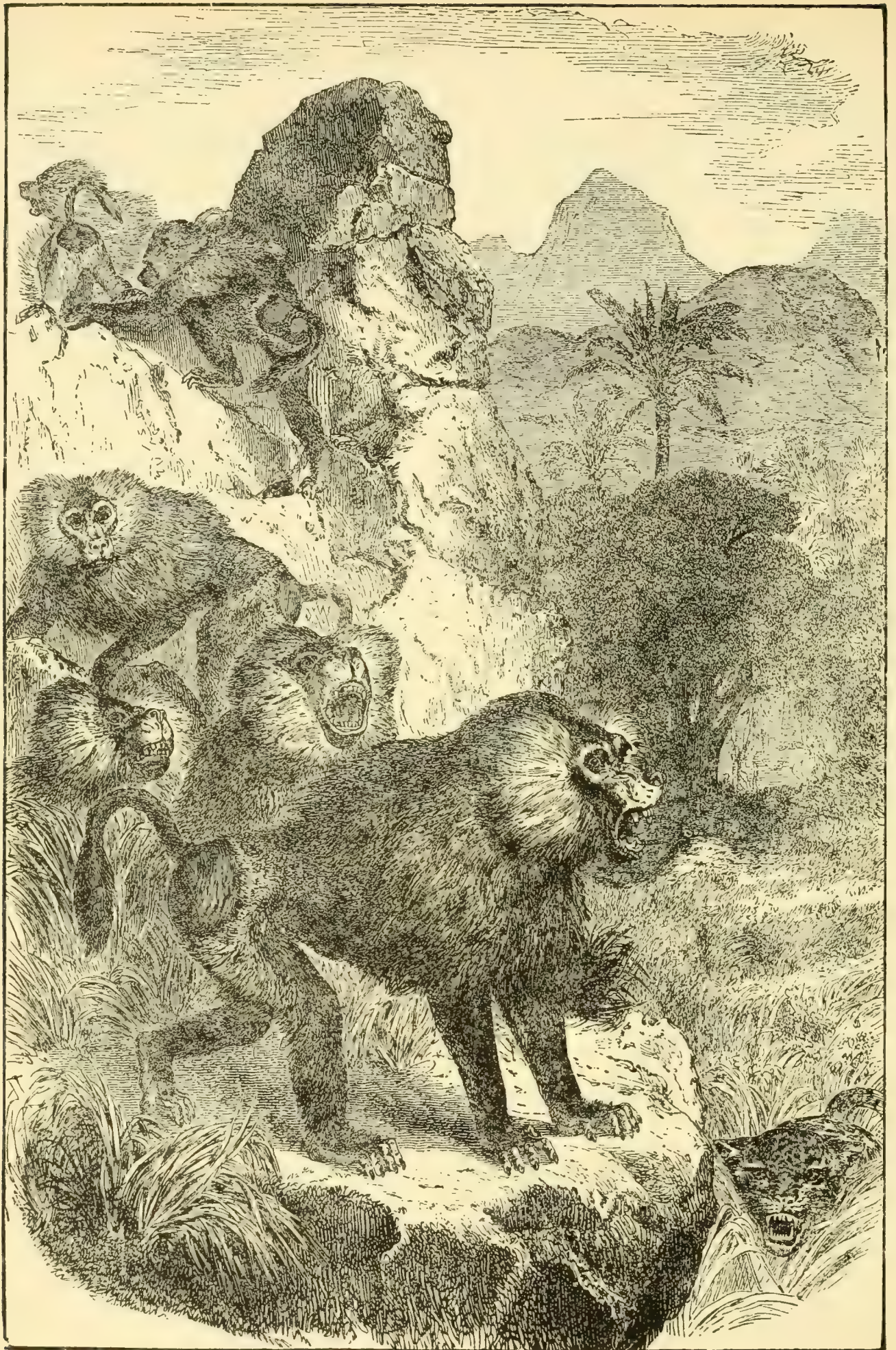
NARRATIVE OF A TROPICAL TRAVELLER.

The gorilla and monkey tribes appear to be closely allied to the orang-outang, found in some of the tropical islands. We here quote from the interesting narrative of a tropical traveler, who captured several orangs.

This monkey is found in Borneo, and thither Thursday (Thursday was a native)—now grown more civilized and more indispensable—and I turned our faces. We took passage on a craft going out with Chinese laborers, and a hard voyage we had of it, with head winds and a heavy sea. But at last, ten days late, we arrived at Saraouak, and immediately inquired of the native hunters where we could best find the game for which we were in search. They advised the Sadong River, running to the east from Saraouak, and bordered its entire length with dense forests. I hired a Dyak porter to carry our provisions, and we set out. Two days later we were floating on the river, and my ardent desire was about to be gratified.

Orang-outang is a word meaning in Borneo, "Man-of-the-Forest," and is applied to what is now a species of small stature, rarely five feet high, but of stalwart build, the body being often in circumference two-thirds of the height. His arms are a quarter longer than his legs, so that when traveling on all fours his attitude is half upright; but he never really stands on his legs like a man, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. When young his color is tawny, but he grows black with years.

The orangs live in couples in the most secluded parts of the forest, and are never active, like the chimpanzees, but sit all day



with their legs round a branch, their heads forward in the most uncomfortable attitude, occasionally uttering mournful sounds. When pursued they climb slowly up a tree, and at night sleep in the huts built to cover their young, of which they are very careful, and whose wants they supply with almost human tenderness and devotion. When taken young they are susceptible of taming and domesticating, like the chimpanzee, but as they grow older they become cross and violent, and, curiously enough, the forehead—prominent in the adult—becomes retreating in later years.

FORMIDABLE FOE.

After waiting some days without seeing any oranges, my native guide advised our going away from the river, deeper into the unbroken forest, and this we did, a two days' march. One morning, just as I had killed and was examining a queer wild pig, I heard a rustling in the leaves over my head, and looking up, was paralyzed with surprise to see, some twenty-five or thirty feet above me, an enormous orang-outang quietly seated on a tamarind branch, watching me and grinding his teeth. My porter was making me elaborate signals of distress which Thursday translated into advice to shoot the beast, who was old and fully grown, with my explosive-ball rifle.

"He says he is an evil one," added Thursday, "and that the old oranges are very dangerous and will attack a man at sight."

"All right," I replied. "If he offers to attack us, I will stop him promptly with a bullet."

It is true that one of my most ardent desires was to obtain a skeleton of a fully-developed orang-outang, but I decided to postpone the gratification of it until I should have watched the animal's movements in a state of absolute freedom. I told my men to clap their hands and shout, to scare him, but all he did was to sit and grind his teeth; and I was almost persuaded to try my Dyak's advice, when the orang-outang coolly grasped a branch hanging near, and swung himself slowly from tree to tree without any apparent effort, about as fast as we could walk beneath. We followed him until the dense undergrowth made the path impracticable. An athlete would have performed this trapeze act with, perhaps, more grace, but

nothing could surpass the indolent ease with which he left us behind.

This was my first interview with this peculiar animal; and the superstitious Dyak assured Thursday, relating numerous parallel cases, that as I had not killed the orang, the orang would certainly kill me. He said he had known a great many travelers who had been attacked by them and killed, and that I would soon join their number, although he confessed that he had never himself been present at such a misfortune.

One morning, as I was returning from a long walk through the woods in search of insects, one of my boys came running toward me, shouting with excitement, "Quick, take your gun! a large orang, a large orang!"

MUST KILL OR BE KILLED.

He had only breath enough left to tell me the animal was up the path toward the Chinaman's camp, and I hurried in that direction followed by two Dyaks. One barrel of my gun was loaded with ball, and I sent Charley—the boy—back to camp for more ammunition, in case I should find the game had kindly waited for me. We walked carefully, making almost no noise, stopping every now and then to look round ourselves, until Charley rejoined us at the spot where he had seen the orang, and I put a ball in the other barrel and waited, sure that we were near the game. In a moment or two I heard a heavy body moving from tree to tree, but the foliage was so thick we could see nothing.

Finally, fearing I might lose him entirely, I fired at random into a tree in which we thought he must be. For so large an animal he moved with remarkable swiftness and silence, but I felt sure, if we could follow his general course, we should eventually catch sight of him in some more open bit of forest. And so it proved.

Just at the spot where he had first been seen by Charley, and to which we had now got back, his tawny side and black head appeared for an instant; I saw him cross the path, dragging one leg as if it had been broken. At any rate, he could not use it, and he took refuge between two branches of a lofty tulip-tree, sheltered



ORANG OUTANG CAPTURED.

from sight by the thick growth of glossy leaves. I was afraid he would die up there, and I should never get him or his skeleton. It was no use trying to get the Dyaks to climb the tree and cut the branch from under him; they were afraid, and said so. We tried to dislodge him with all sorts of missiles, but in vain. Finally we started to cut down the tree; but when the trunk was severed the tree only leaned over, and was held in that position by innumerable tough vines running to a dozen neighboring trees. It would take us all night to cut them all down; still, we began the work, which almost immediately gave the tree such a shaking that down came the gigantic orang with a tremendous thud. When we came to measure him, we found him a giant indeed, stretching from hand to hand over six feet. When he fell the Chinamen lashed him to a litter and carried him into camp, where it took Charley and myself all day to clean his skin and boil the flesh from his skeleton. From this and many similar experiences I have become convinced that, in spite of stories to the contrary, the orang-outang never attacks man. His policy is always flight, and to my own testimony is added that of all the Chinese wood-cutters whom I met in Borneo; and the island is full of them.

A YOUNG ORANG.

Soon after this a young orang fell into my hands, and I determined to rear him if I could. I started the Dyak off in search of a goat, and told him not to return until he found one. Meanwhile I mixed sugar, bread and water together, and, although at first he declined it energetically, he soon sucked it from my finger with a decided gusto. It proved, however, too strong food for so young a stomach, and I was just beginning to think he would die on my hands, when the Dyak, followed by a Chinaman and a goat, came into camp. The Chinaman was sharp at trading; but finally, after pretending that I cared nothing whatever about his goat, and after long haggling on his part, starting at one hundred rupees (twelve dollars and fifty cents) and coming down to five, the goat became mine, and the little orang-outang obtained a step-mother that soon rivalled its own mother in tenderness. She nursed it and caressed

it exactly as if it had been her own, and a very pretty sight it was. He soon grew large enough to travel on his own sturdy legs, at any sudden alarm running quickly back to his nurse and clinging to her with his sinewy fingers.

When he strayed away out of her sight in the woods, it was really pathetic to hear her bleatings and his answering cries. He had gradually come to know me, and he treated us all with the greatest gentleness. When he was three months old I began to give him bananas, of which he was very fond, and he afterward became accustomed to other fruits; but nothing ever pleased him like the goat's milk.

He learned very quickly, and at five months knew all objects in my tent by name, bringing to me anything I called for, which was certainly more than many children of two or even three years could have done. But with the latter, development progresses with giant strides after that age, while with an orang it ceases. What an animal is at one year of age he always remains.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STANLEY'S ABSORBING INTEREST IN LIVINGSTONE'S EXPLORATIONS—HIS RESOLVE TO FIND A PATH FROM SEA TO SEA—DESCRIPTION OF THE CONGO REGION—ONCE THE MOST FAMOUS KINGDOM OF AFRICA—A KING GLORIOUS IN TRINKETS—PEOPLE PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THEIR MONARCH—THE WHIMS OF A DESPOT—TAXES LEVIED ON FURNITURE—KILLING HUSBANDS TO GET THEIR WIVES—STRANGE AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS—A NATION FAMOUS AS ELEPHANT HUNTERS AND MEN STEALERS.

HENRY M. STANLEY thought, and the world thought so too, that his mission was to complete, as far as possible, the marvellous discoveries which Livingstone had attempted to make. The young hero never dreamed, however, that the path he blazed out would, in part, be traversed by an Ex-President of the United States. Stanley having been once in the wilds of Africa, and having learned by actual observation the great fertility of the soil, the channels of commerce which might be opened, the importance of bringing the country into close relations with other parts of the world, the moral needs of the savage races whose history has been lost in oblivion and whose future it is impossible as yet to determine, thought he would discover, if possible, the sources of the Nile, open new avenues in a land almost unknown, and, having found Livingstone, the lost explorer, he resolved to find a path from sea to sea.

In this marvellous undertaking we are now to trace him. He is the same strong, heroic soul that he was on his first expedition; the same enterprising man, possessed of the same iron will, the same abounding energy and perseverance, the same tact in dealing with hostile tribes, and the same unswerving resolution to accomplish his object at any cost.

Before we begin his journey, it will be interesting to the reader to have some account of the Congo region through which Stanley

passed, and also a description of the Congoese, the people dwelling in that part of Africa.

At one time there was no more famous kingdom in all Africa than that of Congo. It was established on even a grander scale than the modern Ashanti or Dahomey, which have sprung up within the last 200 years, during which the empire of Congo has been broken up into many petty chieftaincies. The writings of the old Jesuit and Capuchin Fathers teem with tales of its grandeur.

When the king was elected he came out of the palace, glorious in trinkets, to give the benediction to his people, assembled from far and near in the palace square, for this important event. The priests and nobles arranged themselves around him. The king exhorted the people to be faithful and obedient, and, after the manner of monarchs generally, assured his subjects of his profound consideration. "He rises, and all the people prostrate themselves before him. He stretches his hands over them, and makes gestures with his fingers without uttering a word." Shouts of joy, followed by firing of muskets and a "jubilee of banquets," close this initiatory event of the Congo monarch's reign.

WHIMS OF A TYRANT.

The king was a despot, secretly controlled by his ministers. His civil list consisted of tribute paid him by the sub-chiefs or vassal-lords, who in their turn ground it out of the people. When he found it necessary to levy a special tax, he would go out of the palace with his cap loosely placed on his head. When the wind blew it off, he would rush into the house as if in a great passion, and immediately order the levy of goats, fowls, slaves, and palm-wine. The Negro is a systematic creature in some things; he does nothing without a reason, and the Congoese monarch, therefore, considered that he had justified his acts in the eyes of his subjects by his dignity being offended owing to his cap blowing off.

One of the taxes was levied on beds—a slave for every span's breadth being the rate at which the impost was made. This tax was devoted to the support of the king's concubines, and as a broad bed entailed considerable expense on its owner, the possession of

this piece of chamber furniture was in Congo looked upon as the sign of wealth. Writers describe the Muata-Yanvo—another



EXPEDITION CROSSING A RIVER.

powerful West African monarch, very little known to literature—as wearing a bracelet of human sinews on his left wrist, to

denote his royal rank. His empire is as large as all Germany, and about three hundred chiefs owe him allegiance, though his subjects do not number more than two millions, and his despotism is shared and tempered by a queen.

When the king desired a fresh companion, a married woman was selected, her husband and the lovers whom she confessed to (for it seems they all had them, married or single) being put to death. These little preliminaries being completed, she entered the royal seraglio, where much more liberty than would be granted in Mohammedan kingdoms was allowed to her. On the king's death all his wives were buried with him.

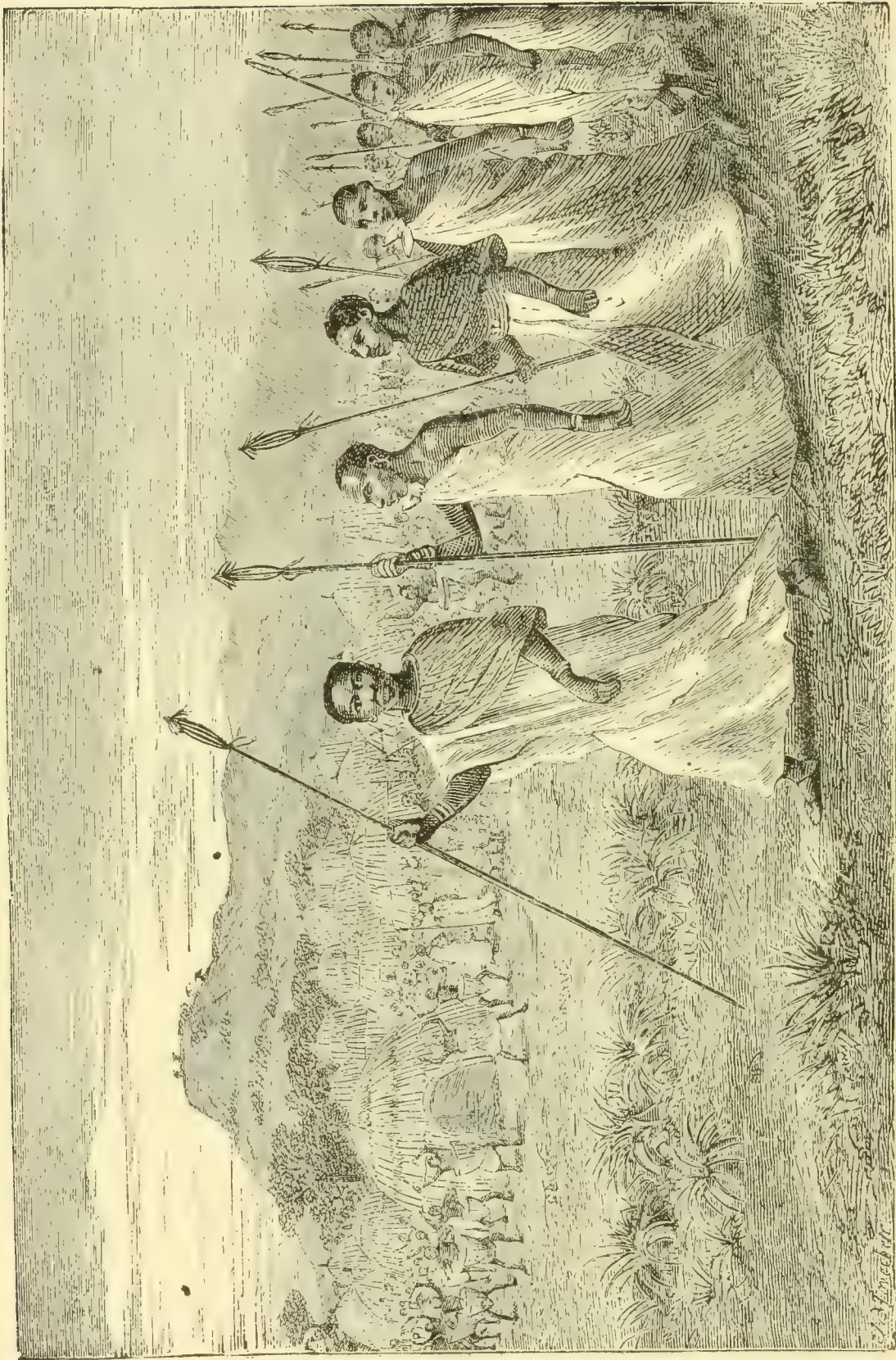
PECULIARITIES OF SAVAGE ROYALTY.

No man dare see the king eat or drink. All this must be done in privacy. If a dog even entered the house while the august sovereign was at food it was killed; and a case is recorded by English authorities in which the king ordered the execution of his own son, who had accidentally seen him drink palm-wine.

The large army supported by the Congoese monarch was officered by their own chiefs, and apparently fought under a kind of feudal system.

As in most parts of Africa, the old Congo kings, before the decay of the slave trade ruined them, monopolized, as far as they could, the commerce of the country. This is still the fashion of the Muata-Yanvo of the Kanoko Empire, east of the Congo country. When traders arrive at the capital, their goods are deposited in the capital until the king's messengers, who are sent into the neighboring countries, can collect the slaves and ivory he is willing to give in exchange.

No stranger is allowed to proceed into these interior regions, the inhabitants of which are described as cannibals, or as dwarfs. When Dr. Buchner was at the Muato-Yanvo's in 1879 he was threatened by the Kioko, a nation famous as smiths, elephant hunters, and man stealers, who are gradually spreading from the Upper Quango to the northward, and from the latest accounts are endangering the very existence of this secluded empire.



AFRICAN KING AND HIS GREAT CHIEFS.

The civil judges sat under trees, each having a large staff in his hand as an insignium of office. Incorruptible they were not, but still no one ever appealed against their decisions, and it is said never even complained of their injustice; but this is not in human nature, and must only mean that no one was ever heard to do so in public, and that for very special private reasons of his own.

As in more civilized nations, war is the great parent of taxation, the king being obliged to maintain a large standing army, and to keep it in good humor by constant largesses, for a large standing army is much like fire—a useful servant, but a terrible master.

The army is divided into regiments, each acting under the immediate command of the chief in whose district they live, and they are armed, in a most miscellaneous fashion, with any weapons they can procure. In these times the trade guns are the most valued weapons, but the native swords, bows and arrows, spears, and knives, still form the staple of their equipment. As to uniform, they have no idea of it, and do not even distinguish the men of the different regiments, as do the Kaffirs of Southern Africa.

THE RELIGION OF THE CONGO NEGRO.

The ancient religion of the Congo Negro is simply polytheism, which they have suffered to degenerate into fetishism. There is one monotheistic sect, but they have gained very little by their religion, which is in fact merely a negation of many deities, without the least understanding of the one whom they profess to worship—a deity to whom they attribute the worst vices that can degrade human nature.

The fetish men or priests are as important here as the marabouts among the Mandingoes, and the chief of them, who goes by the name of Chitome, is scarcely less honored than the king, who finds himself obliged to seek the favor of this spiritual potentate, while the common people look on him as scarcely less than a god. He is maintained by a sort of tithe, consisting of the first-fruits of the harvest, which are brought to him with great ceremony, and are offered with solemn chants. The Congo men fully believe that

if they were to omit the first-fruits of one year's harvest, the next year would be an unproductive one.

A sacred fire burns continually in his house, and the embers, which are supposed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues, are sold by him at a high price, so that even his fire is a constant source



GREAT HERON OF AFRICA.

of income to him. He has the entire regulation of the minor priests, and every now and then makes a progress among them to settle the disputes which continually spring up.

As soon as he leaves his house, the husbands and wives throughout the kingdom are obliged to separate under pain of death. In

case of disobedience, the man only is punished, and cases have been known where wives who disliked their husbands have accused them of breaking this strange law, and have thereby gained a double advantage, freed themselves from a man whom they did not like, and established a religious reputation on easy terms.

In fact, the Chitome has things entirely his own way, with one exception. He is so holy that he cannot die a natural death, for if he did so the universe would immediately be dissolved. Consequently, as soon as he is seized with a dangerous illness, the Chitome elect calls at his house, and saves the universe by knocking out his brains with a club, or strangling him with a cord if he should prefer it. That his own death must be of a similar character has no effect upon the new Chitome, who, true to the Negro character, thinks only of the present time, and, so far as being anxious about the evils that will happen at some future time, does not trouble himself even about the next day.

PRIESTS AS RAIN-MAKERS.

Next to the Chitome comes the Nghombo, a priest who is distinguished by his peculiar gait. His dignity would be impaired by walking like ordinary mortals, or even like the inferior priests, and so he always walks on his hands with his feet in the air, thereby striking awe into the laity. Some of the priests are rain-makers, who perform the duties of their office by building little mounds of earth and making fetish over them. From the centre of each charmed mound rises a strange insect, which mounts into the sky, and brings as much rain as the people have paid for. These priests are regularly instituted, but there are some who are born to the office, such as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and albinos, all of whom are highly honored as specially favored individuals, consecrated to the priesthood by Nature herself.

The priests have, as usual, a system of ordeal, the commonest mode being the drinking of the poison cup, and the rarest the test of the red-hot iron, which is applied to the skin of the accused, and burns him if he be guilty. There is no doubt that the magicians are acquainted with some preparation which renders the skin proof

against a brief application of hot iron, and that they previously apply it to an accused person who will pay for it.

The Chitome has the privilege of conducting the coronation of a king. The new ruler proceeds to the house of the Chitome, attended by a host of his future subjects, who utter piercing yells as he goes. Having reached the sacred house, he kneels before the door, and asks the Chitome to be gracious to him. The Chitome growls out a flat refusal from within. The king renews his supplications, in spite of repeated rebuffs, enumerating all the presents which he has brought to the Chitome—which presents, by the way,



A HAPPY NATIVE.

are easily made, as he will extort an equal amount from his subjects as soon as he is fairly installed.

At last, the door of the hut opens, and out comes the Chitome in his white robe of office, his head covered with feathers, and a shining mirror on his breast. The king lies prostrate before the house, while the Chitome pours water on him, scatters dust over him, and sets his feet on him. He then lies flat on the prostrate monarch, and in that position receives from him a promise to respect his authority ever afterward. The king is then proclaimed, and retires to wash and change his clothes.

Presently he comes out of the palace, attended by his priests and nobles, and gorgeous in all the bravery of his new rank, his whole person covered with glittering ornaments of metal, glass,

and stone, so that the eye can scarcely bear the rays that flash on every side as he moves in the sunbeams. He then seats himself, and makes a speech to the people. When it is finished, he rises, while all the people crouch to the ground, stretches his hands over them, and makes certain prescribed gestures, which are considered as the royal benediction. A long series of banquets and revelry ends the proceedings.

At the present day, the Congo king and great men disfigure themselves with European clothing, such as silk jackets, velvet shoes, damask coats, and broad-brimmed hats. But, in the former times, they dressed becomingly in native attire. A simple tunic made of very fine grass cloth, and leaving the right arm bare, covered the upper part of the body, while a sort of petticoat, made of similar material, but dyed black, was tied round the waist, and an apron, or "sporrán," of leopard skin, was fastened to the girdle and hung in front. On their heads they wore a sort of hood, and sometimes preferred a square red and yellow cap. Sandals made of the palm tree were the peculiar privilege of the king and nobles, the common people being obliged to go bare-footed.

WIVES WHO RECEIVE VIGOROUS ATTENTION.

The wives in Congo are tolerably well off, except that they are severely beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide whip. The women do not resent this treatment, and indeed, unless a woman is soundly flogged occasionally, she thinks that her husband is neglecting her, and feels offended accordingly. The king has the power of taking any woman for his wife, whether married or not, and, when she goes to the royal harem, her husband is judiciously executed.

The people of Congo are—probably on account of the enervating climate—a very indolent and lethargic race, the women being made to do all the work, while the men lie in the shade and smoke their pipes and drink their palm-wine, which they make remarkably well, though not so well as the Bube tribe of Fernando Po. Their houses are merely huts of the simplest description; a few posts with a roof over them, and twigs woven between them in wicker-work

fashion of walls, are all that a Congo man cares for in a house. His clothing is as simple as his lodging, a piece of native cloth, tied round his middle being all that he cares for; so that the ample clothes and handsome furs worn by the king must have had a very strong effect on the almost naked populace.

The Jagas are a race now settled in Cassange country, into which they seem originally to have entered as marauders or conquerers. In the early state of the kingdom they were ruled by Tembandumba—a queen whose excesses, if not exaggerated in the narrative, seem demoniacal in their extent. She soon, by her exploits in war, made herself feared and respected by enemies and subjects; but so terrible were her cruelties and tyranny, that only the awe in which she was held prevented her subjects rebelling. She had a host of lovers, all of whom, one after the other, she killed with the most cruel tortures as soon as she had tired of them. Breaking loose from all her relatives—who had ventured to remonstrate with her—she founded a constitution which only a woman, and one willing to proceed to those extremes of which the sex is capable, could have imagined.

HORRIBLE PRACTICES.

“She would turn,” writes Mr. Winwood Reade, “the world into a wilderness; she would kill all living animals; she would burn all forests, grass, and vegetable food. The sustenance of her subjects should be the flesh of man; his blood should be their drink. She commanded all male children, all twins, and all infants whose upper teeth appeared before their lower ones, should be killed by their own mothers. From their bodies an ointment should be made, in the way she would show. The female children should be reared, and instructed in war; and male prisoners, before being killed and eaten, should be used for the purpose of procreation.

“Having concluded her harrangue, with the publication of other laws of minor importance, this young woman seized her child, which was feeding at her breast, flung him into a mortar, and pounded him to a pulp. She flung this into a large earthen pot, adding roots, leaves, and oil, and made the whole into an ointment,

with which she rubbed herself before them all, telling them that this would render her invulnerable, and that now she could subdue the universe. Immediately, her subjects, seized with a savage enthusiasm, massacred all their male children, and immense quantities of this human ointment were made; and of which, they say, some is still preserved among the Jagas."



WILD FREAKS OF A FEMALE SORCERER.

An empire of Amazons was apparently contemplated. Not only were male children to be massacred, but women's flesh was forbidden to be eaten. But she soon found it impossible to battle against nature. Mothers concealed their male infants; and though officers were appointed to be present at every birth to see that the law was carried out, yet, after a time, she found it necessary to order that the invulnerable ointment might be made of the bodies of infants captured in war. Whole territories were conquered and laid waste; and disaffection in her own army she kept down by having the forces continually employed.

As age grew upon her she grew worse and worse—more cruel to her victims; more abominable in all her dealings with her subjects. At last she was subdued. Falling desperately in love with a private soldier in her army, she publicly married him, and gave him half her throne and kingdom. At last she grew tired of him, as she had grown tired of a hundred before. But she had met her match. Calming, cajoling, and flattering his terrible queen, the king-consort managed for a time to postpone his inevitable fate—to be fondled to-day, to be dined off to-morrow. One day he entertained her at dinner with all the choice viands which the kingdom of Congo or the young Portuguese colonies on the coast could supply. Her drink had been poisoned. Her husband was saved, and the kingdom freed from a tyrant, whose rule was beginning to be too heavy to bear. Yet he was never suspected; or perhaps his act was of too meritorious a character to be taken notice of.

THE QUEEN'S TRAGIC END.

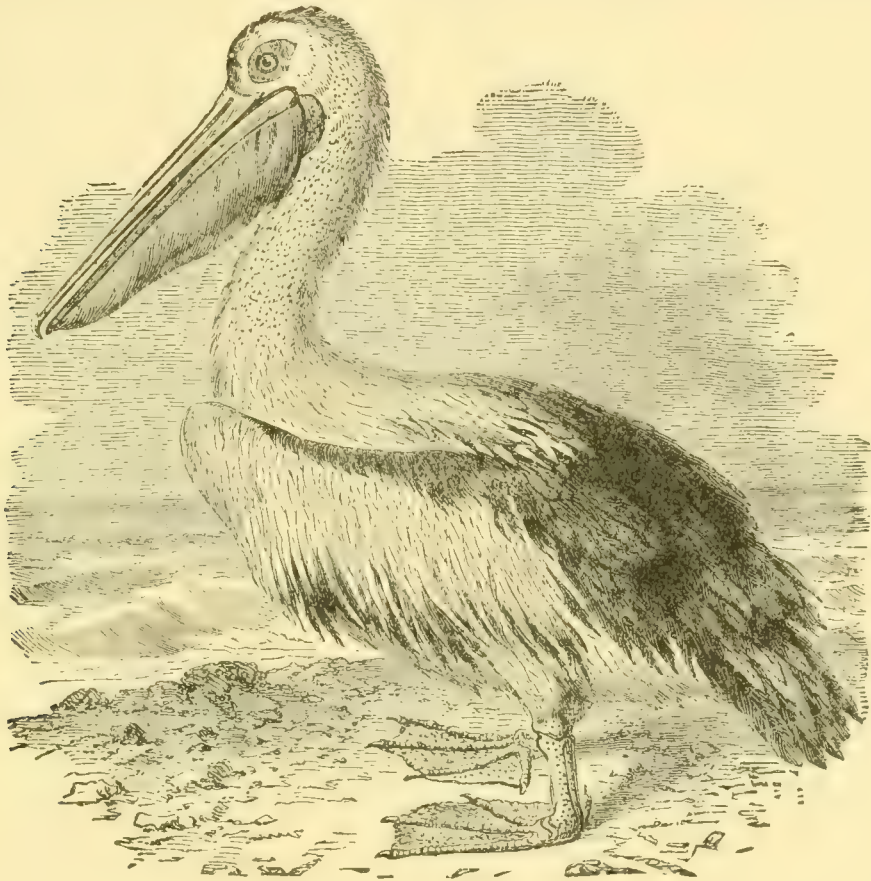
So, after much wailing over her funeral—as subjects will wail over kings, no matter how vile—Tembandumba slept with her fathers; and Culemba, her affectionate husband, reigned in her stead.

Blood-curdling tales are told of the excesses of some of the old sovereigns. For instance, Shinga was the name of the Negro queen who came to power in the year 1640, but, through the intrigues of the Jesuit priests, to whose rites she did not choose to submit, was forced to fly the kingdom, after contending with her nephew in three pitched battles, which she lost. In 1646 she regained her kingdom, after many vicissitudes of fortune. But by this time Queen Shinga had got so accustomed to war, that she cared for nothing else. Her life was spent in hostilities against the neighboring kingdoms.

Before she undertook any new enterprise, she would sacrifice the handsomest man she could find. Clad in skins, with a sword hanging round her neck, an axe at her side, and bow and arrow in her hand, she would dance and sing, striking two iron bells. Then taking a feather she would put it through the holes in her nose, as

a sign of war, would cut off the victim's head with her sword, and drink a deep draught of his blood. She had fifty or sixty male favorites; and while she always dressed herself as a man, they were compelled to take the names and garments of women. If one of them denied that he was a woman he was immediately killed.

The queen, however, was charitable enough to let them belie their words by their actions. They might have as many wives as



THE AFRICAN PELICAN.

they chose; but if a child was born, the husband was compelled to kill it with his own hands.

Shinga obtained great power over her subjects. She, however, was wise in her generation, and, after she had fought the Portuguese, and been beaten by them, she concluded an humble peace, and retained her kingdom in safety.

At the present time the Congo kingdom has fallen from its high estate. The people are lethargic, and altogether given over to palm-wine and tobacco; their houses are huts of grass fibres or palm leaves, and their clothing a piece of native cloth round the

middle. Their domestic utensils are on a par with this primitive barbarism. Baskets made of the fibre of the palm-tree, bowls of gourds, earthen vessels for boiling, wooden spoons, and beds of grass on a raised platform are about the only furniture of their simple huts. Whatever magnificence once existed is now almost gone.

UNIVERSAL POLYGAMY.

Though Portuguese, and latterly English, missions have been established among these tribes, fetishism is still to a great extent the prevailing semblance of worship, the Cross being regarded simply as new fetish introduced by the powerful white man. Polygamy is universal, and the marriage ceremony little more than buying the wife from her parents, and giving a feast to her family and friends. But if the nuptial rites are brief and simple, their sepulchral ceremonies are more elaborate, for frequently, in order to admit of all the relatives being present, the interment of the deceased will be delayed several months. The dead are frequently desiccated by roasting, and then buried in the huts which they occupied during life.

Of late years the natives of the Congo have received renewed attention. Expeditions have often been despatched a little up the river for the purpose of trade and exploration, or in order to punish the Mussurongo pirates, who have frequently attacked the vessels engaged in carrying goods to or from the "factories" established below the Yellala Falls.

Before leaving the customs of the Congoese, we must notice that the eating habits of some of the Congo tribes are very curious. They are, like all the Negro races, enormous feeders, as many as 300 oxen having been known to be killed and eaten when a "soba" or chief of the Mundombes, dies, the feast lasting for several days, the gluttons often rolling on the ground in the agonies of indigestion, but only to rise again and resume eating, abstaining meanwhile from drink, lest it should prevent them from finding room for the solids.

Among some of the natives a singular custom prevails. It consists in offering a visitor a dish of "infundi," or "pirao," and

should there not be a bit of meat in the larder, they send out to a neighbor for "lent rat," as it is called. This Mr. Monteiro describes as a field rat roasted on a skewer, and which is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of "infundi" on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavor, but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest portion of it, as that would be considered a great crime and offense, and would be severely punished by their laws.

It is supposed that the host has by this hospitality duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, the entire sham being a curious instance of elaborate politeness without sincerity existing among a race which might reasonably be supposed unsophisticated.

SINGULAR SALUTATIONS.

The subject of salutations would afford a theme for many chapters. For example, when two Monbuttoos of the far Nile tributaries meet they join the right hands, and say, "Gassigy," at the same time cracking the joints of the middle fingers, while in Uguha, on the western side of Lake Tanganyika, Mr. Stanley describes the people saluting each other as follows:

A man appears before a party seated; he bends, takes up a bundle of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left. The left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left part of the body, words of salutation being rapidly uttered in the meanwhile. To his inferiors, however, the new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of the heart.

In like manner, the modes of taking an oath are so very extensive that a large space could very profitably be devoted to this interesting phase of African life. In many tribes on the West Coast the common way among blacks to affirm the truth of a statement is, according to Monteiro, to go on their knees, and rub the forefinger of each hand on the ground, and then touch their tongues and foreheads with the dusty tips. About Loanda, they make the sign of

the Cross on the ground with a finger, for the same purpose; but this is evidently a remnant of old missionary teaching.

Titles—the love for them, and the endless variety of designations intended to express dignity—might equally be enlarged on, without the subject being at all exhausted, while the multiplicity of fashions adopted in dressing their woolly hair, filing their teeth, splitting their ears, or generally improving upon nature, will be touched, as far as so extensive a theme admits of. We may, however, note in this place a few singular customs, which give a better idea of African characteristics than more labored analyses of their mental traits.

HOW WIVES MANAGE HUSBANDS.

One custom said to be universal in Oriental Africa is that of a woman tying a knot in anyone's turban, thereby placing herself under his protection in order to be revenged upon her husband, who may have beaten her for some offense. In due time, when the husband comes to claim her, he is compelled to pay a ransom, and to promise, in the presence of his chief, never again to maltreat her. In nearly every village in Unyamwesi there are two or three public houses, or perhaps they might be called clubs.

One is appropriated to the women, and another to the men, though at the one frequented by the men all travelers of distinction are welcomed by the chiefs and elders. As soon as a boy attains the age of seven or eight years, he throws off the authority of his mother, and passes most of his time at the club, usually eating and often sleeping there. On the death of a Wagogo chief, the son is supposed to look upon his father's eldest surviving brother as his new and adopted father, but only in private and not in public affairs.

There is another point connected with the black races of Africa to which a few lines may be devoted. The hair of most Africans—and universally of the Negro and Negroid tribes—is short, inclined to split longitudinally, and much crimped. In South Africa the Hottentot's hair is more matted into tufts than that of the Kaffir, while it is not uncommon to find long hair, and even considerable beards, among some of the tribes inhabiting the central plateau of the con-

tinent. Black is the almost universal color of their hair. In old age it becomes white; but according to Walker there are cases among the Negroes of the Gaboon in which red hair, red eyebrows and eyes are not uncommon, and Schweinfurth speaks of Monbuttoos with ashy fair hair, and skin much fairer than that of their fellow-tribesmen.

It may also be mentioned that individuals with reddish hair are by no means rarely seen among the mountaineers of the Atlas. Whiskers are rare, though not unknown, and long beards are said to be found among Niam-niam, and among the papers left by Miani, the unfortunate Italian traveler, there is a notice of a man with a beard half as long as his own, which, Dr. Schweinfurth remarks, was of "a remarkable length." The color of the Negro's skin passes through every gradation from ebony black to the copper color.

CHAPTER XIX.

GREATEST FEAT ON RECORD—JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO THE CONGO—AN ARMY OF FOLLOWERS TO CARRY THE OUTFIT—JOURNEY TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA—SPECULATION AS TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE—DANGERS OF TRAVELING IN THE DARK CONTINENT—CRAWLING THROUGH JUNGLES.

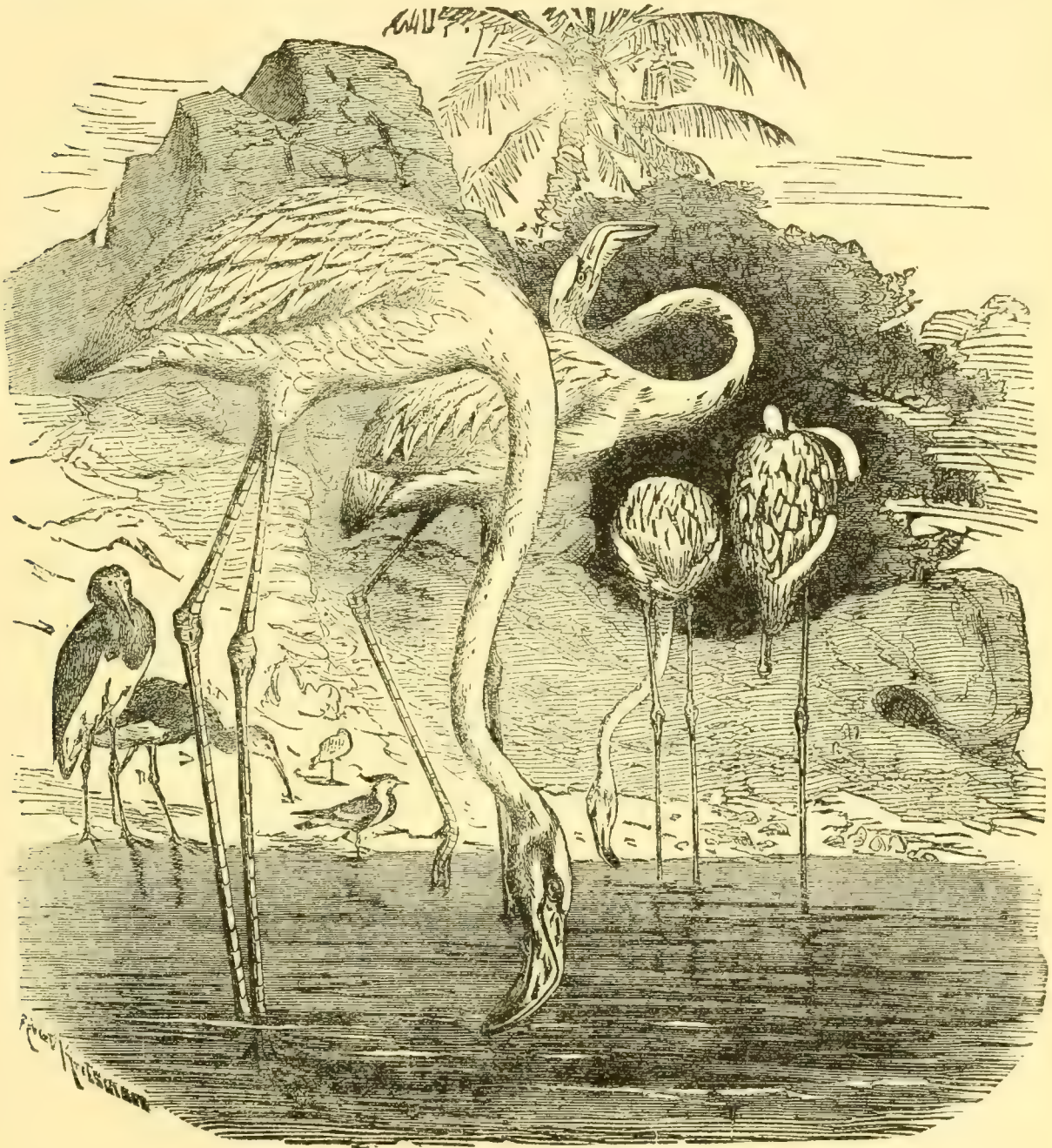
LIVINGSTONE had fallen! He was dead! He had died by the shores of Lake Bemba, on the threshold of the dark region he wished to explore! The work he had promised to perform was only begun when death overtook him!

Of his personal feelings and experiences the traveler wrote: "The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the Great River throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant." To this end he undertook the great journey from sea to sea.

The first stage of this journey was to the Victoria Nyanza, which Stanley desired to explore. The imperfect description and explanations of previous travelers had left much to be decided concerning this great inland sea. "Was it the source of the Nile or of the Congo?" "Was it part of a lake system, or a lake by itself?" These questions Stanley had determined to answer once for all.

The advance to the great Lake Victoria was full of adventurous interest. Traveling in the "Dark Continent" means being at times in the wilderness without a guide, or with traitors acting as guides, which is a worse alternative. This was Stanley's fate, and he was deserted in the waste with a small stock of food. Through the terrible "jungle" the men had to crawl, cutting their way, guided solely by the compass, overcome by hunger and thirst, desertions frequent, sickness stalking alongside. This was indeed "famine-stricken Ugogo."

While on this disastrous march he lost five of his people, who "wandered on helplessly, fell down, and died." The country pro-



GROUP OF FLAMINGOES.

duced no food, or even game, unless lions could be so called. Two young lions were found in a den, and were quickly killed and eaten. This was the only food for the whole expedition.

Stanley tells us how he returned to camp, and was so struck by the pinched jaws of his followers that he nearly wept. He decided

to utilize his precious medical stores, and wisely, for the people were famishing: medical comforts for the dead had no meaning. So he made a quantity of gruel, which kept the expedition alive for eight and forty hours, and then the men he had despatched to Suma for provisions returned with food. Refreshed, they all marched on.

The explorer had received a cordial invitation to visit King Mtesa. Accordingly five canoes escorted the traveler to Usavara, the capital of the king. The explorer was most kindly received, and closely questioned upon subjects of so diverse a character as to remind Stanley of a college examination for a degree.

A GREAT NAVAL PARADE.

King Mtesa appeared quite a civilized monarch, quite a different being from what he had been when Speke and Grant had visited him as a young man. He had become an adherent of Mahomet, wore Arab dress, and conducted himself well. He entertained Stanley with reviews of canoes, a naval "demonstration" of eighty-four "ships" and 2,500 men! Shooting matches, parades, and many other civilized modes of entertainment were practiced for the amusement of the white man. In Uganda the traveler is welcomed, and perfectly safe.

King Mtesa's country is situated on the equator, and is a much more pleasant land than might be supposed from its geographical position, being fertile, and covered with vegetation. It is a peculiarly pleasant land for a traveler, as it is covered with roads, which are not only broad and firm, but are cut almost in a straight line from one point to another. Uganda seems to be unique in the matter of roads, the like of which are not to be found in any part of Africa, except those districts which are held by Europeans.

The roads are wide enough for carriages, but far too steep in places for any wheeled conveyance; but as the Waganda (the name given to the inhabitants of Uganda) do not use carriages of any kind, the roads are amply sufficient for their purposes. The Waganda have even built bridges across swamps and rivers, but their knowledge of engineering has not enabled them to build a bridge that would not decay in a few years.

Like many other tribes which bear, but do not deserve, the name of savages, the Waganda possess a curiously strict code of etiquette, which is so stringent on some points that an offender against it is likely to lose his life, and is sure to incur a severe penalty. If, for example, a man appears before the king with his dress tied care-



THE AFRICAN VULTURE.

lessly, or if he makes a mistake in the mode of saluting, or if, in squatting before his sovereign, he allows the least portion of his limbs to be visible, he is led off to instant execution. As the fatal sign is given, the victim is seized by the royal pages, who wear a rope turban round their head, and at the same moment all the drums and other instruments strike up, to drown his cries for mercy. He

is rapidly bound with the ropes snatched hastily from the heads of the pages, dragged off, and put to death, no one daring to take the least notice while the tragedy is being enacted.

They have also a code of sumptuary laws which is enforced with the greatest severity. The skin of the serval, a kind of leopard cat, for example, may only be worn by those of royal descent. Once Captain Speke was visited by a very agreeable young man, who evidently intended to strike awe into the white man, and wore round his neck the serval-skin emblem of royal birth.

The attempted deception, however, recoiled upon its author, who suffered the fate of the daw with the borrowed plumes. An officer of rank detected the imposture, had the young man seized, and challenged him to show proofs of his right to wear the emblem of royalty. As he failed to do so, he was threatened with being brought before the king, and so compounded with the chief for a fine of a hundred cows.

SEVERE PUNISHMENTS.

Heavy as the penalty was, the young man showed his wisdom by acceding to it; for if he had been brought before the king, he would assuredly have lost his life, and probably have been slowly tortured to death. One punishment to which Mtesa, the king of Uganda, seems to have been rather partial, was the gradual dismemberment of the criminal for the sake of feeding his pet vultures; and although on some occasions he orders them to be killed before they are dismembered, he sometimes omits that precaution, and the wretched beings are slowly cut to pieces with grass blades, as it is against etiquette to use knives for this purpose.

The king alone has the privilege of wearing a cock's-comb of hair on the top of his head, the remainder being shaved off. This privilege is sometimes extended to a favorite queen or two, so that actual royalty may be at once recognized.

When an inferior presents any article to his superior, he always pats and rubs it with his hands, and then strokes with it each side of his face. This is done in order to show that no witchcraft has been practiced with it, as in such a case the intended evil would

recognition on the donor. This ceremony is well enough when employed with articles of use or apparel; but when meat, plantains, or other articles of food are rubbed with the dirty hands and well-greased face of the donor, the recipient, if he should happen to be a white man, would be only too happy to dispense with the ceremony, and run his risk of witchcraft.

The officers of the court are required to shave off all their hair except a single cockade at the back of the head, while the pages are distinguished by two cockades, one over each temple, so that, even if they happen to be without their turbans, their rank and authority are at once indicated. When the king sends the pages on a message, a most picturesque sight is presented. All the commands of the king have to be done at full speed, and when ten or a dozen pages start off in a body, their dresses streaming in the air behind them, each striving to outrun the other, they look at a distance like a flight of birds rather than human beings.

HUMAN LIFE OF NO VALUE.

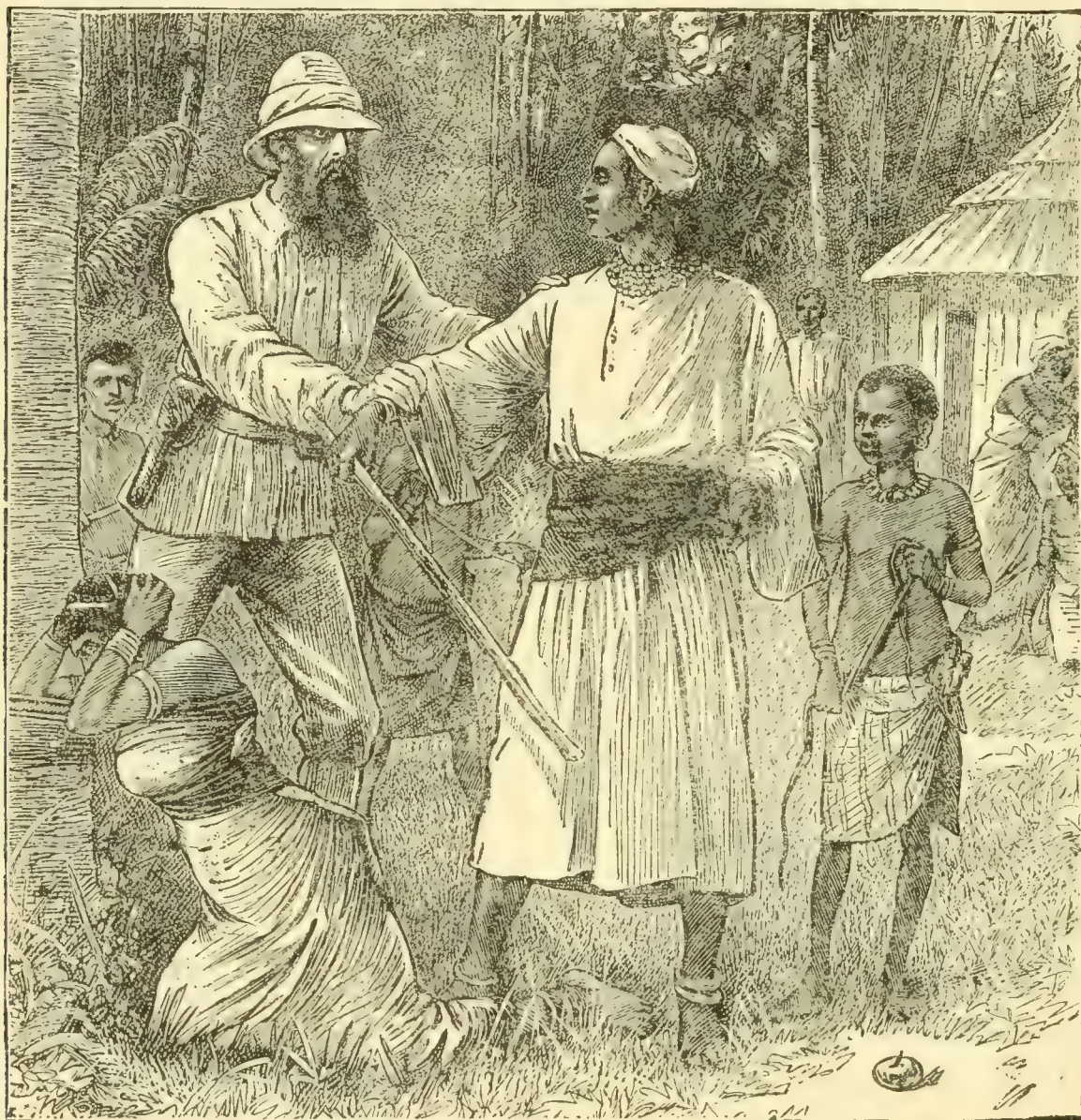
Here, as in many other countries, human life, that of the king excepted, is not of the least value. On one occasion Mtesa received a new rifle with which he was much pleased. After examining it for some time, he loaded it, handed it to one of his pages, and told him to go and shoot somebody in the outer court. The page, a mere boy, took the rifle, went into the court, and in a moment the report of the rifle showed that the king's orders had been obeyed.

The urchin came back grinning with delight at the feat which he had achieved, just like a schoolboy who has shot his first sparrow, and handed back the rifle to his master. As to the unfortunate man who was fated to be the target, nothing was heard about him, the murder of a man being far too common an incident to attract notice.

On one occasion, when Mtesa and his wives were on a pleasure excursion, one of the favorites, a singularly good-looking woman, plucked a fruit, and offered it to the king, evidently intending to please him. Instead of taking it as intended, he flew into a violent passion, declared that it was the first time that a woman had ever

dared to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution.

These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of Cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who,



ONE OF MTESA'S WIVES RESCUED FROM DEATH.

indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away crying for help and protection, whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for

their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto," says Speke, "I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference at an early stage would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, M'zungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant, but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

SHOOTING MEN FOR SPORT.

On another occasion, when Mtesa had been out shooting, Captain Grant asked what sport he had enjoyed. The unexpected answer was that game had been very scarce, but that he had shot a good many men instead. Beside the pages who have been mentioned, there were several executioners, who were pleasant and agreeable men in private life, and held in great respect by the people. They were supposed to be in command of the pages who bound with their rope turbans the unfortunates who were to suffer, and mostly inflicted the punishment itself.

The king seems to have been rather exceptionally cruel, his very wives being subject to the same capriciousness of temper as the rest of his subjects. Of course he beat them occasionally, but as wife beating is the ordinary custom in Uganda, he was only following the ordinary habits of the people.

There is a peculiar whip made for the special purpose of beating wives. It is formed of a long strip of hippopotamus hide, split down the middle to within three or four inches of the end. The entire end is beaten and scraped until it is reduced in size to the proper dimensions of a handle. The two remaining thongs are suffered to remain square, but are twisted in a screw-like fashion, so as to present sharp edges throughout their whole length. When

dry, this whip is nearly as hard as iron, and scarcely less heavy, so that at every blow the sharp edges cut deeply into the flesh.

Wife flogging, however, was not all; he was in the habit of killing his wives and their attendants without the least remorse. There was scarcely a day when some woman was not led to execution, and some days three or four were murdered. Mostly they were female attendants of the queens, but frequently the royal pages dragged out a woman whose single cockade on the top of her head announced her as one of the king's wives.

AN AFRICAN BLUEBEARD.

Mtesa, in fact, was a complete African Bluebeard, continually marrying and killing, the brides, however, exceeding the victims in number. Royal marriage is a very simple business in Uganda. Parents who have offended their king and want to pacify him, or who desire to be looked on favorably by him, bring their daughters and offer them as he sits at the door of his house. As is the case with all his female attendants, they are totally unclothed, and stand before the king in ignorance of their future. If he accept them, he makes them sit down, seats himself on their knees, and embraces them.

This is the whole of the ceremony, and as each girl is thus accepted, the happy parents perform the curious salutation called "n'yanzigging," that is, prostrating themselves on the ground, floundering about, clapping their hands, and ejaculating the word "n'yans," or thanks, as fast as they can say it.

Twenty or thirty brides will sometimes be presented to him in a single morning, and he will accept more than half of them, some of them being afterward raised to the rank of wives, while the others are relegated to the position of attendants.

Life in the palace may be honorable enough, but seems to be anything but agreeable, except to the king. The whole of the court are abject slaves, and at the mercy of any momentary caprice of the merciless, thoughtless, irresponsible despot. Whatever wish may happen to enter the king's head must be executed at once, or woe to the delinquent who fails to carry it out. Restless and cap-

tious as a spoiled child, he never seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and would issue simultaneously the most contradictory orders, and then expect them to be obeyed.

As for the men who held the honorable post of his guards, they were treated something worse than dogs—far worse, indeed, than Mtesa treated his own dog. They might lodge themselves as they could, and were simply fed by throwing great lumps of beef and plantains among them. For this they scramble just like so many



CHIEF WITH REMARKABLE
GOATEE.



WARRIOR WITH BATTLE-AXE.

dogs, scratching and tearing the morsels from each other, and trying to devour as much as possible within a given number of seconds.

The soldiers of Mtesa were much better off than his guards, although their position was not so honorable. They are well dressed, and their rank is distinguished by a sort of uniform, the officers of royal birth wearing the leopard-skin tippet, while those of inferior rank are distinguished by colored cloths, and skin cloaks made of the hide of oxen or antelopes.

Each carries two spears, and an oddly-formed shield, originally oval, but cut into deep scallops, and having at every point a pendant tuft of hair. Their heads are decorated in a most curious manner, some of the men wearing a crescent-like ornament, and some tying round their heads wreaths made of different materials, to which a horn, a bunch of beads, a dried lizard, or some such ornament, is appended.

Not deficient in personal courage, their spirits were cheered in combat by the certainty of reward or punishment. Should they behave themselves bravely, treasures would be heaped upon them, and they would receive from their royal master plenty of cattle and wives. But if they behaved badly, the punishment was equally certain and most terrible. A recreant soldier was not only put to death, but holes bored in his body with red-hot irons until he died from sheer pain and exhaustion.

PICTURESQUE REVIEW OF THE WARRIORS.

Now and then the king held a review, in which the valiant and the cowards obtained their fitting rewards. These reviews offered most picturesque scenes. "Before us was a large open sward, with the huts of the queen's Kamraviono or commander-in-chief beyond. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing two hundred men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies at a long trot, and re-form again at the end of the square.

"Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued; the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors, according to the taste of the individual; one-half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order; as, for instance, one stocking would be red, and the other black, whilst the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat.

Every man carried the same arms, two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the

same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force.

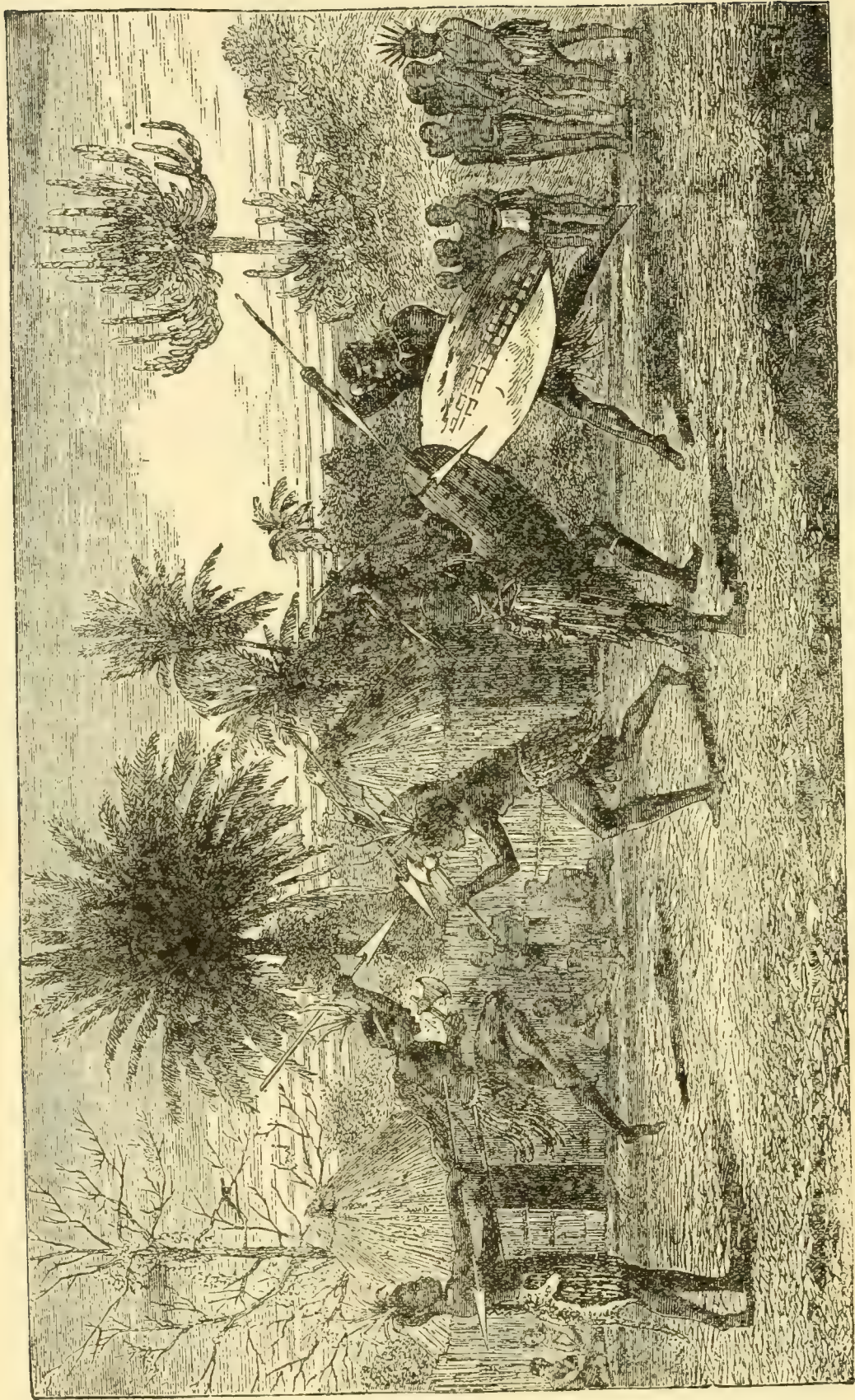
"After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet covered with rich beads of every color in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, in the centre of which rose a bent stem tufted with goat's hair. Next, they charged in companies to and fro, and finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home."

DISTRIBUTING REWARDS.

At these reviews, the king distributes rewards and metes out his punishments. The scene is equally stirring and terrible. As the various officers come before the king, they prostrate themselves on the ground, and after going through their elaborate salutation, they deliver their reports as to the conduct of the men under their command.

To some are given various presents, with which they go off rejoicing, after floundering about on the ground in the extremity of their gratitude; while others are seized by the ever-officious pages, bound, and dragged off to execution, the unfortunate men struggling with their captors, fighting, and denying the accusation, until they are out of hearing. As soon as the king thinks that he has had enough of the business, he rises abruptly, picks up his spears, and goes off, leading his dog with him.

The native account of the origin of the Waganda kingdom is very curious. According to them, the country which is now called Uganda was previously united with Unyoro, a more northerly kingdom. Eight generations back there came from Unyoro a hunter named Uganda, bringing with him a spear, a shield, a woman, and a pack of dogs. He began to hunt on the shores of the lake, and was



GRAND DANCE IN HONOR OF A KING

so successful that he was joined by vast numbers of the people, to whom he became a chief.

Under his sway, the hitherto scattered people assumed the character of a nation, and began to feel their strength. Their leading men then held a council on their government, and determined on making Uganda their king. "For," said they, "of what avail to us is the king of Unyoro? He is so far distant that, when we sent him a cow as a present, the cow had a calf, and that calf became a cow and gave birth to another calf, and yet the present has not reached the king. Let us have a king of our own." So they induced Uganda to be their king, changed his name to Kimera, and assigned his former name to the country.

FOUNDING A KINGDOM.

Kimera, thus made king, took his station on a stone and showed himself to his new subjects, having in his hand his spears and shield, and being accompanied by a woman and a dog; and in this way all succeeding kings have presented themselves to their subjects. All the Waganda are, in consequence, expected to keep at least two spears, a shield and a dog, and the officers are also entitled to have drums. The king of Unyoro heard of the new monarch, but did not trouble himself about a movement at such a distance, and so the kingdom of Uganda became an acknowledged reality.

However, Kimera organized his people in so admirable a manner, that he became a perfect terror to the king of Unyoro, and caused him to regret that, when Kimera's power was not yet consolidated, he had not crushed him. Kimera formed his men into soldiers, drafted them into different regiments, drilled and organized them thoroughly. He cut roads through his kingdom, traversing it in all directions. He had whole fleets of boats built, and threw bridges over rivers wherever they interrupted his line of road. He descended into the minutest particulars of domestic polity, and enforced the strictest sanitary system throughout his country, not even suffering a house to be built unless it possessed the means of cleanliness.

Organization, indeed, seems now to be implanted in the Wa-

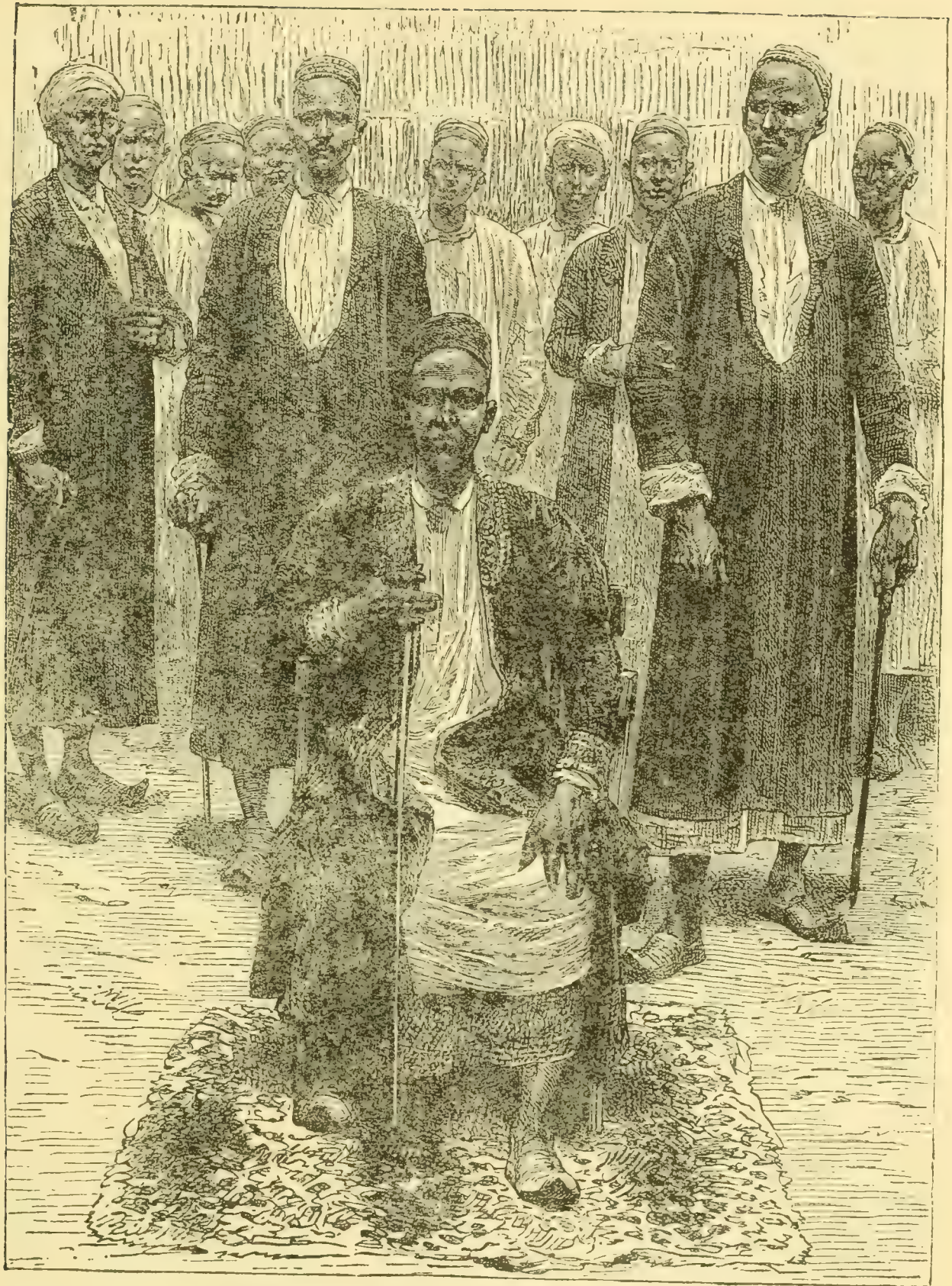
ganda mind. Even the mere business of taking bundles of wood into the palace must be done in military style. After the logs are carried a certain distance, the men charge up hill with walking sticks at the slope, to the sound of the drum, shouting and chorusing. On reaching their officer, they drop on their knees to salute, by saying repeatedly in one voice the word "n'yans" (thanks). Then they go back, charging down hill, stooping simultaneously to pick up the wood, till step by step, it taking several hours, the neatly cut logs are regularly stacked in the palace yards.

THE MEN ARE WELL DRILLED.

Each officer of the district would seem to have a different mode of drill. The Wazeewah, with long sticks, were remarkably well-disciplined, shouting and marching all in regular time, every club going through the same movement; the most attractive part of the drill being when all crouched simultaneously, and then advanced in open ranks, swinging their bodies to the roll of their drums.

By such means Kimera soon contrived to make himself so powerful that his very name was dreaded throughout Unyoro, into which country he was continually making raids. If, for example, at one of his councils he found that one part of his dominions was deficient in cattle or women, he ordered one or two of his generals to take their troops into Unyoro and procure the necessary number. In order that he might always have the means of carrying his ideas into effect, the officers of the army are expected to present themselves at the palace as often as they possibly can, and, if they fail to do so, they are severely punished; their rank is taken from them; their property confiscated, and their goods, their wives and their children are given to others.

In fact, Kimera proceeded on a system of reward and punishment, the former he meted out with a liberal hand; the latter was certain, swift, and terrible. In process of time Kimera died, and his body was dried by being placed over an oven. When it was quite dry, the lower jaw was removed and covered with beads; and this, together with the body, were placed in tombs, and guarded by



KING MTESA AND HIS OFFICERS OF STATE

the deceased monarch's favorite women, who were prohibited even from seeing his successor.

After Kimera's death, the people proceeded to choose a king from among his many children, called "Warrangira," or princess. The king-elect was very young, and was separated from the others who were placed in a suite of huts under charge of a keeper. As soon as the young prince reached years of discretion, he was publicly made king, and at the same time all his brothers except two were burned to death. The two were allowed to live in case the new king should die before he had any sons, and also as companions for him. As soon as the line of direct succession was secured, one of the brothers was banished into Unyoro, and the other allowed to live in Uganda.

A VERY POWERFUL KINGDOM.

When Stanley saw Mtesa he was an elderly man, but when Captains Speke and Grant arrived in Uganda, he was about twenty-five years of age, and, although he had not been formally received as king, wielded a power as supreme as if he had passed through this ceremony. He was wise enough to keep up the system which had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and the Uganda kingdom was even more powerful in his time than it had been in the days of Kimera. A close acquaintance proved that his personal character was not a pleasant one, as indeed was likely when it is remembered that he has possessed illimitable power ever since he was quite a boy, and in consequence had never known contradiction.

He was a very fine-looking young man, and possessed in perfection the love of dress, which is so notable a feature in the character of the Waganda. They are so fastidious in this respect, that for a man to appear untidily dressed before his superiors would entail severe punishment, while, if he dared to present himself before the king with the least disorder of apparel, immediate death would be the result. Even the royal pages, who rush about at full speed when performing their commissions, are obliged to hold their skin cloaks tightly round them lest any portion of a naked limb should present itself to the royal glance.

The appearance of Mtesa is described as follows:—"A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting upon a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously dressed in a new 'mbugu (or grass-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, except upon the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake skin. On every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings, and above the ankles, half-way up the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads.

STRIKING DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

"Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief, he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and his wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a host of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side, and on the other was a band of 'Wichwezi,' or lady sorcerers."

These women are indispensable appendages to the court, and attend the king wherever he goes, their office being to avert the evil eye from their monarch, and to pour the plantain wine into the royal cups. They are distinguished by wearing dried lizards on their heads, and on their belts are fastened goat-skin aprons, edged with little bells.

Mtesa's palace is of enormous dimensions, and almost deserves the name of a village or town. It occupies the whole side of a hill, and consists of streets of huts arranged as methodically as the



ANTELOPES GUARDED BY A SENTRY.

houses of an American town, the line being preserved by fences of the tall yellow tiger-grass of Uganda. There are also squares and open spaces, and the whole is kept in perfect order and neatness. The inner courts are entered by means of gates, each gate being kept by an officer, who permits no one to pass who has not the king's permission. In case his vigilance should be evaded, each gate has a bell fastened to it on the inside.

How the Negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvellous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison. And, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon either step out from his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. The African neither can help himself nor be helped by others, because his country is in such a constant state of turmoil that he has too much anxiety on hand looking out for his food to think of anything else.

CHARACTER OF THE AFRICAN.

As his fathers did, so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands on, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away. A few only make cotton cloth, or work in wool, iron, copper, or salt, their rule being to do as little as possible, and to store up nothing beyond the necessities of the next season, lest their chiefs or neighbors should covet and take it from them.

There are many kinds of food which the climate affords to anyone of ordinary industry, such as horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, not to mention the plantain and other vegetable products, and with such stores of food at his command, it is surprising that the black man should be so often driven to feed on wild herbs and roots, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, lizards, insects, and other similar animals, and should be frequently found on the point of starvation, and be compelled to sell his own children to procure food.

Moreover, there are elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buf-

faloes, giraffes, antelopes, guinea-fowls, and a host of other animals, which can be easily captured in traps or pitfalls, so that the native African lives in the midst of a country which produces food in boundless variety. The reasons for such a phenomenon are simple enough, and may be reduced to two,—namely, utter want of foresight and constitutional indolence.

Mtesa took a deliberate view of Stanley, as if studying him, while the compliment was reciprocated, since the latter was no less interested in the king. After the audience Stanley repaired to his hut and wrote the following: “As I had read Speke’s book for the sake of its geographical information, I retained but a dim remembrance of his description of his life in Uganda. If I remember rightly, Speke described a youthful prince, vain and heartless, a wholesale murderer and tyrant. Doubtless he described what he saw, but it is far from being the state of things now. Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do.

CHAPTER XX.

ROOSEVELT A SKILFUL AND UNTIRING HUNTER—OFF FOR THE SOTIK DISTRICT—TWO DAYS AND A HALF IN THE SCORCHING SUN—HEARS HIS PROWESS AS A LION KILLER TOLD IN SONG AND SKETCH—IN SEARCH OF A WHITE RHINOCEROS.

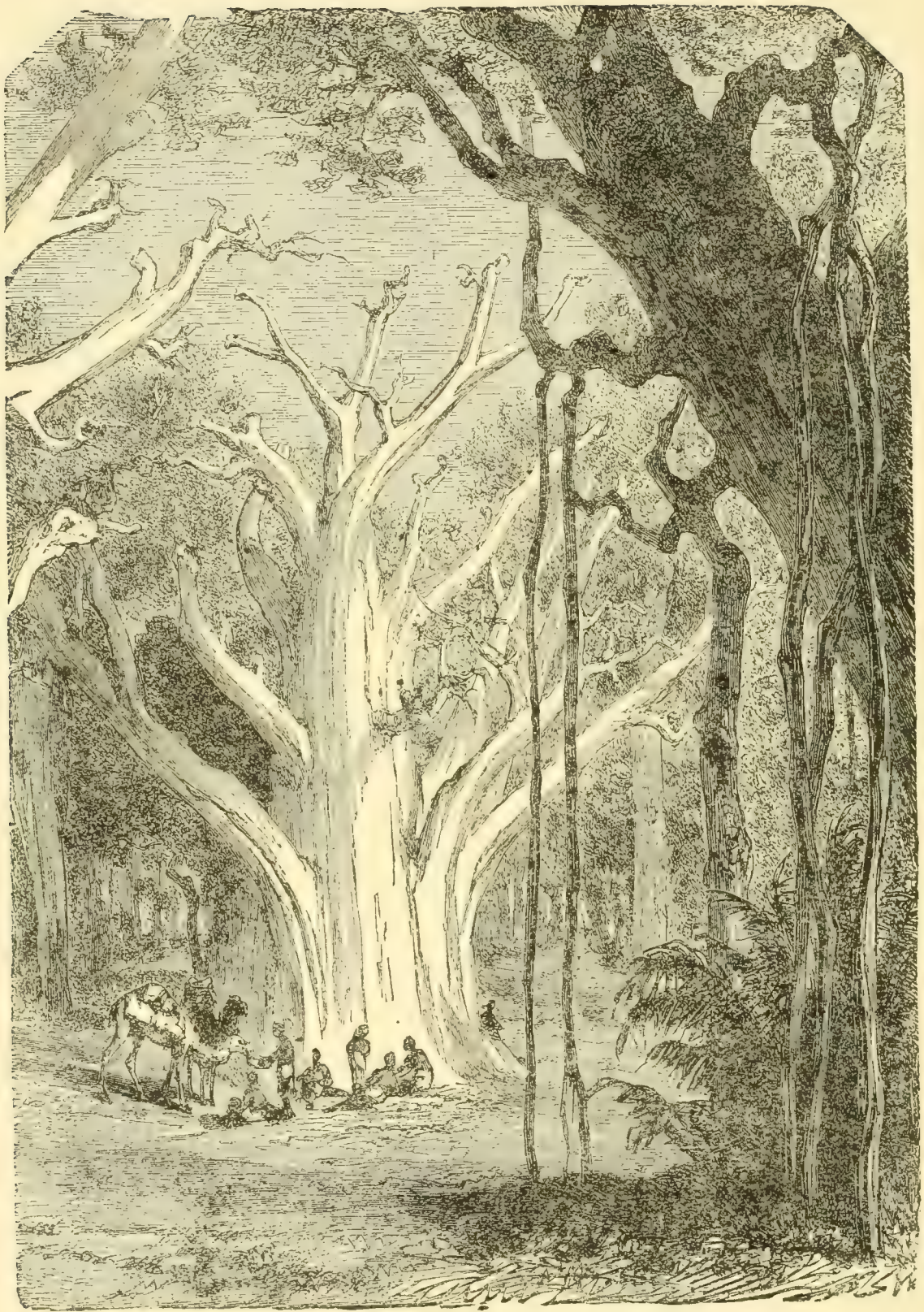
THE Kijabe camp was astir at an early hour on the morning of June 5, and the work of loading the camp effects on the backs of the sturdy porters required several hours. As fast as the men were loaded they set out for the west. By one o'clock the caravan was well under way for the several weeks stay in the Lumbwa district.

Chief among the necessities for such a journey was a sufficient supply of water. The caravan started with a supply of one hundred and twenty-five gallons of water as part of the cargo, which was intended to last the members of the party during their two days march across the great "thirst-belt" of the western part of the protectorate.

The ex-President and his caravan received a royal send-off, the natives singing and cheering as East Africans rarely do. There was general sorrow expressed at the departure of Bwana Thumba, and the best wishes were volunteered for his success in the proposed hunt for elephants.

The trip to Sotik was fully as interesting, though perhaps more arduous, than any previously undertaken by Colonel Roosevelt, since his arrival in Africa. For two days and a half the march was through an almost impassable wilderness, under the scorching rays of a burning hot sun, while the wonderful African light, noted for its powerful effect upon human eyesight would have blinded them had they not taken precaution to guard against it.

The heat of the day was so intense that it was unendurable, and consequently much of the journey had to be made by night travel. Although decidedly more comfortable from a physical point



GREAT BAOBAB TREE OF AFRICA.

of view, travel through the darkness of the night increased the difficulties of the journey, making their progress much slower than it otherwise would have been. In addition to this the party were prevented from pitching their tents at night, and whatever rest was secured had to be obtained while lying upon the bare ground for an hour or two, covered with overcoats and blankets, to protect them from the persistent annoyance of predatory hordes of insects.

Not a drop of fresh water was procurable until the party had crossed the hills to the west and the belt beyond had been passed. With their supply rapidly running short, the party hailed with delight the sight of the fresh water, and lost no time in filling six large casks and loading them upon carts to enable them to complete their journey in comfort.

Colonel Roosevelt, accompanied by his son, F. C. Selous, R. J. Cuningham, L. A. Tarlton, Dr. Mearns, and the naturalist, brought up the rear guard.

LITTLE IS KNOWN OF THE SOTIK DISTRICT.

The Sotik district is in the southern part of Kisumu province and consists, broadly speaking, of a series of meadows with numerous streams and strips of forests. The district is about seventy-five miles east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The Kisii people inhabit this territory, but they are little known to Europeans. They are said to be brave and warlike, amiable, intelligent and good cultivators of the soil.

Before leaving Mombasa Colonel Roosevelt heard his prowess as a lion-killer told in song and sketch at the entertainment given by the "Nairobi Follics," which Colonel Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, attended as the guests of His Excellency, Mr. F. J. Jackson, C. G., C. M. G., Acting Governor, as an evening's diversion after dining at Government House. The topical songs dealing with Colonel Roosevelt were a feature of the occasion and at each allusion made to himself, Colonel Roosevelt's laugh rang out above the applause and laughter of the rest of the audience.

The song describing Colonel Roosevelt's lion hunting, was sung

by Miss Shooter, in the course of a sketch, entitled "A Tale of the Chase." It ran as follows:

"FELIS LEO."

A lion lurked in his lonely lair,
 As African lions do,
 For he liked to be where he could get a share,
 Of a nice little buck with a slice of luck.
 In our wonderful Nature zoo,
 His large inside he nightly fed with zebra or hartebeest instead.

"There isn't a scrap of doubt," said he,
 "This diet's exceedingly good for me,
 "For I grow fat, fat, fatter.
 "What on earth does it mat, mat, matter,
 "If the way that I creep, on the beasts in their sleep,
 "Makes the poor things scat, scat, scatter."

He hunted game in the moonshine bright,
 With never a thought of harm,
 But he got quite a fright, when there hove in sight,
 Teddy armed to the teeth with a knife and sheath,
 And a rifle beneath his arm.
 The Colonel plugged him with a laugh,
 While Kermit took his photograph.
 Said he, "Those Wall Street boys would cry,
 "If they knew how near I'd been to die,
 "Oh, this country's bull, bull, bully,
 "I've enjoyed it full, full, fully.
 "For it euchres the best they can show in the West,
 "That's so wild and wool, wool, wooly."

Another song, entitled "B. E. A." (British East Africa), recounted some of Colonel Roosevelt's experiences in the colony, as follows:

B. E. A.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

At the port of Kilindini,
 Looking eastward 'cross the main;
 We welcomed Teddy Roosevelt,
 As we hope to do again.

And the rain it fell in torrents,
And the world seemed far from gay;
But we did our best to greet him in
OUR way in B. E. A.

He traveled up the railway,
And he said the sights were GRAND,
And he also said "THAT'S BULLY,"
As we well can understand;
For the game is here in thousands,
And it's here we'd have him stay;
Just to see giraffes and rhinos
Near the rail in B. E. A.

We heard of hand-fed lions,
And of rhinos on the chain;
How he bravely faced all dangers,
And deadly beasts has slain;
Still, we've nothing heard BUT rumors,
That's a truth we must confess;
We have no truthful story for
He shut out all the press.

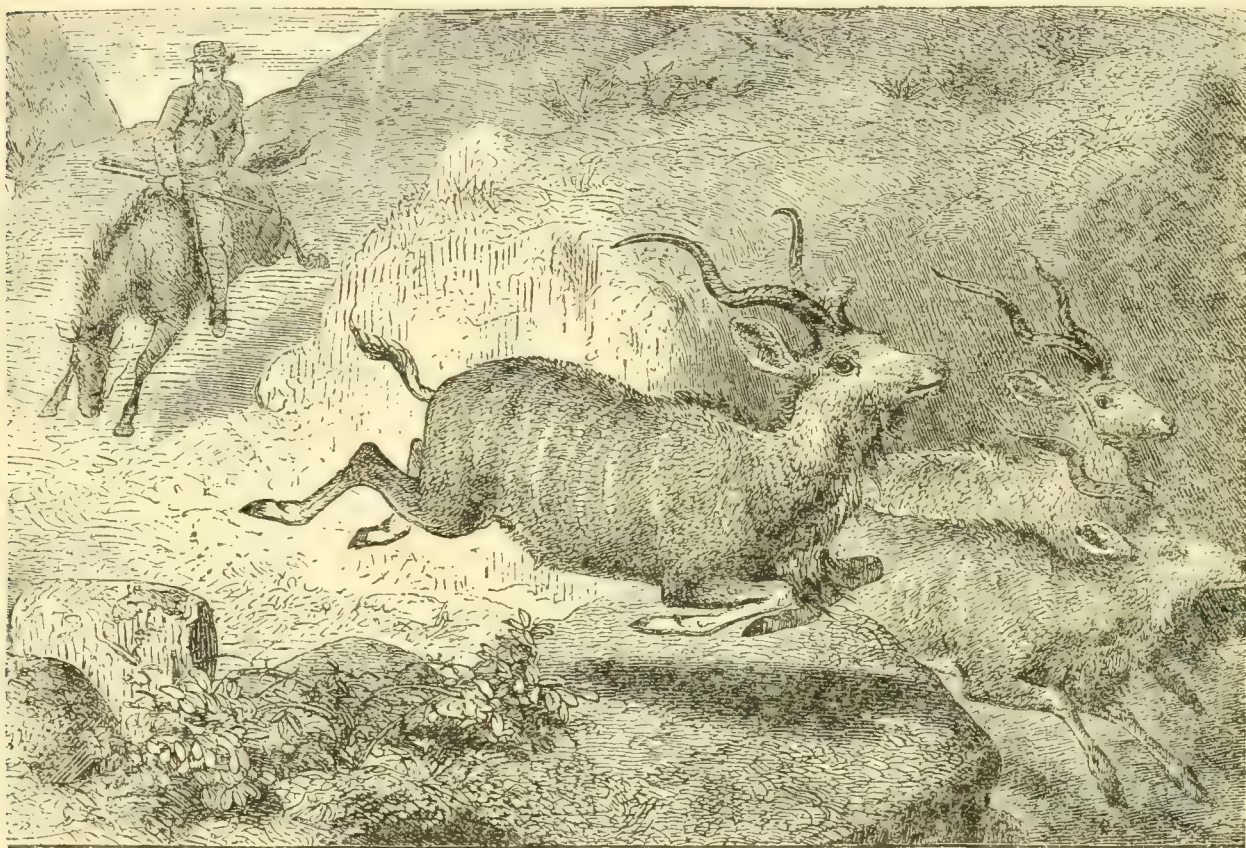
Yes, he shut out all the press,
And he left them there to guess;
They raved, and growled, and grumbled
They were left in such a mess!

But that's all passed and done with,
For they were not far away;
And their news is scattered broadcast,
Over all the world to-day;
Still, he sent in news on Tuesday,
It is nice to be polite;
But the New York papers had it
On the previous Sunday night.

Oh! it really was a frost,
And one finds it to his cost,
If he tries to baulk the press men,
He is very often lost.

On June 22d, all the members of the Roosevelt expedition were encamped on the Loietta Plains, all enjoying excellent health, while Colonel Roosevelt could hardly contain himself in his impatience to proceed with the hunt.

Setting out shortly after breakfast, accompanied by his native attendants, Colonel Roosevelt soon added another lion to his rapidly increasing score, while his son Kermit brought down a very large tawny-maned lion as a trophy to his unerring aim with his trusty



HEADLONG CHASE OF ELANDS.

rifle. This animal fortunately holds the record for size of any killed on the expedition. This fact seemed to give considerable pleasure to Colonel Roosevelt, as he seemed to glow with parental pride at the thought of his own son having surpassed him in procuring the largest lion.

The morning's work was wonderfully productive, as in addition the party secured three giraffes, two elands, six topi, and a considerable number of minor antelopes. All the skins were preserved for shipment to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The two elands secured were of a class known as the largest of the African antelopes, being equal in dimensions to a very large ox.

A fine specimen of an adult bull eland will measure nearly six feet in height at the shoulders, and is more than proportionately ponderous in his build, being heavily burdened with fat as well as with flesh. Owing to this great weight of body, the eland is not so enduring as the generality of the antelopes, and can usually be ridden down without much trouble. Ordinarily, the chase of this animal is so simple a matter, that hunters generally contrive to drive it towards their encampment, and will not kill it until it has approached the wagon so closely that but little trouble is experienced in conveying its flesh and hide to their wheeled treasure-house.

THE FLESH OF THE ELAND VERY TENDER.

The flesh of the eland is peculiarly excellent; and as it possesses the valuable quality of being tender immediately after the animal is killed, it is highly appreciated in the interior of Africa. In some strange manner, the eland contrives to live for months together without drinking, and even when the herbage is so dry that it crumbles into powder in the hand the eland preserves its good condition, and is, moreover, found to contain water in its stomach if opened. For its abstinence in liquids, the eland compensates by its ravenous appetite for solid food, and is so large a feeder that the expense of keeping the animal would be almost too great for any one who endeavored to domesticate the animal with any hope of profit.

The color of the two elands was of a pale grayish-brown, and their horns were nearly straight, spirally twisted, and of considerable size.

Kermit Roosevelt also killed two very fine specimens of cheetahs. The cheetah, youze or hunting cat, as it is indifferently named, is rather a large animal, exceeding an ordinary leopard in stature. This superiority in size appears to be greater than it really is, on account of their long limbs, which give it the aspect of a very large animal. The head, however, is very small in proportion to its height, and the limbs, although very long, are slender, and devoid

of that marvellous strength that lies latent in the true leopard's limb.

The title "jubata," or crested, is given to the cheetah on account of a short, mane-like crest of stiff long hairs which passes from the back of the head to the shoulders. Although termed the "Hunting Leopard," it can lay but little claim to the pardine title, and has



THE CHEETAH.

probably been placed among the true leopards more on account of its spotted hide than for its shape and structure. The claws of this animal are but partially retractile, nor are they so sharply curved, nor so beautifully pointed, as those of the leopard. The cheetah is unable to climb trees like the leopard, and in the general contour of its body evidently forms one of the connecting links between the feline and the canine races.

Gaining their living by mingled craft and agility, this animal obtains its food from the various deer and antelopes which inhabit the same country, and in seizing and slaying its prey no little art is required. Their speed is not very great, with but little endurance; so that an antelope or a stag could set the spotted foe at defiance, and in a short half-hour place themselves beyond his reach. But it is the business of the cheetah to hinder the active and swift-footed deer from obtaining that invaluable half-hour, and to strike them down before they are aware of his presence.

In order to obtain this end, the cheetah watches for a herd of deer or antelopes, or is content to address himself to the pursuit of a solitary individual, or a little band of two or three, should they be placed in a position favorable for his purpose. Crouching upon the ground so as to conceal himself as much as possible from the watchful eyes of the intended prey, he steals rapidly and silently upon them, never venturing to show himself until he is within reach of a single spring.

THE CHEETAH TAKING THE PLACE OF THE HAWK.

Having singled out one individual from the herd, he leaps upon the devoted animal and dashes it to the ground. Fastening his strong grip in the throat of the dying animal, he at once proceeds to lap the hot blood, and for the time seems forgetful of time or place.

Of these curious habits, the restless and all-adapting mind of man has taken advantage, and has diverted to his own service the wild destructive properties of the cheetah. In fact, man has established a kind of quadrupedal falconry, the cheetah taking the place of the hawk, and the chase being one of earth and not of air. The Asiatics have brought this curious chase to great perfection, and are able to train them for this purpose in a wonderfully perfect manner.

When taken out for the purpose of hunting game, he is hooded and placed in a light car, in company with his keepers. When they perceive a herd of deer, or other desirable game, the keepers turn the cheetah's head in the proper direction, and remove the hood from his eyes. The sharp-sighted animal generally perceives the prey at

once, but if he fails so to do the keepers assist him by quiet gestures.

No sooner does the deer appear than his bands are loosened, and he gently slips from the car. Employing all his innate artifices, the quadrupedal hunter approaches the game, and with one powerful leap flings himself upon the animal which he has selected. The keepers now hurry up, and take his attention from the slaughtered animal by offering him a ladleful of its blood, or by placing before him some food of which he is especially fond, such as the head and neck of a fowl. The hood is then slipped over his head, and the blinded animal is conducted patient and unresisting to the car, where he is secured, until another victim may be discovered.

VERY DETERMINED-LOOKING ANIMAL.

The fur of the cheetah is rather rough, and is by no means so smooth as that of the African or Asiatic leopard. Its color is very similar to that of the leopard, but the ground color of the fur is of a deeper fawn. The spots which so profusely stud the body and limbs are nearly round in their form, and black in their tint. Excepting upon the face there seem to be no stripes like those of the tiger, but upon each side of the face there is a bold black streak which runs from the eye to the corner of the mouth. The hair about the throat, chest, and flanks is rather long, and gives a very determinate look to the animal.

Kermit and his father were highly elated at the success of their days' hunting, as it was really the first good opportunity which Kermit had for exhibiting his prowess with the rifle, and the specimens secured possessed considerable value.

The long journey made by the Roosevelt expedition from Nairobi to the Sotik district was undertaken for the purpose of giving the former President an opportunity to bag a white rhinoceros.

Colonel Roosevelt has often expressed a keen desire to kill one of these extremely rare animals, declaring that he would rather kill a white rhinoceros than any other single animal on the dark continent.

Captain Richard Dawson, of the Coldstream Guards, who had

just returned from the vicinity of the Roosevelt hunting grounds, was most fortunate in having shot a large white rhino near Koba, in the Sotik district. The animal was killed within a few miles of where Colonel Roosevelt and his party were hunting.

Captain Dawson declared that his party had remarkable success in the Lake Albert Nyanza district, and adds that before leaving that district he saw several other white rhinoceri. He killed only one himself, for no hunter is allowed to kill more than one male and one female beast of each variety. This rule was waived in the case of Colonel Roosevelt, but he refused to take advantage of the removal of the restriction, declaring he wanted to be treated like all the other hunters.

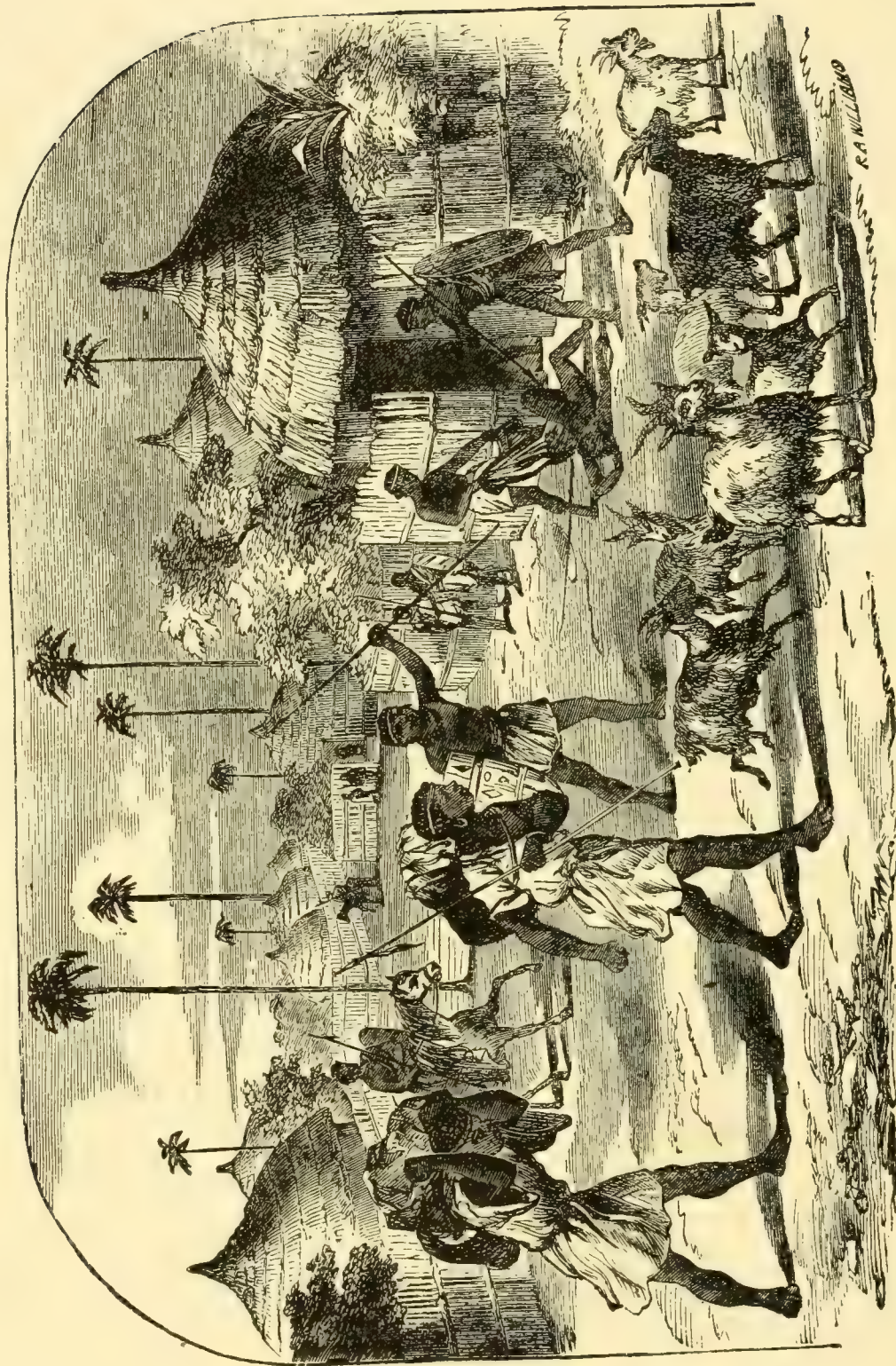
"If it is Colonel Roosevelt's keen desire to kill a white rhinoceros, I am sure he will be successful," said Captain Dawson, "for members of my party saw several of them in the shallow waters of the lake and in the nearby jungles. We could have killed many more of them had we been allowed."

BIG GAME PLENTIFUL.

Captain Dawson, who has hunted often in Africa, said that big game in the vicinity of Lake Albert Nyanza was exceptionally plentiful and declared Colonel Roosevelt will find that district one of the best through which he had hunted.

"The natives looked forward with special interest to the coming of ex-President Roosevelt," said Captain Dawson, "and they were making great preparations to give him a right royal welcome. Messengers from the boy king had traversed all that portion of the Uganda protectorate notifying the subjects that Colonel Roosevelt was to be accorded the honors that would be paid to a visiting sultan and that no pains or expense was to be spared to see that his hunting in that country should be successful."

While hunting through the jungle Colonel Roosevelt came upon lion tracks, which were larger than any he had seen thus far during his African hunt. With his gun bearers he followed the tracks for some time, finally coming upon the great king of the jungle almost unawares. Cornered, the great beast turned and charged



SCENE IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE NEAR ROOSEVELT'S CAMP.

furiously in the direction of Colonel Roosevelt, seeking to get near enough to spring. Colonel Roosevelt had just time to seize a rifle from one of the gun bearers and fire one quick shot.

But that shot was enough. The great beast stopped and sank dead in the jungle grass. Colonel Roosevelt's bullet had struck it full in the chest, piercing its heart, and thus again his rare skill as a marksman had saved his life.

The gun bearers declared it was the narrowest call the ex-President has yet had, and all were loud in their praise of his marksmanship. The lion was the finest specimen yet killed on the African hunt. It was a black maned male beast, and African hunters declare it had one of the most beautiful manes and skins ever captured. The taxidermists from the Smithsonian Institute were elated over the kill, as the skin will make a rare addition to their already splendid collection.

THE LION THE KING OF BEASTS.

This magnificent and noble creature of which several species are claimed to exist, although it is thought by many experienced judges that there is really but one species, which is modified into permanent varieties according to the country in which it lives, is properly esteemed as the king of beasts.

The best known of these species or varieties is the South African lion, of whom many anecdotes have been narrated. This noble animal is found in nearly all parts of Southern Africa, where the foot of civilized man has not stayed its wanderings. Before the tread of the white man, the lion shrinks unwillingly, haunting each advanced post for a time, but driven surely and slowly backward as the human intellect gains opportunity for manifesting its supremacy over the lower animals. So entirely does man sweep the wild beasts from his presence, that even in the Cape colony a living lion is just as great a rarity as in England or America, and there are very few who have ever beheld a living lion except when pent in a cage.

The color of the lion is a tawny yellow, lighter on the under parts of the body, and darker above. The ears are blackish, and the

tip of the tail is decorated with a tuft of black hair. This tuft serves to distinguish the lion from any other member of the cat tribe.

The male, when full grown, is furnished with a thick and shaggy mane of very long hair, which falls from the neck, shoulders, and part of the throat and chin, varying in tint according to the age of the animal, and possibly according to the locality which it inhabits. The lioness possesses no mane, and even in the male it is not properly developed until the animal has completed his third year.

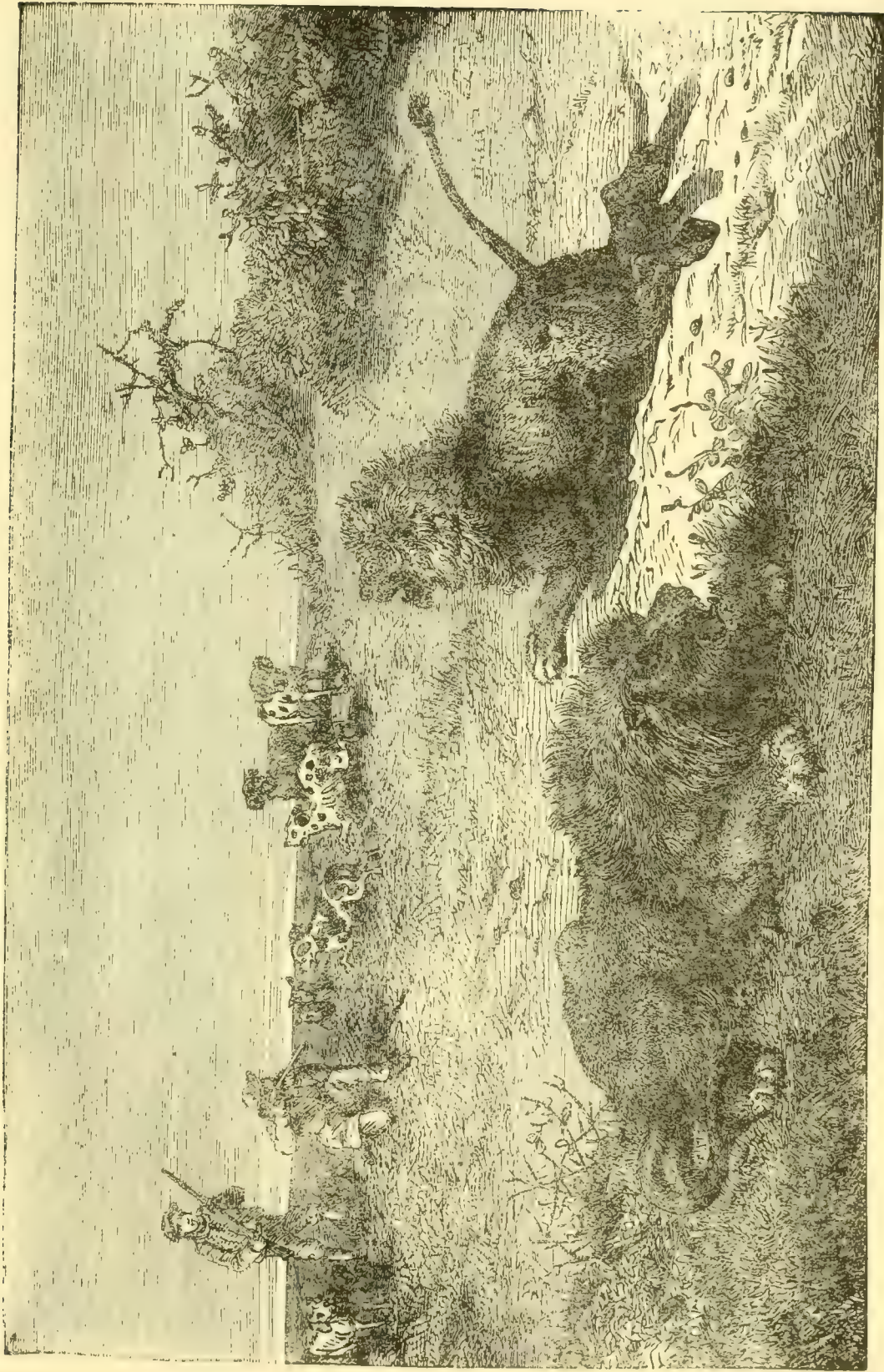
When fully grown, the male measures some four feet in height at the shoulder, and about eleven feet in total length. These measurements are only applicable to the noble animals which have passed their lives in the free air of their native land, and have attained their majority with limbs unshackled and spirits unbroken.

THE LIONESS MORE TO BE FEARED THAN THE LION.

The lioness is a smaller animal than her mate, and the difference of size appears to be much greater than really is the case, because she is devoid of the thick mane which gives such grandeur and dignity to her spouse. Although smaller in size, she is quite as terrible in combat; and, indeed, the lioness is oftentimes a foe much more to be dreaded than the lion. When she has a little family to look after, Leæna is a truly fearful enemy to those who cross her path, assuming at once the offensive, and charging the intruders with a fierce courage that knows no fear and heeds no repulse.

Of the character of the lion, opinions the most opposite have been promulgated.

Until later days he was considered to be the very type of fiery courage and kingly generosity, indomitable in conflict with the strong, but merciful in sparing the weak and defenseless. Latterly, however, writers have passed to the opposite extreme, speaking of the lion as a cowardly, sneaking animal, and have even gone so far as to declare him to be no more formidable than a mastiff. It must be remarked that these opposite ideas have been put forth by men of practical experience, who have been personally acquainted with the king of beasts in his own domains.



DESPERATE BATTLE WITH THE KING OF THE FOREST.

Making due allowance for the "personal error," as astronomers would term the difference of idiosyncrasy in the narrators, we may safely conjecture that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes, and that the lion is not always so fierce an animal as is said to be the case by some, nor always so cowardly as it is said to be by others.

Even the same individual may be at one time ferocious and truculent, attacking a party of armed men, in spite of their fire-rampart, and carrying off one of their number from among them; or at another time it may be timid and cowardly, skulking out of sight if discovered, and flying in terror before the shouts and cries of a few savages.

Hunger seems to be the great cause of a lion's defiance of danger; and it but seldom happens that a lion which has had plenty to eat troubles itself to attack man or beast.

CONSIDERABLE INDOLENCE IN THE LION.

There seems to be a considerable spice of indolence in the lion, which indeed is the case in most of the members of the cat tribe. It is capable of very great muscular efforts, and for a time will exert the most wary vigilance. But as soon as the existing cause is removed, the creature seems overcome with lethargy, and, seeking the cover of its lair, yields itself to repose.

Even when aroused by the calls of hunger, the lion will not take more trouble than is necessary for the attainment of its end, and if it can strike down an antelope or jaguar with a blow of its paw, will be quite satisfied with its success, and will not trouble itself about such difficult game as a buffalo or a giraffe.

It is supposed by those who have had much experience of the leonine character, that the terrible "man-eating" lions owe their propensity for human flesh to the indolence of their character or the infirmity of their frame, and not to their superior activity or courage. Unwilling, or unable, to expend strength and patience in the pursuit of the swift-footed antelope or powerful buffalo, the lion prowls about the villages, thinking to find an easy prey in the man, woman, or child that may happen to stray from the protecting

guardianship of the kraal and its dogs. Unarmed, man is weaker of limb, slower of foot, and less vigilant of senses than any of the wild animals, and therefore is a victim that can be slain without much trouble.

It is said that the taste for human flesh is often engendered by the thoughtless conduct of the very people who suffer from the "man-eaters." The Kaffirs are apt to leave their slain exposed in the bush, "a prey to dogs and all kinds of birds."

THE LION BECOMES A MAN-EATER.

The lion who passes near the spot where a dead Kaffir lies, is mightily pleased with the opportunity of obtaining a dinner on such charmingly easy terms; and being master of the situation, drives away hyenas, jackals, and vultures, until he has satisfied his lordly appetite. Having satiated himself, he retires to rest, and on awaking, repairs again to the site of his banquet in hope of making another such meal. He finds nothing but the fragments of bones, for the jackals and vultures have long ago consumed every morsel of flesh, and the hyenas have eaten the greater part of the bones. From that moment the lion becomes a man-eater and is a scourge to the neighborhood. It beseemeth the whole armed population to rise and destroy this pest; for as long as the man-eater lives he will pay constant visits to the villages, and night after night, or even day after day, so great is his audacity, will he carry off his victims.

It is worthy of notice, that in all parts of the world where the larger felidæ live, certain individuals seem to isolate themselves from their kind by this propensity, and distinguish themselves for their predilection for human flesh.

As a general rule, the lion is no open foe. He does not come boldly out on the plain and give chase to his prey, for he is by no means swift of foot, and, as has already been mentioned, has no idea of running into danger without adequate cause. He can make tremendous leaps, and with a single blow from his terrible paw can crush any of the smaller animals. So he creeps towards his intended prey, availing himself of every bush and tree as a cover, always taking care to advance against the wind, so that the pungent

feline odor should give no alarm, and when he has arrived within the limits of his spring, leaps on the devoted animal and strikes it to the ground.

This mode of action gives a clew to the object of the fear-instilling roar which has made the lion so famous.

As the lion obtains his prey by stealth, and depends for nutrition on the success of his hunting, it seems strange that his voice should be of such a nature as to inspire with terror the heart of every animal which hears its reverberating thunders. Yet it will be seen, that the creature could find no aid so useful as that of his voice.

HIS ROAR FRIGHTENS ANIMALS.

If the lion has been prowling about during the evening hours, and has found no prey, he places his mouth close to the earth, and utters a terrific roar, which rolls along the ground on all sides, and frightens every animal which may chance to be crouching near. Not knowing from what direction the fearful sound has come, they leave their lairs, and rush frantically about, distracted with terror and bewildered with the sudden arousing from sleep. In their heedless career, one or two will probably pass within a convenient distance of the lurking foe.

These nocturnal alarms cause great trouble to those who travel into the interior of Africa. When night draws on, it is the custom to call a halt, and to release the draught oxen from their harness. A kind of camp is then made, a blazing fire is kept alight as a defense against the wild beasts, and the oxen are fastened either to the wagons or to the bushes by which the encampment is made.

The lion comes and surveys the mingled mass of oxen, men, and wagons, but fears to approach too closely, for he dreads the blaze of a fire. In vain does he prowl around the encampment, for he can discover no stragglers from the protecting flame, and, moreover, finds that the watchful dogs are on the alert. So he retires to some little distance, and putting his mouth to the ground, pours forth his deepest roar. Struck with frantic terror, the stupid oxen break away from their halters, and quitting their sole protection,

gallop madly away, only to fall victims to the jaws and talons of the author of the panic.

It often happens that several lions combine in their attack, and bring their united forces to bear upon the common prey, each taking his appointed part in the matter. One of these joint attacks was witnessed by two English officers engaged in the late Kaffir war.

A small herd of zebras were quietly feeding in a plain, all unconscious of the stealthy approach of several lions, which were creeping towards them in regular order, under cover of a dense reed thicket. So quietly did the lions make their advance, that their progress was unnoticed even by the zebra-sentinel. The lions crept on, until they reached the sheltering thicket, when the sentinel took the alarm. It was too late—with a single bound, the leading lion sprang over the reeds, felled one of the zebras, and set the others scampering in all directions so as to fall an easy prey to his companions.

MEETING BETWEEN GREEK AND GREEK.

It has happened that such alliances have come to a tragical end for the assailant as well as the victim.

“Early one morning,” says Mr. Anderson, in his “Lake Ngami,” “one of our herdsmen came running up to us in a great fright, and announced that a lion was devouring a lioness. We thought at first that the man must be mistaken, but his story was perfectly true, and only her skull, the larger bones, and the skin were left. On examining more closely, the fresh remains of a young springbok were also discovered. We therefore conjectured that the lion and lioness, being very hungry, and the antelope not proving a sufficient meal for both, had quarrelled; and he, after killing his wife, had coolly eaten her also.”

The same writer relates a curious instance of a wounded lion being torn in pieces by a troop of his fellows.

In the attack of large animals, the lion seldom attempts an unaided assault, but joins in the pursuit with several companions. Thus it seems to be that the stately giraffe is slain by the lion, five of which have been seen engaged in the chase of one giraffe, two

actually pulling down their prey, while the other three were waiting close at hand. After being driven off, the neck of the giraffe was found to be bitten through by the cruel teeth of the assailants.

When the lion kills an eland and does not happen to be very ravenously hungry, he feeds daintily on the heart and other viscera, not often touching the remainder of the flesh. In so doing, he rips open the abdomen with his powerful claws, and tearing out his favorite morsels, devours them. Sometimes, after satisfying his hunger, he will leave the eland lying on the ground apparently uninjured, the only visible wound being that which he has made by tearing the animal open.

Owing to the uniform tawny color of the lion's coat, he is hardly distinguishable from surrounding objects even in broad daylight, and by night he walks secure. Even the practised eyes of an accomplished hunter have been unable to detect the bodies of lions which were lapping water at some twenty yards' distance, betraying their vicinity by the sound, but so blended in form with the landscape that they afforded no mark for the rifle even at that short distance.

Is it much wonder then, that the coming of the Roosevelt expedition was hailed with delight by the natives, since their reputation as marksmen gave assurance of ridding them of a large number of their dangerous foes?

Colonel Roosevelt had remarkable luck, and his bag includes a fine specimen of lioness, four big rhinoceroses, which abound along the banks of this lake, and a plentiful variety of antelope and wilder beasts.

The natives with the party declared they never packed for a more skillful or untiring hunter, and that Colonel Roosevelt rarely uses more than one shot on any beast of prey.

Young Kermit, too, had been doing a fine lot of shooting, both with an express rifle and a camera. He added to his already large list of fine lionesses an extremely rare bull eland which is an ox-like antelope, only a few of which remain in Africa, and many smaller animals. His work as official photographer for the party, it is said, has progressed to a stage where the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute who are with the party are highly elated.

CHAPTER XXI

ROOSEVELT HUNTS ON LAKE NAIVASHA—ADDS A BULL HIPPOPOTAMUS TO HIS COLLECTION—AMMUNITION USED BY COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA—EXCITING COMBAT WITH HIPPOPOTAMUS.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT inaugurated a novelty in big game hunting when in pursuit of elephant and rhinoceros in Africa, armed with an American repeating rifle of far lighter bore than the weapons with which British sportsmen pursue the same animals. Although the rhino is considered about as dangerous game as can be found on the Dark Continent, due to his habit of blindly charging at top speed any object he deems hostile, the former President used a rifle of only .405 caliber in the chase.

This rifle is better known by the American term of "forty" caliber, and it would have been considered little short of suicide fifteen years ago to attempt the hunting of such big game with such a caliber. Improvements in high pressure, smokeless powder and the development of the steel jacketed bullet have increased the efficiency of the arm many times since then, however. With the steel bullet he used the arm when encountering the African buffalo, which is said to be a far more dangerous customer than his American namesake used to be.

This same gun with soft-pointed bullets was used on such game as lions. It has terrific "smashing" power, as it has tremendous velocity, and the bullet spreads or mushrooms on impact, thus tearing a hole through soft tissue and the lighter bones through which the hand could be thrust. To penetrate the tough hide of a rhino, however, the steel bullet is used.

For lighter game, such as the African species of deer, and for long-range shooting the Colonel carried two .303 caliber repeaters, popularly known as "thirties."

For feathered game he used two twelve-gauge repeating shot-

guns and two twenty-two caliber automatic rifles for small game and for amusement around camp. His shotgun ammunition was specially loaded for him and was in brass shells. The wads had been carefully waterproofed, and instead of the shell being merely crimped over the wad at the end, it had been cut into small flanges and bent over. The wad was covered with wax. This was to prevent swelling in the moist climate, which might affect paper shells.

Colonel Roosevelt accepted an invitation to camp on the grounds of the Attenborough brothers on Lake Naivasha. The elder of the brothers is Captain Frederick, a retired British naval officer. The younger is H. T. Attenborough, who for twenty years was a resident of San Francisco. The two brothers, who are rich men, have built a splendid European estate and home in the African mountains where they live like feudal lords of old. Their manor house is in the low mountains which fringe the southern shores of Lake Naivasha, while their estate runs down to the shores of the lake.

ROOSEVELT SHOTS A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The Attenboroughs live in a veritable Arabian Nights atmosphere. They have built a lake of their own, in which they have thirty of the finest specimen of hippopotami in Africa, and it is a rare sight to sit on the banks of this artificial sea and watch the great beasts at play.

As Colonel Roosevelt was lacking a bull hippopotamus for his bag, the brothers insisted that he shoot one from their lake, the skin being added to the collection being shipped back to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

The hippopotamus is, as the import of its name, "river horse," implies, most aquatic in its habits. It generally prefers fresh water, but it is not at all averse to the sea, and will sometimes prefer salt water to fresh. It is an admirable swimmer and diver, and is able to remain below the surface for a considerable length of time.

In common with the elephant, it possesses the power of sinking at will, which is the more extraordinary when the huge size of the animal is taken into consideration. Perhaps it may be enabled to contract itself by an exertion of the muscles whenever it desires to

sink, and to return to its former dimensions when it wishes to return to the surface. It mostly affects the stillest reaches of the river, as it is less exposed to the current, and not so liable to be swept down the stream while asleep.

The young hippopotamus is not able to bear submersion so long as its parent, and is therefore carefully brought to the surface at short intervals for the purpose of breathing. During the first few months of the little animal's life, it takes its stand on its mother's neck, and is borne by her above or through the water as experience may dictate or necessity require.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS FIERCE FIGHTERS WHEN AROUSED.

On shore the hippopotamus trots heavily, but with considerable rapidity, and when two of them meet on solid ground they frequently fight ferociously, rearing up on their hind feet, and biting one another with great fury, so that according to African travelers, it is rare to find a hippopotamus which has not some of its teeth broken, or the scars of wounds upon his body. When not irritated they appear to be quiet and inoffensive; but a very trifling irritation is sufficient to rouse their anger, when they attack the offender most furiously with their teeth.

A hippopotamus which had been touched accidentally by a boat turned upon it and tore out several of the planks, so that it was with difficulty the crew got to shore. A hippopotamus has also been known to kill some cattle, which were tied up near his haunts, without the slightest provocation.

Mr. Cuninghame, who was in Africa with Colonel Roosevelt, gives the following account of the habits of the hippopotamus: "This animal abounds in the Limpopo, dividing the empire with its amphibious neighbor, the crocodile. Throughout the night the unwieldy monsters might be heard snorting and blowing during their aquatic gambols, and we not unfrequently detected them in the act of sallying from their reed-grown coverts, to graze by the serene light of the moon; never, however, venturing to any distance from the river, the stronghold to which they betake themselves on the smallest alarm.

“Occasionally during the day, they were to be seen basking on the shore, amid ooze and mud; but shots were most constantly to be had at their uncouth heads, when protruded from the water to draw breath; and if killed, the body rose to the surface. Vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or the eye, which is placed in a prominence, so as to resemble the garret window of a Dutch house, they require the perfection of rifle practice, and after a few shots become exceedingly shy, exhibiting the snout only, and as instantly withdrawing it.

“The hide is upward of an inch and a half in thickness, and being scarcely flexible, may be dragged from the ribs like planks from the ship’s side.”

“The track of the hippopotamus may be distinguished from any other animal by a line of unbroken herbage which is left behind the marks of the feet of each side, as the width of the space between the right and left legs causes the animal to place its feet so considerably apart as to make a distinct double track.

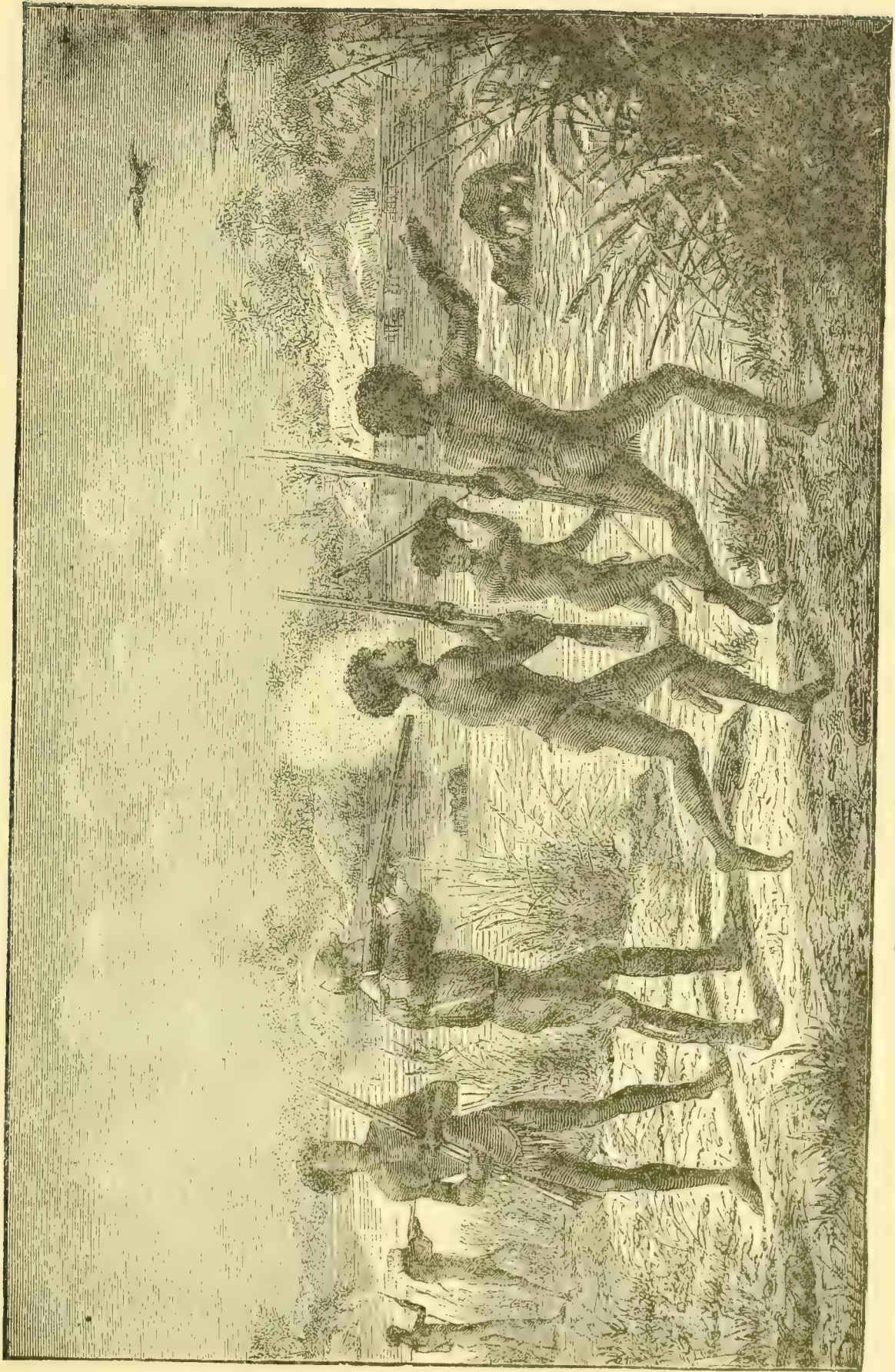
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DISAPPEARING FAST.

“It may be remarked that the hippopotamus, as well as the elephant and rhinoceros, is fast disappearing in all the countries where it exists, before the incessant and destructive war made upon it by firearms. It could resist, and for ages did resist, the rude and ineffective weapons of savages and barbarians, living and multiplying in spite of them; but the species must soon yield to the destructive propensity and power of civilized men.”

“After seeing the animal plunging about in his bath, diving with ease, and traversing the bottom of the tank as if it were dry land, one can the better appreciate the difficulties attending a struggle which I recently witnessed:

“There were four of them, three cows and an old bull. They stood in the middle of the river, and, although alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger.

“I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and occasionally



EXCITING COMBAT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS

remained still, sitting for a few moments on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river. They rolled along like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow.

“I was now in a state of great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared she would get down into deep water, and be lost, like the last one. Her struggles were still bearing her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired another shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye. She then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river.

“I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me; my anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation. So divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the river, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower.

SPLASHED FURIOUSLY.

“As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked at me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the least, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail.

“Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle, and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing, sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on her rump like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank.

“Here a native quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rem from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a shot through her head, and she was numbered with the dead.”

In explanation of one part of this description, the difficulty



DRIVING CROCODILES INTO THE WATER.

experienced by the hunter in holding by her tail will be easily understood by those who have examined the member in question. The tail of the hippopotamus is a flattened, naked affair, about two feet long, as thick as a man's wrist, and slightly fringed at the extremity with a few long bristles. If we imagine this tail flung about in the death-agony of a full-grown hippopotamus, it will

not be difficult to conceive the almost impossibility of holding on by the hands, especially in the water, which is the natural element of the brute.

Another member of the Roosevelt party relates a thrilling experience that befell some of his companions on one of their hunting trips. A hippopotamus happened to rise under their boat, and struck her back against its keel. Irritated by the unexpected resistance, she dashed at the boat with open jaws, seized the side between her teeth, and tore out seven planks. She then sank for a few seconds, but immediately resumed the attack, and if one of the party had not fired a musket in her face, would probably have worked still more harm.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

As it was, too much mischief had been already done, for the loss of so much planking had caused the boat to fill rapidly, and it was only by severe exertion that the party succeeded in getting the boat to shore before it sank. The boat was providentially not more than an oar's length from the bank when the attack took place; but had it been in the centre of the river, few, if any of the occupants, would have escaped to tell the tale.

The shock from beneath was so violent, that the steersman was thrown completely out of the boat into the water, but was seized and drawn in again before the hippopotamus could get at him.

The extreme whiteness of the ivory obtained from the hippopotamus' teeth renders it peculiarly valuable for the delicate scales of various philosophical instruments, and its natural curve adapts it admirably for the verniers of ship sextants. The weight of a large tooth is from five to eight pounds, and the value of the ivory is from four to five dollars a pound.

With these apparently combined teeth the hippopotamus can cut the grass as neatly as if it were mown with a scythe, and is able to sever, as if with shears, a tolerably stout and thick stem.

Possessed of an enormous appetite, having a stomach that is capable of containing five or six bushels of nutriment, and furnished with such powerful instruments, the hippopotamus is a terrible



EXCITING BATTLE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI.

nuisance to the owners of cultivated lands that happen to be near the river in which the animal has taken up his abode.

During the day it is comfortably asleep in its chosen hiding-place, but as soon as the shades of night deepen, the hippopotamus issues from its den, and treading its way into the cultivated lands, makes sad devastation among the growing crops.

Were the mischief confined to the amount which is eaten by the voracious brute, it would be bad enough, but the worst of the matter is, that the hippopotamus damages more than it eats by the clumsy manner of its progress. The body is so large and heavy, and the legs are so short, that the animal is forced to make a double track as he walks, and in the grass-grown plain can be readily traced by the peculiar character of the track.

HIPPOPOTAMANI DESTROY MORE THAN THEY EAT.

It may therefore be easily imagined that when a number of these hungry, awkward, waddling, splay-footed beasts come blundering among the standing crops, trampling and devouring indiscriminately, they will do no slight damage before they think fit to retire.

The aggrieved cultivators endeavor to protect their grounds and at the same time to make the depredators pay for the damage which they have done, by digging a number of pitfalls across the hippopotamus paths, and furnishing each pit with a sharp stake in the centre.

When an animal falls into such a trap, the rejoicings are great, for not only is the ivory of great commercial value, but the flesh is very good eating, and the hide is useful for the manufacture of whips and other instruments. The fat of the hippopotamus, called by the colonists "Zee-Koe speck" or sea-cow bacon, is held in very high estimation, as is the tongue and the jelly which is extracted from the feet.

The hide is so thick that it must be dragged from the creature's body in slips, like so many planks, and is an inch and a half in thickness on the back, and three-quarters of an inch on the other portions of the body. Yet, in spite of its enormous thickness and its tough

quality, it is quite pliable when seen on the living beast, and accommodates itself easily to all his movements.

There is also the "down-fall," a trap which consists of a log of wood, weighted heavily at one end, to which extremity is loosely fixed a spearhead, well treated with poison. This terrible log is suspended over some hippopotamus path, and is kept in its place by a slight cord which crosses the path and is connected with a catch or trigger. As soon as the animal presses the cord, the catch is liberated, and down comes the armed log, striking the poisoned spear deep into the poor beast's back, and speedily killing it by the poison, if not from the immediate effects of the wound.

The most exciting manner of hunting the hippopotamus is by fairly chasing and harpooning it, as if it were a whale or a walrus.

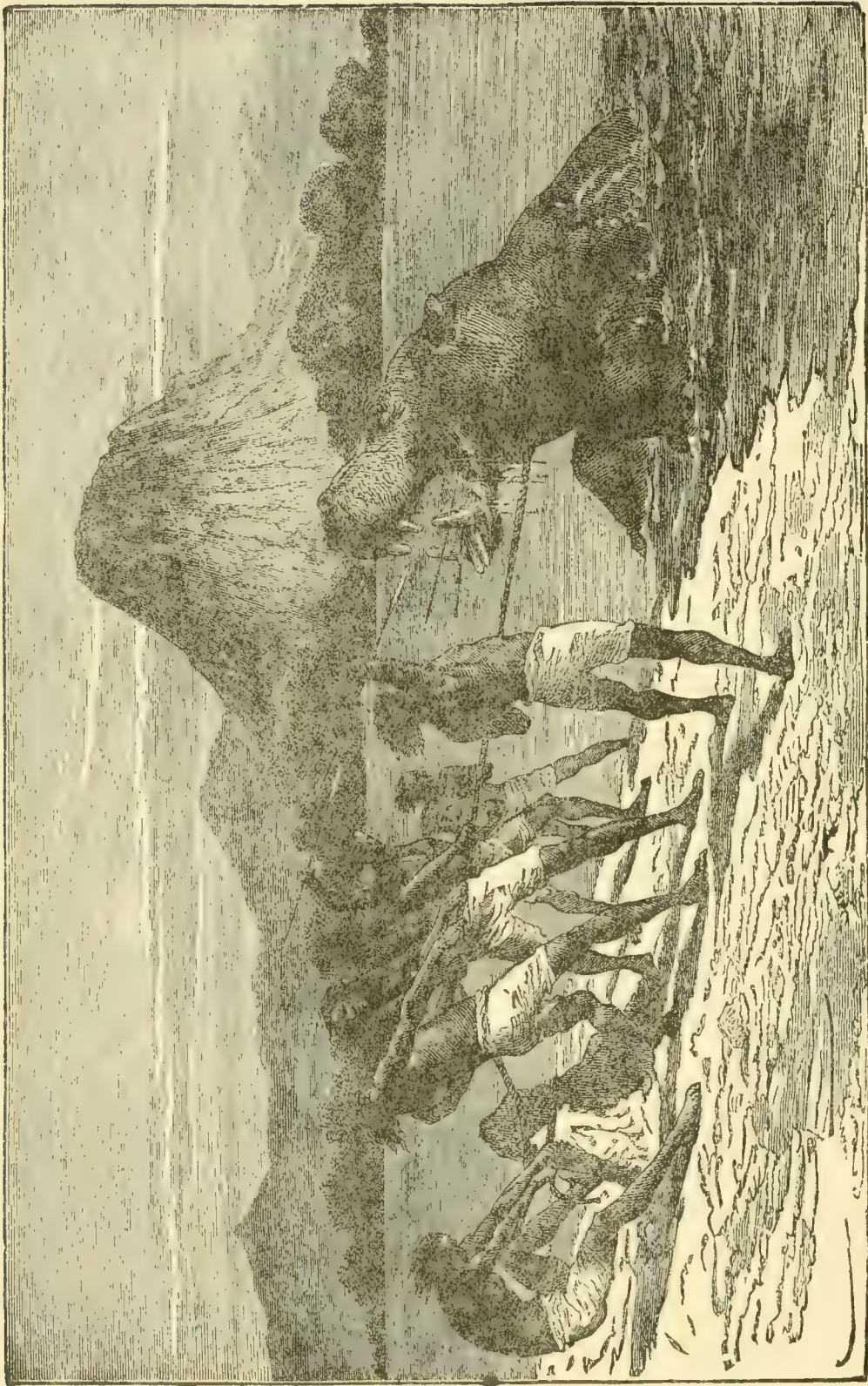
GETTING READY WITH THE HARPOON.

The harpoon is a very ingenious instrument, being composed of two portions, a shaft measuring three or four inches in thickness and ten or twelve feet in length, and a barbed iron point, which fits loosely into a socket in the head of the shaft, and is connected with it by means of a rope composed of a number of separate strands.

This peculiar rope is employed to prevent the animal from severing it, which he would soon manage were it to be composed of a single strand. To the other end of the shaft a strong line is fastened, and to the other end of the line a float or buoy is attached. As this composite harpoon is very weighty it is not thrown at the animal, but is urged by the force of the harpooner's arm. The manner of employing it shall be told in the following words of one of the most skillful hunters of recent times:

"As soon as the position of the hippopotamus is ascertained, one or more of the most skillful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons; whilst the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove successful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside. Conversation is carried on in a whisper, and every one is on the alert.

"The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; but a bend in the stream still hides the animals from view.



LANDING AN ENORMOUS HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crest of sunken rocks than living creatures.

“Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with its sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement.

“At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger. Presently one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height, to give the greater force to the blow, and the next instant the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

ALL EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ARE UNAVAILING.

“The wounded animal plunges violently, and dives to the bottom; but all his efforts to escape are unavailing. The line or the shaft of the harpoon may break; but the cruel barb once inbedded in the flesh, the weapon (owing to the toughness and thickness of the beast’s hide) cannot be withdrawn.

“As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon-line, and take a round turn with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be ‘brought up’ at once, or, should there be too great a strain on the line, ‘played’ (to liken small things to great) in the same manner as the salmon by the fisherman. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and ‘buoy’ are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wherever he chooses.

“The rest of the canoes are now all launched from off the raft, and chase is given to the poor brute, who, so soon as he comes to the surface to breathe, is saluted with a shower of light javelins. Again he descends, his track deeply crimsoned with gore. Presently—and perhaps at some little distance—he once more appears on the surface, when, as before, missiles of all kinds are hurled at his devoted head.

“When thus beset, the infuriated beast not unfrequently turns upon his assailants, and either with his formidable tusks, or with a blow from his enormous head, staves in or capsizes the canoes. At times, indeed, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he will attack one or other of the natives, and with a single grasp of his horrid jaws either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two.

“The chase often lasts a considerable time. So long as the line and the harpoon hold, the animal cannot escape, because the ‘buoy’ always marks his whereabouts. At length, from loss of blood or exhaustion, Behemoth succumbs to his pursuers and is then dragged ashore.”

The hippopotamus feeds entirely upon vegetable substances, cropping the herbage and bushes on the banks of the rivers, and occasionally visiting the cultivated grounds during the night. It passes most of its time in the water, where it swims and dives with great ease, and is said to walk at the bottom. When the head of the animal is below the water it rises frequently to blow it out from its nostrils, making it ascend in two jets.

The government officials on the morning of July 9th closed the public road which runs from Nairobi to Fort Hall, the capital of Kenia, owing to the invasion of that district by man-eating lions. Several natives within a few days had been killed by these animals.

The Fort Hall road, which was closed by the authorities, is about sixty miles long and situated to the east of the Uganda Railroad. Former President Roosevelt at that time was on a shooting trip in the Sotik district, which is about fifty miles from Naivasha on the west side of the railroad.

CHAPTER XXII.

FREDERIC COURTENAY SELOUS—A HUNTER WITHOUT A PEER—
FRIEND, COMPANION AND GUIDE TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT—
COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S ESTIMATE OF THE MAN—THE FATAL,
SLEEPING SICKNESS OF THE DARK CONTINENT—A "SAFARI"
AND WHAT IT MEANS.

A MAN of pronounced and positive conviction upon public affairs, as well as the strong bodily vigor of healthy life, such as Colonel Roosevelt's characteristics have been so well understood, is bound to attract to himself as affinities companions of a similar type.

When the fact became known that Colonel Roosevelt proposed to spend upward of a year in the hunt for big game in East Africa, it was but natural that sportsmen everywhere should become interested, and more especially those who had enjoyed the distinction of having preceded him in that bountiful sportsman's paradise.

Many have distinguished themselves by the remarkable records they have made and the attention which has been attracted from the world at large to their notable achievements and startling adventures. A close study of the experiences of these mighty hunters occupied the chief portion of Colonel Roosevelt's leisure hours toward the close of his term as President. To none did he give closer attention than to those of the gray-bearded, grizzled, slender man who walked at his side as he disembarked from the steamer *Admiral* at Mombasa, in British East Africa, to enjoy the dinner tendered him and his party by the Mombasa Club before he made his way inland for the hunting grounds.

All the way from Naples Colonel Roosevelt and the gray, slender man who joined him there had sought every opportunity to be in each other's company, while for hours at a time the new member of the party told stories of such elephant hunting in Africa as no other man ever had the chance to hear.

At intervals during the passage from Naples, too, cabled news of the progress of the ship had been forwarded to Mombasa, drawing from the interior thousands of natives, who traveled hundreds of miles simply for the chance to gaze upon Roosevelt, the "great white chief," whose fame had penetrated the most abysmal jungles of their habitat.

Yet when the assembled tribesmen beheld the slender, tough-sinewed figure beside the broad-shouldered form of the great white chief they had journeyed so far to see, whispered awe spread hurriedly from man to man, until it seemed as though all must have seen him before and learned to do reverence to his prowess.

"It is he—Macumazahn!" they murmured, one to another. "It is the mighty hunter of elephants, Macumazahn—he who is awake in the night."

GREATEST HUNTER OF MODERN TIMES.

It was indeed the mightiest Nimrod of modern times, Frederic Courtenay Selous, companion, guide and intimate friend of Colonel Roosevelt and the original of that daring, shrewd, dryly humorous, staunch and gallant Allan Quatermain, whom the novels of Rider Haggard have made as familiar to the civilized world as Selous' exploits in the wilds have made his African name familiar among the savages.

It is said of Frederic Courtenay Selous that he has slain more than 100 elephants, nearly half a hundred lions, and as for rhinoceri and buffalo, both dangerous foes to meet, their numbers bring the total of his really perilous encounters into the thousands.

The number of head of big game that have fallen to his gun has been estimated at 3000, while the deer and other animals killed for food would be beyond computation.

During a single expedition, lasting six months, his prizes included twenty-seven elephants, nine rhinoceri, one hippopotamus, one lion, seven zebras and all the minor game required to keep his force of negro carriers in fresh meat.

Museums of the world preserve innumerable specimens for which science is indebted to his daring and his skill. Now, when he

is lending his unparalleled experience to the Roosevelt hunt, he is recognized as Africa's most indefatigable big-game pursuer since he was a boy of fifteen.

Yet, while he has tracked numberless herds of elephants for their ivory tusks and faced scores of lions in deadly encounters, he has never killed for the mere sake of killing. The greater number of his shots have been fired for the prime need of man, food; and during one period, extending over fifteen years, apart from the rice which supplied the farinaceous portion of his diet, he lived exclusively upon the game he brought down with his rifle.

The quotation from Haggard's well-told incident in "Maiwa's Revenge" closes fiction's account of Quatermain's unrelenting pursuit of the huge bull elephants that made the mouth of the veteran hunter fairly water for their possession. He had wounded the largest of them; but, aided by his companions, the immense beast succeeded in escaping for the day.

GOES BEYOND FICTION.

Quatermain took up the hunt and stuck to it until his negro followers, wearied and apprehensive, were on the verge of rebellion. Then, in the night, while his men were all asleep, he heard the trumpet of an elephant.

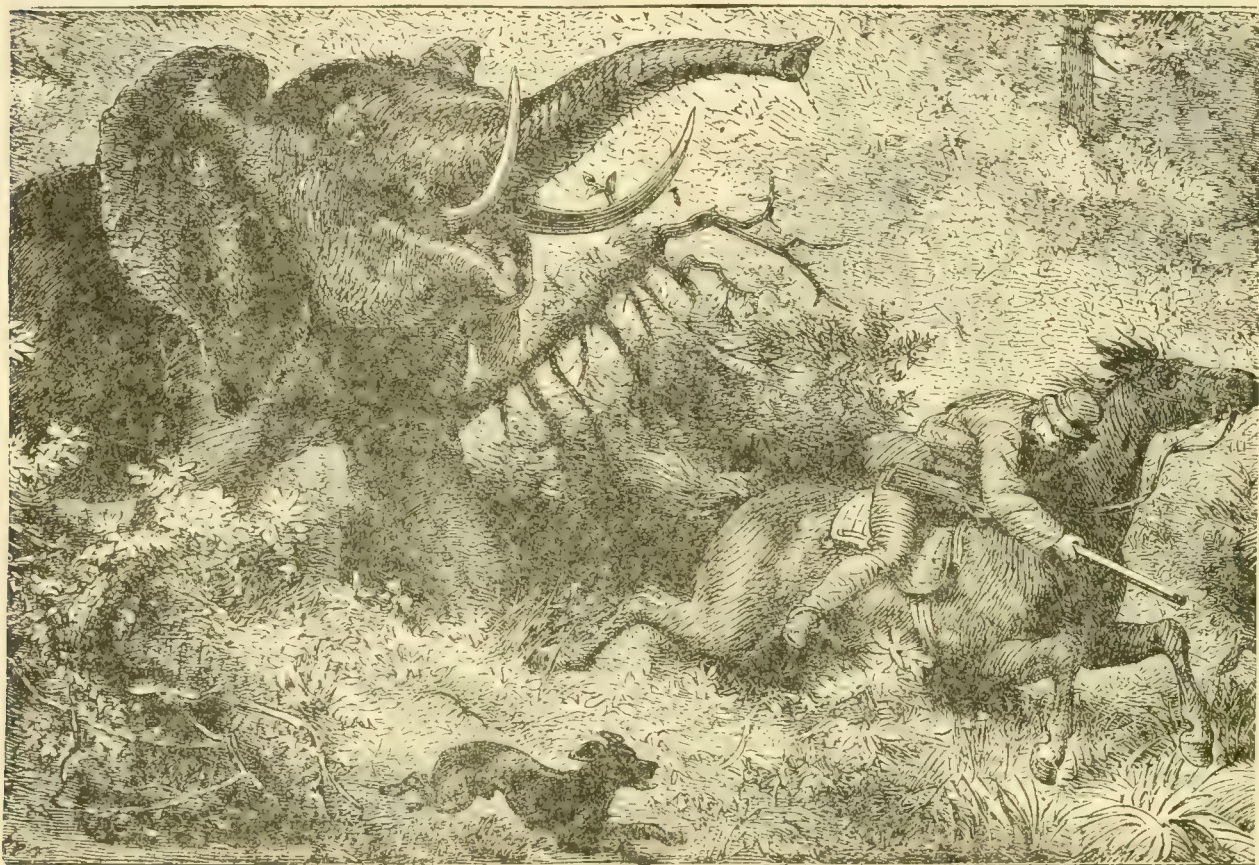
Alone, in the treacherous moonlight, he set out to stalk the dangerous brutes. Endeavoring to surprise them, he was himself beset by all three. By incredible agility and an amazing celerity of rifle fire he slew every one. Next morning he enjoyed the dismay and discomfiture of Gobo, the leader of the rebellious carriers.

Such a hunting story is, ordinarily, readable only in fiction, just as Haggard's account of how Quatermain shot a rhinoceros through the horn would be taken to be the allowable license of the romancer.

But it is precisely here that the real Nimrod of Africa has equaled, and often gone far beyond, the exploits of the unreal Quatermain. The mythical Macumazahn's adventures with elephants and lions are no more thrilling than have been those which, in plain fact, befell the real one; and if Colonel Roosevelt have in his com-

pany anything like the hunter's luck which has attended his indomitable comrade he will not only have wonders to relate on his own account, but he will be a little more than fortunate if he come through the trip with a skin entirely whole.

It was while hunting in Mashonaland, beyond the Lundaza river, when weakened by fever, that Selous came upon a herd of nearly 200 elephants. Besides his weakness he was handicapped by riding a sulky and irritable horse.



CHASED BY AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT.

Nevertheless, he picked out the finest tusker of that vast herd, rode within 100 yards of him and shot him through the lungs.

At that instant a powerful cow elephant wheeled and charged Selous. He succeeded in spurring his horse into the thick brush and the elephant abandoned the chase. Selous promptly resumed the role of pursuer and attacked the herd, one after another.

It was almost suicide, for he sustained charges by huge elephants that made two yards to his horse's one, and once, dismounting, he left his horse to its fate, in the hope of being himself over-

looked. Instead of anything worse occurring, the charging elephant simply stood beside the horse, which showed no more fear than if the giant beast had been a rock; then the elephant walked quietly away and Selous, a few minutes later, killed it. In all, that day he slew, single handed, five great elephants.

The rhinoceros, while not so dangerous, in Mr. Selous' opinion, as an elephant or a lion, is a foe to be dreaded when aroused. He has a fiendish temper, he is well-nigh omnipresent, and he resents to the death the slightest intrusion upon his privacy.

Seldom does it happen that one of these ponderous animals is vanquished by a native foe, nevertheless an account is given where a rhino, entering a river to drink, was seized under water by an immense crocodile, which, having all the advantage of its own element, gradually succeeded in dragging the land giant to deep water and there drowning him. Yet it was Selous who attacked such a rhinoceros and found himself plunged in an adventure that still ranks as something almost incredible to naturalists.

CONFRONTED BY A HUGE BULL RHINOCEROS.

Armed with an old four-bore, muzzle-loading elephant gun, he found himself confronted by a huge bull rhino, which came at him head on. He fired at the head, between the eyes.

"When I fired," he writes, "the rhinoceros' legs seemed to give way under it, and it just sank on the ground and then, rolling on its side, lay quite still.

"My four-ounce bullet had made quite a large hole in the front of its head, into which I and several of my Kaffirs pushed our fingers as far as they would go.

"We went to the nearest tree, some sixty or seventy yards away, and, after resting my two elephant guns—the one still unloaded—against its stem, returned to cut up what we believed to be the carcass.

"One of my Kaffirs, by name Soga, a big strong Makalaka, at once plunged his assegai into the body of the prostrate rhinoceros and commenced to cut through the thick skin, pulling the blade of the assegai toward him with a sawing motion.



AN ELEPHANT'S FURIOUS CHARGE UPON HIS FOES.

"When Soga had made a cut about two and a half feet long in its side the limbs of the rhinoceros began to move spasmodically, and it suddenly raised its head and brought it down again with a thump on the ground.

"From that moment it commenced to struggle frantically, and was evidently fast regaining consciousness. I shouted to Soga to try to stab it in the heart before it got on its legs; but as he only made a very feeble attempt to do so, I ran up, and snatching the assegai from him, endeavored to stab the struggling animal to death myself. But it was now fast regaining strength, and with every effort to rise it threw up its head and brought it down on the ground again with a thump.

"I managed to plunge the heavy assegai through the cut in its skin and deep into the side, but with a sudden, spasmodic movement it broke the shaft in two leaving a short piece attached to the blade sticking in its body.

REELED ABOUT LIKE A DRUNKEN MAN.

"In another moment it was standing on its legs, but kept reeling about like a drunken man."

Selous' loaded gun, when he secured it, missed fire. While he was still trying to bring the other into action the rhino, he says, "started off in a straight line, putting on more pace at every step, and, although we ran as hard as we could, we never overtook it."

Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers has always been Colonel Roosevelt himself, the former President's regard having led him to extend to Mr. Selous the invitation for the hunting which has brought his unerring eye again into the field of African game.

Most of us know what Haggard has had to say, in a variety of volumes, regarding the fictitious Quatermain, but few have had the opportunity to read what Colonel Roosevelt thinks of the man who is now trudging with him in the deep shadows of the African forests.

What Colonel Roosevelt wrote, in encomium of him as the author of his "African Nature Notes," and generously dated "The White House, May 23, 1907," was in reality an extensive review of



ELEPHANTS SPEARED TO DEATH BY NATIVES.

the man and his work, such as only an ardent admirer and enthusiastic friend could have been moved to write; and, indeed, it would almost seem, from that admiring review, written by Colonel Roosevelt at that time, as though his acquaintance with the great Nimrod was what determined him upon devoting practically a year of his life to emulation of the African hunter's deeds in the wilderness.

"Mr. Selous," the occupant of the White House wrote, "is the last of the big-game hunters of South Africa; the last of the mighty hunters whose experience lay in the greatest hunting ground which this world has seen since civilized man has appeared therein.

"There are still many happy hunting grounds to be found by adventure-loving wilderness wanderers of sufficient hardihood and prowess, and in Central Africa the hunting grounds are of a character to satisfy the most exacting hunter of to-day.

NATURALIST AS WELL AS HUNTER.

"Nevertheless, none of them quite equal South Africa as it once was, whether as regards the extraordinary multitude of big game animals, the extraordinary variety of the species or the bold attraction of the conditions under which the hunting was carried on.

"Mr. Selous is much more than a mere big-game hunter, however; he is by instinct a keen field naturalist, an observer with a power of seeing and of remembering what he has seen; and, finally, he is a writer who possesses to a very marked and unusual degree the power vividly and accurately to put on paper his observations. Such a combination of qualities is rare indeed."

It was in this way that Colonel Roosevelt referred to the fact—probably unknown to nearly all Americans—that this is not the first occasion on which he himself has hunted in Africa, for he remarked, apropos of the subject of protective coloration:

"When a boy, shooting on the edges of the desert in Egypt, I was impressed with the fact that the sand grouse, rosy bullfinches, sand larks and sand chats all, in the coloration of their upper parts, harmonized strikingly with the surroundings, while the bold black and white chats were peculiarly noticeable, and yet, as far as I could see, held their own as well in the struggle for existence."



HERD OF HARRISBUCKS IN FULL FLIGHT.

The common tastes and interests of the two hunters now allied in Africa afford them ideal companionship and, what is more, are likely to insure markedly to the advancement of the collections of specimens which Colonel Roosevelt hopes to bring home with him.

Mr. Selous' presence is largely due to the fact that Colonel Roosevelt, in his quest for the extremely rare inyala antelope, has hopes that the exceptional experience and knowledge of his ally will bring him within reach of it; and that, in fact, is one of the prime reasons why Mr. Selous consented to take the field again with his friend.

The story Mr. Selous tells of his own search for that rare and beautiful antelope equals anything Haggard ever imagined of Quatermain, and, most interesting of all, it actually happened to him then, just as, if his luck hold good again, may in like manner happen to Colonel Roosevelt.

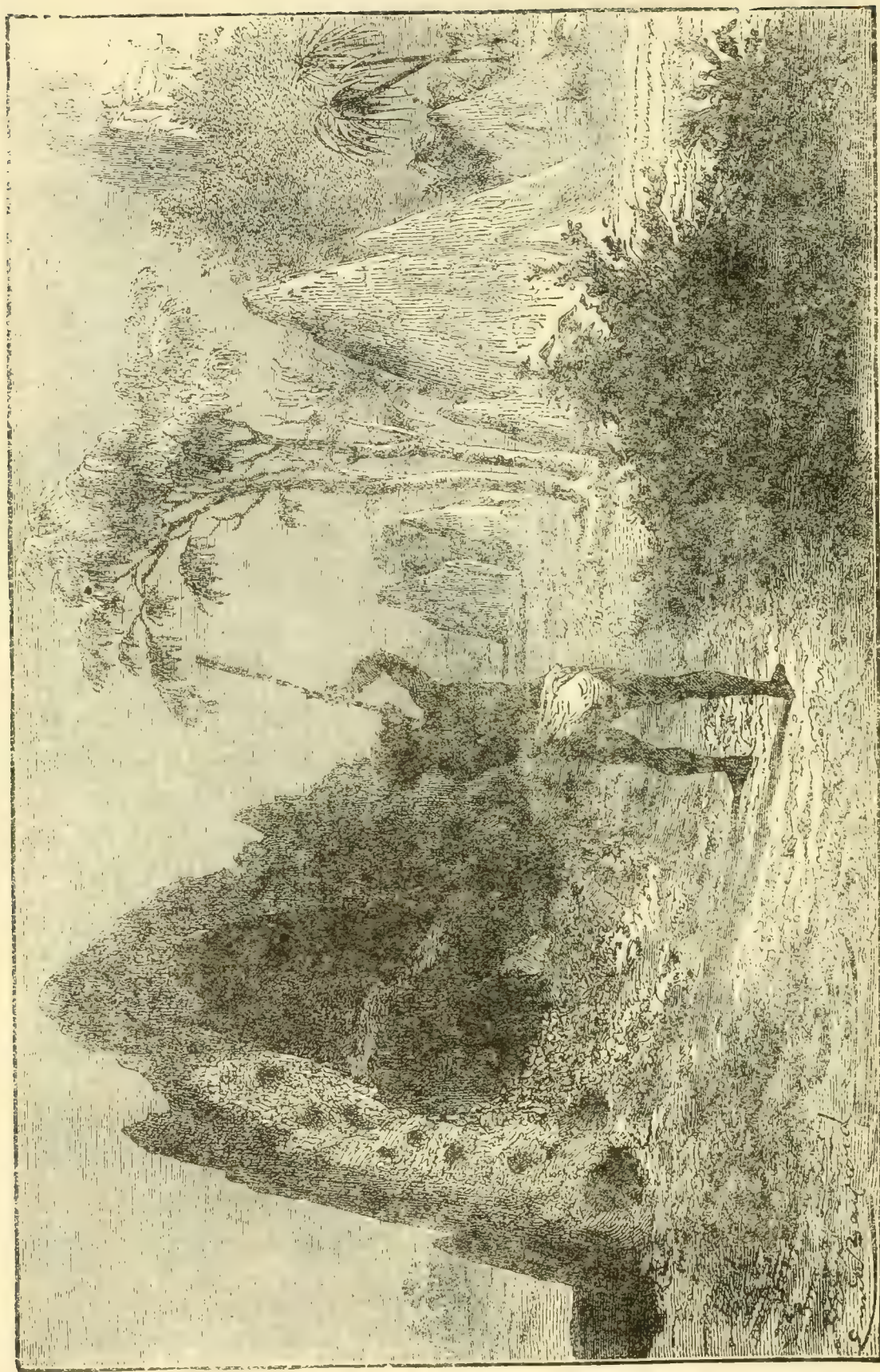
WOMEN THE ONLY LABOR OBTAINABLE.

Arriving at Laurengo Marques, on Delagoa bay, in September, 1896, Mr. Selous sailed up the Maputa river to Amatongaland, where, at the junction of the Usutu and Pongolo rivers, the Maputa proper begins. Here, at the trading store of Mr. Wissels, he saw several horns and skins of inyala, evidently recently killed. After several days' journey, leading a caravan of native women carriers, the only labor obtainable, he came upon the fresh spoor, or tracks, of what were undoubtedly inyala.

He had crept about in the bush for an hour when at the further side of a glade, he beheld an inyala doe.

"I could see no other animal near her," Mr. Selous states, "and as I required two specimens of inyala does, the one for the British and the other for the South African Museum, I lost no time in firing at the animal in question, which I saw drop instantly at the first shot.

"But even as she did so, there appeared in her place, or very close to where she had stood, a great, black, shaggy form, which, indistinctly as I could see it in the deep shadows of the bush, I



CURIOUS MOUNDS BUILT BY WARRIOR ANTS IN AFRICA.

knew was a male inyala—the first that my eyes had ever looked on in the flesh.

“ My rifle was a single-barreled one, and before I could fire the shot that might make that rare and beautiful beast mine, I had to open the breech of my rifle, take another cartridge from my belt, slip it into the chamber, close the breech again, and then raise the rifle to my shoulder and take aim.

“ All this meant time and noise. Would the inyala, which stood like a statue beside the dead body of his mate, give me the few seconds I required to take his life, too?

“ I little thought he would, but he did; and as I raised my rifle once more, and took a quick but careful sight on his dark shoulders, I felt, as I pulled the trigger, that he was mine.

SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE SHOULDERS.

“ As the report of the rifle sounded he plunged madly forward, and was instantly lost to sight in the thick scrub. But I felt sure he carried death with him, and so it proved, for we found him lying dead not twenty yards from where he had stood when the bullet struck him. The fatal missile had passed right through his shoulders, and having expanded on impact, had torn his heart to pieces.”

These antelopes, now much depleted in number even within the few years that have elapsed since Mr. Selous secured his specimens, are about seven feet six inches in total length for the adult male, and three feet four inches high at the shoulder, elegant and robust in form, with horns nearly two feet in length, twisted and having very sharp, polished extremities.

Colonel Roosevelt's hopes of securing a pair or more are greatly encouraged by the aid of Mr. Selous, of whom he believes, as did Captain Cuttle of Jack Bunsby, “ if anybody kin, he kin.”

Not alone from the big game of the jungle does the hunter into East Africa encounter physical danger. Lurking in the pathway of the hunter is a standing menace from infectious fevers common to this locality, and it is fortunate that Colonel Roosevelt has become hardened to exposure through years of roughing it in the far west. The experiences of his strenuous life has inured him to all kinds

of danger and endowed him with a courage beyond the limits of the ordinary hunter.

In the remarkable chapter of medical research now being written in the opening years of the twentieth century, is that dealing with the fight which is being waged against sleeping sickness, that awful African scourge, the mystery of which continues to baffle scientists.

The downright, uncompromising dead line of the disease is its most awesome characteristic. The numerous research expeditions which have gone out to Uganda under government and private auspices, have got no further than to determine the cause of the trouble, and to alleviate its miseries. Anything like a cure has yet to be discovered.

The population of the area principally affected was 300,000 a few short years ago. Now it is 100,000. Two hundred thousand people have actually died of the disease in this locality alone.

CAUSED BY A FATAL FLY.

At the present time some 20,000 natives of Central Africa are in an advanced stage of sleeping sickness. Hope, which is said to spring eternal in the human breast, has no message for these poor souls. Their doom is sealed.

Sleeping sickness, as its name indicates, bears a curious resemblance to sleep. It is caused by the sting of the tsetse fly. The actual bite is not poisonous. The fly acts as a go-between, depositing in one animal a trypanosoma which it has sucked from the blood of another. The trypanosoma, or parasite, carries death.

After infection, the victim becomes extremely excitable. Then he lapses into lethargy, following exhaustion. The periods of lethargy grow longer and deeper, the interludes of excitability, shorter and more violent. Various glands of the body begin to swell, and at last the patient sinks into a state of coma, or continuous sleep.

No patient, when he reaches that stage, ever awakes. He sleeps on and on—for six months, a year, or even two years. Finally



SCENES AMONGST THE SOMALIS FROM WHOM ROOSEVELT'S PORTERS WERE DRAWN.

"time takes him home, to the soft, long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of death."

Natives live in abject terror of the sickness in the districts where it occurs. On its approach, they dismantle their villages and rush away. But the fatal fly follows them, and its area of operations is continually being extended.

When people first hear about "going out on safari," they often have the impression that safari must be some particular forest or vast tract of land where game can be found, but the simple truth is that safari is merely the native word for an overland expedition with porters. They sometimes last only a few days, though other more extensive ones like Colonel Roosevelt's are organized to last months.

It is a picturesque sight to see natives draw up in front of a safari outfitter's, waiting for their loads to be prepared and for instructions to start. They gather chattering under the trees in the dusty road, and crack jokes as each chop box is brought out.

GETTING READY TO START ON AN EXPEDITION:

These chop boxes contain all sorts of tinned things, coffee, tea, butter, vegetables, meat, fruit, often delicacies, and always a store of bread; the maximum load of each is sixty pounds, which the natives carry on their heads if they are Bwangandas, and on their necks and backs if they are Kikuyus.

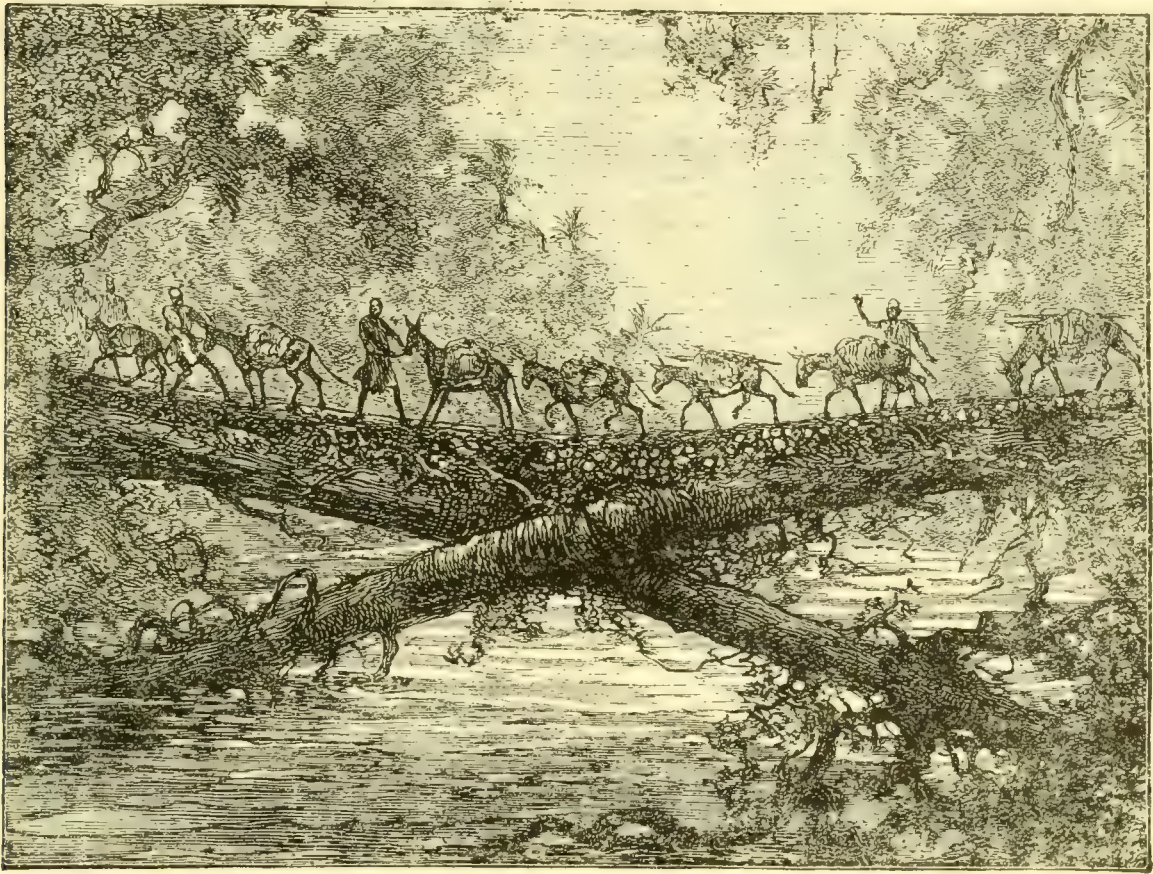
The Kikuyu system has the disadvantage of cutting into the back if the box is too long or if it is improperly loaded, but nothing will induce them to change their tribal custom.

The number of porters taken varies according to the duration of the expedition, to the resources of the country through which it is to pass, and also according to the tastes and habits of the organizers. When a government safari starts out on some official business the allowance is one head man and fifteen porters for each official. The porters carry the chop boxes for their master, and the tents, blankets, cooking utensils and personal kit.

The amount of food carried depends on the appetite of the white men, of course; some men want to eat on safari as if they

were in a hotel. Others, and these are the old and wise residents, content themselves with a reasonable amount of plain, good food. As a rule, the official allows for each white man in his party three chop boxes, representing from 150 to 180 pounds of food, for an expedition lasting three or four weeks.

On Colonel Roosevelt's safari there is an allowance of fifty native porters and gunbearers for each white man. The natives



EXPEDITION CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE.

carry their own food, too, the allowance being decided according to their tribe.

Swahilis, Bwangandas and Manayanwezi are paid from \$1.50 to \$3 a month, and are allowed as rations a pound and a half of rice a day.

The other tribes are allowed a pound and a half of flour instead of rice, and are paid 12 cents a day in local money, representing 4 American cents. The meat-eating tribe of the Mkamba, who file their front teeth down to points so as to be able to tear

raw meat, depend largely on the results of kills and come near starving in seasons, when game is scarce or when white men fail to come on safari.

A number of Colonel Roosevelt's porters are Mkambas, and their orgies when he and Kermit between them killed three huge giraffe on the same day, surpassed anything in the legends of the tribe.

Their jubilations were carried on far into the night, much to the enjoyment of Colonel Roosevelt and his son, to whom the weird antics of the natives constituted a new experience, and one, too, long to be remembered after they return to their native shores.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROOSEVELT AND HIS PARTY SUFFER FROM HUNGER—WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER FOR A WHOLE DAY—SUPPLIES RUSHED FORWARD TO THEIR RELIEF—BAGS TWO RHINOCEROSES AND A WILDEBEESTE—KERMIT GETS A FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS TO THE DELIGHT OF HIS FATHER.

WHEN the decision was reached by Colonel Roosevelt to accept the generous invitation of Commander Frederic Attenborough to pay him a visit upon his vast estate and spend a few days hunting for big game, the entire party seemed overjoyed, as all felt that the hunt could be pursued with far greater comfort here than from the temporary camps.

R. J. Cuninghame, the practical director of the movements of the party, expressed great satisfaction with the proposed arrangement, as he said it would give an excellent opportunity for Colonel Roosevelt to secure some fine specimens of big game; as the locality was famous for its great abundance of large animals. Although having had years of experience in traversing the country contiguous to the Attenborough estate, Cuninghame seemed unaware of the actual dangers the party would have to encounter before reaching their destination.

He failed to take into consideration the dry spell, which had prevailed for so long, and underestimated the distance the party would have to travel or the time it would take them to complete the journey, which was the occasion of considerable deprivation and some suffering while the party were on the march.

Careful preparations were made, as it was thought at the time, to provide a sufficient supply of water and food to enable the party to reach the Attenborough brothers' estate without danger of running short, but the miscalculation of time and distance exhausted their store long before they were near their journey's end. It was necessary for the party to cross an arm of the desert on their way,

and it was here that apprehension was first awakened by their supply of water running out, and the realization that their provisions also were inadequate for the trip.

Quite undismayed by what seemed to cause the rest of the party considerable anxiety, Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit, in an effort to cheer the rapidly failing spirits of the others, laughingly joked over their experience, and bore their deprivation without the slightest evidence of regret. They expected to reach a pool in the neighborhood of Camp Plains, in a couple of hours, where a fresh supply of water could be secured.

Athirst, hungry and weary, the party struggled along the road leading to the pool, anticipating the relief they would enjoy once it was reached. The Colonel, with his porters and gun-bearers, reached Camp Plains at last, completely worn out, only to find to their dismay, that the pool was dry and the expected refreshment for themselves and animals would have to be longer deferred.

FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR WATER.

Members of the party set out in every direction in the vain hope of being able to find another pool from which enough water could be secured to tide them over the night. The search was a fruitless one and that night, in despair, and with parched throats, the members of the party were compelled to retire thirsty.

In the hope of affording speedy relief, R. J. Cuninghame, accompanied by a few porters, volunteered to hurry on, in advance of the main body of the expedition, to the home of the Attenboroughs, and secure a small supply of water and provisions to last the party until it arrived. After a day spent trudging through the hot sun, over the baked and parched ground, their limbs almost exhausted from the fatigue incident to the long journey, Mr. Cuninghame and his porters staggered up to the Attenborough manor house, just as the shades of evening were drawing down.

Cuninghame was in terrible shape, as neither he nor any of his porters or bearers had tasted food or water since they had left the camp of Colonel Roosevelt early in the morning. When he was sufficiently rested and had partaken of some food, he lost no time

in making Commander Attenborough acquainted with the plight of the Roosevelt party. He told him that while on their way to accept of his kindly invitation and to partake of his generous hospitality Colonel Roosevelt and his party had suddenly found themselves short of both food and water, and unless speedy relief could be afforded them they would have to undergo considerable suffering. He also told how he had come on with extra speed to secure enough water and food to last the party until their arrival, but having underestimated the distance, he and his party had started out across the desert with insufficient food and water to accomplish the journey, which accounted for their bad shape when they arrived.

But little time was lost by Commander Attenborough in organizing a party to go to the relief of those in distress. As soon as a number of porters could load upon his launch a plentiful supply of all manner of food and supplies, as well as a sufficient quantity of water, the relief party made a hurried departure.

CROSSED THE LAKE WITH WELCOME RELIEF.

Under the direction of Guide Cuninghame, who declared that he could reach Colonel Roosevelt and his party and guide them in by eleven o'clock in the morning, the relief party started across the lake just at dawn, feeling greatly relieved that they would so soon rejoin their half-famished associates with welcome relief. It did not take long, after the lake was crossed, for the porters to transfer the hampers of provisions and the vessels containing the water, from the launch to their backs and set out upon a loping trot to find their suffering companions. The lake was crossed to save making a long detour by land which would mean the loss of a couple of hours of valuable time.

Refreshed by the short rest and the nourishment they had enjoyed, Guide Cuninghame and his porters were soon within sight of the Roosevelt camp, where their coming was welcomed by loud shouts of joy, although their friends had fortunately found a small pool of water to relieve their thirst, which Colonel Roosevelt compelled them to boil before using. As soon as the party had partaken of sufficient nourishment to kill the pangs of hunger, as well as hav-

ing moistened their parched throats with the grateful water which had been brought to them, no time was lost in breaking camp, and loading their equipment upon the backs of the porters and the animals, preparatory to making a fresh start for the estate of the Attenborough brothers.

True to the prediction made on starting in the morning, Guide Cuninghame led the party exultantly up the broad walk which led to the imposing manor house of the two brothers. Commander Frederic and his brother, H. W. Attenborough, and some others were soon out on the broad piazza which surrounded the house to accord to Colonel Roosevelt and his son a warm welcome.

After a short conversation upon the experiences of the Colonel thus far during his stay in Africa, and an interchange of tales of adventure, Commander Attenborough gave Colonel Roosevelt every assurance of his delight in having him as a guest, and promised excellent hunting during the full term of his stay on Lake Naivasha, where he assured him game of all kinds in rich abundance was waiting to serve as a target for his far-famed rifle.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT NOT DISAPPOINTED.

The estate of the Attenborough brothers, where Colonel Roosevelt, true to the assurance of his hosts, did succeed in securing a number of rare specimens of large game, includes the mysterious and far-famed crater Lake Saigosi, which has an underground connection with Lake Naivasha. It was this mysterious lake and wonderful connection that suggested to H. Rider Haggard the thrilling narrative of the boat ride so graphically depicted in his wierd novel, "Allan Quartermain."

An incident of the trip into the Sotik district reflects considerable credit upon a very modest member of Colonel Roosevelt's party, and demonstrated as well the consideration and kindly sympathy with which the natives are treated by Colonel Roosevelt and his associates. Major E. A. Mearns, learning of an accident which had happened to three natives belonging to an expedition under O. C. Chapman, rode a distance of forty miles to give them medical attention. They had been severely mauled by a lion, and he showed

great solicitude for their sufferings, binding their wounds with rare skill, but, in spite of all his efforts, two of the men who had been desperately wounded expired, although the other one was in a fair way for recovery when he left.

While in the Sotik district the Colonel made excellent use of his time and found that the assurances he had received were fully warranted. In addition to a miscellaneous collection of game of assorted description, he succeeded in bagging two more rhinoceroses, a wildebeeste and a number of other specimens.

Colonel Roosevelt evinces more pleasure when successful in securing a good-sized rhinoceros than over almost any other trophy he may secure. He seems to appreciate more keenly the difficulties surrounding the hunt after one of these mastodons, as their ponderous size and almost invulnerable hide necessitates skillful marksmanship to reach a vital spot.

RHINOCEROS' SIGHT IMPERFECT.

The sight of the rhinoceros appears to be rather imperfect, the animal being unable to see objects which are exactly in its front, although their scent and hearing are very acute, and seem to warn the animal of the approach of danger.

Of African rhinoceroses four species are clearly ascertained, and it is very probable that others may yet be in existence. Two of the known species are black, and the other two white; the animals differing from each other not only in color, but in form, dimensions, habits and disposition. The commonest of the African species is the borele, rhinaster, or little black rhinoceros, of Southern Africa; an animal which may be easily distinguished from its relations by the shape of the horns and the upper lip.

In the borele the foremost horn is of considerable length, and bent rather backward, while the second horn is short, conical, and much resembles the weapon of the Indian animal. The head is rather rounded, and the pointed upper lip overlaps the lower, and is capable of considerable extension.

The rhinoceros Colonel Roosevelt killed was a large, thick-skinned animal and had two stout horns in its snout, which

not only serves this animal as a means of defense, but also for digging up roots and thus procuring food.

The horn which projects from the nose of the rhinoceros is a very remarkable structure, and worthy of a brief notice. It is in no way connected with the skull, but is simply a growth from the skin, and may take rank with hairs, spines, or quills, being indeed formed after a similar manner. If a rhinoceros horn be examined—the species of its owner is quite immaterial—it will be seen to be polished and smooth at the tip, but rough and split into numerous filaments at the base.

GLOW WITH ALL COLORS OF THE RAINBOW.

These filaments, which have a very close resemblance to those which terminate the plates of whale-bone, can be stripped upwards for some length, and if the substance of the horn be cut across, it will be seen to be composed of a vast number of hairy filaments lying side by side, which, when submitted to the microscope, and illuminated by polarized light, glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and bear a strong resemblance to transverse sections of actual hair. At the birth of the young animal, the horn is hardly visible, and its full growth is the work of years.

As the horn is employed as a weapon of offense, and is subjected to violent concussion, it is set upon the head in such a manner as to save the brain from the injurious effects which might result from its use in attack or combat. In the first place, the horn has no direct connection with the skull, as it is simply set upon the skin, and can be removed by passing a sharp knife around its base, and separating it from the hide on which it grows.

In the second place, the bones of the face are curiously developed, so as to form an arch with one end free, the horn being placed upon the crown of the bony arch, so as to diminish the force of the concussion in the best imaginable manner. The substance of the horn is very dense, and even when it is quite dry, it possesses very great weight in proportion to its size. In former days, it was supposed to bear an antipathy to poison, and to cause effervescence whenever liquid poison was poured upon it.

The borele is a very fierce and dangerous animal, and is more feared by the natives than even the lion. Although so clumsy in shape and aspect, it is really a quick and active creature, darting about with lightning speed, and testing the powers of a good horse to escape from its charge. Like many other wild animals it becomes furiously savage when wounded, but it will sometimes attack a passenger without the least provocation.

On one occasion an angry rhinoceros came charging down upon a wagon and struck his horn into the bottom plank with such force as to send the wagon forward for several paces, although it was sticking in deep sand. He then left the wagon, and directed his attack upon the fire, knocking the burning wood in every direction, and upsetting the pot which had been placed on the fire. He then continued his wild career in spite of the attempts of a native who flung a spear at him, but without the least effect, as the iron point bent against the strong hide.

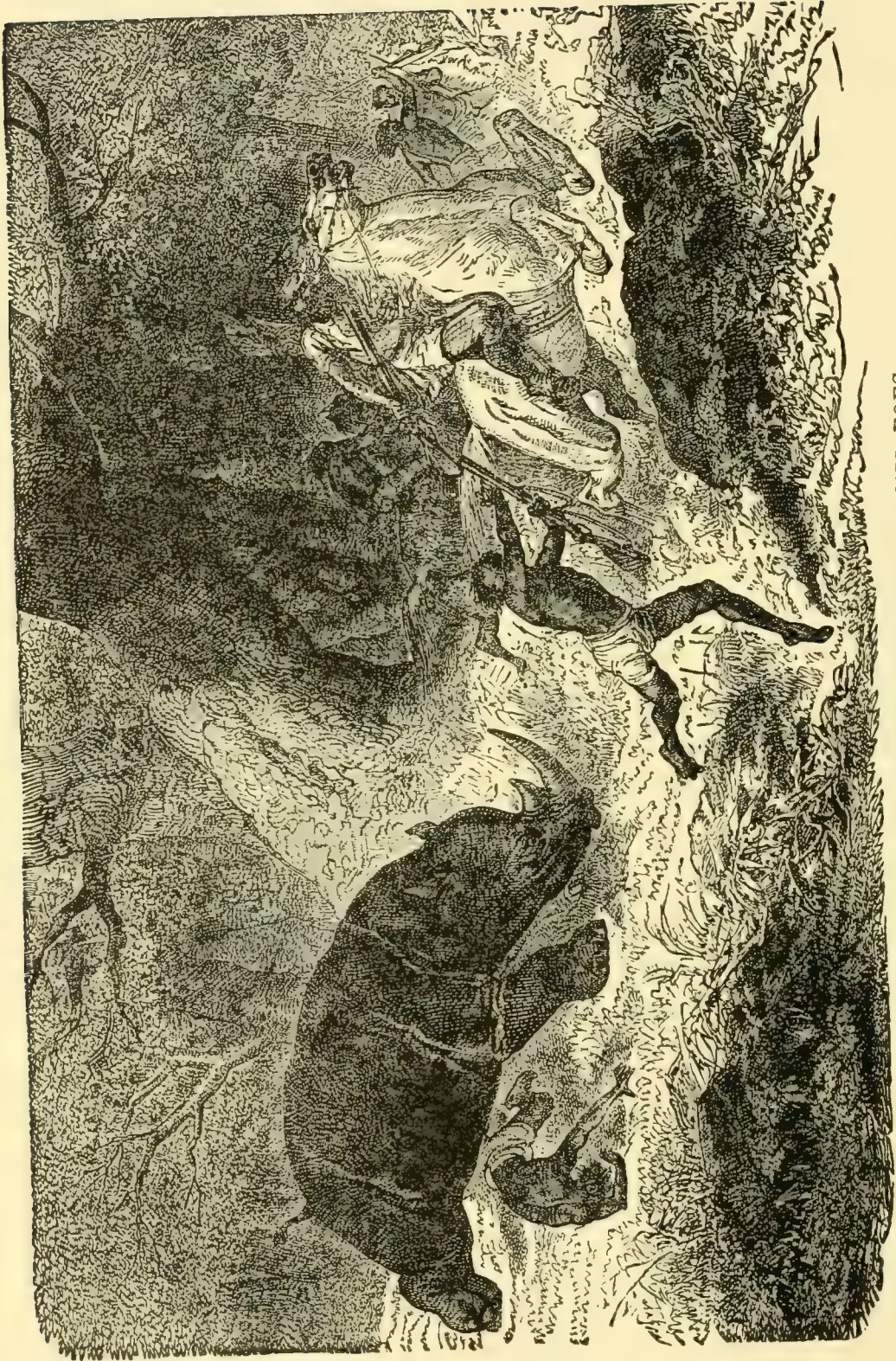
THE SKIN EXTREMELY HARD AND THICK.

The skin of this animal does not fall in folds, like that of the Asiatic species, but is nevertheless extremely thick and hard, and will resist an ordinary leaden bullet, unless it be fired from a short distance. The skin is employed largely in the manufacture of whips, or jamboks.

The horn of the borele, from its comparatively small dimensions, is not so valuable as that of the other species, but is still employed in the manufacture of drinking-cups and sword-handles. Its value is about half that of ivory.

The food of the black rhinoceros, whether the borele of the keitola, is composed of roots, which the animal ploughs out of the ground with its horn, and of the young branches and shoots of the wait-a-bit thorn. It is rather remarkable that the black species is poisoned by one of the Euphoibiaceæ, which is eaten with impunity by the two white animals.

When wounded, the black rhinoceros is a truly fearful opponent, and it is generally considered very unsafe to fire at the animal unless the hunter is mounted on a good horse or provided with



INFURIATED RHINOCEROS ROUTING HIS FOES.

an inaccessible place of refuge. An old experienced hunter said that he would rather face fifty lions than one wounded borele; but Mr. Oswell, the well-known African hunter, always preferred to shoot the rhinoceros on foot, but always takes the precaution to look for a safe and ready place of refuge if it becomes necessary.

The best place to aim is just behind the shoulder, as if the lungs are wounded the animal very soon dies. There is but little blood externally, as the thick, loose skin covers the bullet-hole, and prevents any outward effusion. When mortally wounded the rhinoceros generally drops on its knees.

A BLOODY BATTLE.

It is at all times a rather savage beast, and is apt to quarrel with its own kind. A story is told of a curious battle, narrated by Mr. Andersson, an eye-witness, where four of these animals engaged furiously with each other. Two of them were shot when it was found that one was absolutely unfit for food, being covered with festering wounds which had been received in former encounters. The flesh of this animal is tolerably good, but that of the black species is rather tough, and possesses a bitter and unpleasant flavor, in consequence of the food on which the animal lives.

The borele is a nocturnal animal, rousing himself from sleep at dark, and proceeding straightway to the nearest pool. Having refreshed himself, he takes long journeys in search of food, and returns to his temporary home soon after sunrise. When sleeping he lies so still, that he may easily be mistaken for a fragment of dark rock.

The keitloa can readily be recognized by the horns which are of considerable length, and nearly equal to each other in measurement. This is always a morose and ill-tempered animal, and is even more to be dreaded than the borele, on account of its greater size, strength, and length of horn. The upper lip of the keitloa overlaps the lower even more than that of the borele; the neck is longer in proportion, and the head is not so thickly covered with wrinkles.

At its birth the horns of this animal are only indicated by a prominence on the nose, and at the age of two years the horn is

hardly more than an inch in length. At six years of age it is nine or ten inches long, and does not reach its full measurement until the lapse of considerable time.

The keitloa is a terribly dangerous opponent, and its charge is



NATIVE TOSSED IN THE AIR BY A BULL RHINOCEROS.

so wonderfully swift, that it can hardly be avoided. One of these animals that had been wounded by Mr. Andersson, charged suddenly upon him, knocked him down, fortunately missing her stroke with her horns, and went fairly over him, leaving him to struggle out from between her hind legs. Scarcely had she passed him than

she turned, and made a second charge, cutting his leg from the knee to the hip with her horn, and knocking him over with a blow on the shoulder from her forefeet. She might easily have completed her revenge by killing him on the spot, but she left him, and rushing into a neighboring thicket, began to plunge about and snort, permitting her victim to make his escape.

RHINOCEROS ATTACKED A BOY.

In the course of the day the same beast attacked a half-cast boy who was in attendance on Mr. Andersson, and would probably have killed him had she not been intercepted by the hunter, who came to the rescue with his gun. After receiving several bullets, the rhinoceros fell to the ground, and Mr. Andersson walked up to her, put the muzzle of his rifle to her ear, and was just about to pull the trigger, when she again leaped to her feet. He hastily fired and rushed away, pursued by the infuriated animal, which, however, fell dead just as he threw himself into a bush for safety. The race was such a close one, that as he lay in the bush he could touch the dead rhinoceros with his rifle, so that another moment would probably have been fatal to him.

Each succeeding day of the stay of the Roosevelt party at the ranch of Captain Richard Attenborough was spent in the hunt for big game. Under his advice the likely haunts of the most valuable specimens were sought out and splendid results were obtained. While here Kermit Roosevelt, much to the joy of his delighted father, bagged a cow hippopotamus. His success in having been fortunate enough to have secured one of these monstrous beasts as an evidence of his prowess with the rifle was a new and thrilling experience to Kermit. He seemed, in his pride, to have grown at least a foot in stature after the feat had been accomplished, while his father took even more delight in the performance than did his son.

While hunting near the Attenborough estate one day, Colonel Roosevelt succeeded in bringing down another gnu, or wildebeeste. This one proved to be a fine specimen whose acquisition was heartily welcomed by the entire party, being borne into camp in the most

triumphant manner. This animal is of the great family of antelopes, but presents a most extraordinary conformation.

“ Fierce on the hunter’s hostile band,
He rolls his eye of burnished glow:
Spurns with black hoof and horns the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.”

Of all the antelopes, the gnu presents the most extraordinary conformation. At the first sight of this curious animal, the spectator seems to doubt whether it is a horse, a bull, or an antelope, as



PUT TO FLIGHT BY A SUDDEN CHARGE.

it appears to partake nearly equally of the nature of these three animals.

The gnus, of which there are several species, may be easily recognized by their fierce-looking head, their peculiarly shaped horns, which are bent downwards and then upwards again with a sharp curve, by their broad nose, and long hair-clad tail. They live together in considerable herds, often mixing with zebras, ostriches, and giraffes, in one huge army of living beings. In their habits they are not unlike the wild cattle which have already been described. Suspicious, timid, curious of disposition, and irritable

of temper, they display these mingled qualities in a very ludicrous manner whenever they are alarmed by a strange object.

“They commence whisking their long white tails,” says Cumming, “in a most eccentric manner; then, springing suddenly into the air, they begin pawing and capering, and pursue each other in circles at their utmost speed. Suddenly they all pull up together to overhaul the intruder, when some of the bulls will often commence fighting in the most violent manner, dropping on their knees at every shock; then, quickly wheeling about, they kick up their heels, whirl their tails with a fantastic flourish, and scour across the plain, enveloped in a cloud of dust.” On account of these extraordinary *monœuvres*, the gnu is called *wildebeest* by the Dutch settlers.

VERY INQUISITIVE, EVEN AT RISK OF LIFE.

The faculty of curiosity is largely developed in the gnu, which can never resist the temptation of inspecting any strange object, although at the risk of its life. When a gnu first catches sight of any unknown being, he sets off at full speed, as if desirous of getting to the farthest possible distance from the terrifying object. Soon, however, the feeling of curiosity vanquishes the passion of fear, and the animal halts to reconnoitre.

He then gallops in a circle round the cause of his dread, halting occasionally, and ever drawing nearer. By taking advantage of this disposition, a hunter has been enabled to attract towards himself a herd of gnus which were feeding out of gunshot, merely by tying a red handkerchief to the muzzle of his gun.

The inquisitive animals were so fascinated with the fluttering lure, that they actually approached so near as to charge at the handkerchief, and forced the hunter to consult his own safety by lowering his flag. The same ruse is frequently employed on the prairies of America, when the hunters desire to get a shot at a herd of prong-buck antelopes.

Several experiments have been made in order to ascertain whether the gnu is capable of domestication. As far as the practicability of such a scheme was concerned, the experiments were perfectly successful, but there is a great drawback in the shape of a



MURCHISON FALLS—THE NIAGARA OF AFRICA.

dangerous and infectious disease to which the gnu is very liable, and which would render it a very undesirable member of the cattle-yard.

The animal is frequently infected with one of the *Œstridæ*, or Bot-flies, and suffers from them to such an extent that it ejects them from its nose whenever it snorts, an act which it is very fond of performing. Ordinary cattle have no love for the gnu, and on one occasion, when a young gnu of only four months old was placed in the yard, the cattle surrounded it and nearly killed it with their horns and hoofs.

The color of the ordinary gnu is brownish-black, sometimes with a blue-gray wash. The mane is black, with the exception of the lower part, which is often grayish-white, as is the lower part of the tail.

KEEPS WITHIN A CERTAIN BOUNDARY.

The nose is covered with a tuft of reversed hair, and there is a mane upon the chest. The brindled gnu may be distinguished from the common gnu, or kokoon, by its convex and smooth face, the hair lying towards the nose, instead of being reversed. There is no mane upon the chest, and the brown hide is varied and striped with gray. It is higher at the withers than the kokoon, and its action is rather clumsy. It is very local in its distribution, being found northwards of the Black River, and never being known to cross that simple boundary. It lives in large herds, and when observed, the whole herd forms in single file, and so flies from the object of its terror.

One of these animals, called in the interior the blue wildebeest, was captured by Cumming in a very curious manner. The animal had contrived to hitch one of his forelegs over his horns, and being thus incapacitated from running, was easily intercepted and killed. It had probably got into this unpleasant position while fighting. The gnu is about three feet nine inches high at the shoulders, and measures about six feet six inches from the nose to the root of the tail.

Sometimes the pursuit of these strange animals leads to ludic-

rous situations. Among many experiences recounted by hunters the following is indeed most amusing: As the story runs two members of the expedition were one day hunting gnus, and one having



BEAUTIFUL ZEBRAS OF AFRICA.

been wounded by a musket-ball (in which condition these animals are very furious), it gave chase to one of them, and gained fast upon him, when all at once he disappeared, by tumbling into an ant-eater's hole, which was concealed by the long grass. There he lay

for some time secure from the enraged animal, which, after searching for him in vain, scampered off in another direction; nor could his companion, who was galloping up to his assistance, conceive what had become of him, until he saw, to his great satisfaction, his head cautiously emerging from the bowels of the earth.

Theodore Roosevelt, who was hunting big game on the south shore of Lake Naivasha from the ranch of Captain Richard Attenborough, succeeded in bringing down a big hippopotamus and a zebra. The hippopotamus is estimated to weigh three tons.

Colonel Roosevelt, to judge from a letter received from him by a friend in Washington, was having quite as successful and interesting a trip as he anticipated. This letter was dated Nairobi, Africa, and among its striking passages was one referring to Kermit Roosevelt's hunting.

KERMIT IS RECKLESS.

Kermit, it seems, showed more enthusiasm than caution in the pursuit of African big game. Some of his encounters had been of a nature to excite remark from his father, and it inferred that they must have been little short of reckless to have been considered out of the ordinary by so competent an authority as the former President. Though enjoying his stay in Africa, Colonel Roosevelt apparently had a touch of nostalgia now and then.

Leslie A. Tarlton, of Nairobi, who accompanied the Roosevelt expedition to the Sotik country, was chased into town by five lions, the district having been invaded by many of these animals.

Tarlton arrived at Naivasha on horseback, after as thrilling a night journey as man ever took, and one, he says, he does not care to repeat for worlds. While making an all-night journey Tarlton was chased for many miles by five fierce man-eating lions. He put spurs to his horse, and managed to elude the man-eaters, though they followed him to the very outskirts of Naivasha.

"There were five of the big black maned man-eaters in the pack," said Tarlton in describing his experience, "and the persistent manner in which they tracked me to the very edge of Naivasha showed their fierceness. It was a close call."

Natives and porters who came into Naivasha with other parties, declared they had seen many indications that lions in that vicinity were more plentiful than for years past, and that they were growing fiercely bold, almost entering several of the camps in their efforts to drag down a victim.

Colonel Roosevelt had had many narrow calls since he began hunting in Africa, but the experience he went through the day previous to breaking camp on the border of Lake Naivasha was one of the most thrilling incidents in that his life was constantly in danger. That he is alive to-day is due to his coolness and wonderful marksmanship.

ROOSEVELT BATTLES WITH TWELVE HIPPOPOTAMI.

At nine o'clock in the morning Colonel Roosevelt, accompanied only by two negro porters to row his small boat, started out on Lake Naivasha to seek a calf hippopotamus which he was lacking for his collection for the Smithsonian Institute. The ex President, in his skiff, had reached an isolated part of the lake far away from his camp, when a school of twelve hippos surrounded his craft, threatening with every movement to upset it and spill the ex-President and his rowers into the lake, where they would have met instant death, for the hippos were attacking the small boat with savage frenzy.

Several literally hurled themselves against the sides of the little rowboat, while two or three dived deep into the waters of the lake and came up under the boat, striking it with their backs in an attempt to overturn it and throw its occupants into the water.

The native boatmen were in a terrible panic and their own actions, added to the impact of the bodies of the attacking hippos threatened at every moment to overturn the small boat. Shouting to his rowers to sit still, a warning which they were too frightened to heed, Colonel Roosevelt seized his heavy express rifle and selected a magnificent cow hippo which seemed to be the leader of the attacking school. This hippo he killed with one shot and with the next shot he killed a magnificent bull hippo, the finest killed in the vicinity in years.

Firing rapidly and with unerring accuracy, Colonel Roosevelt killed the monster animals and the others took fright and fled.

It was some time before Colonel Roosevelt could calm down his frightened rowers sufficiently to make them row his boat alongside the dead animals which were floating in the water. Colonel Roosevelt had been gone so long that his party in camp had grown alarmed and had put out in a launch to search for him. There was much anxiety in camp as the hours sped by and neither Colonel Roosevelt nor the searching launch was found or heard from.

TOO VALUABLE TO LEAVE BEHIND.

At three o'clock the next morning, however, the launch arrived back in camp. There had been no sleep among the members of the party and they were all on the beach at the first sound of the launch's siren. Colonel Roosevelt had declared when the launch came up to him in the far end of the lake that the hippos he had killed in his deadly struggle were too fine to lose. He insisted that they should be towed back to camp, and it took the launch several hours to tow them in where they were eagerly seized upon by the Smithsonian members who declared they were the finest secured during the entire hunt.

Colonel Roosevelt's narrow escape from death, and the time taken up in towing the hippos back to camp, had delayed his trip to Nairobi and he did not start for that point until the following morning.

While Colonel Roosevelt was not inclined to magnify his dangers in his encounters with the hippos, the native boatmen declared they had been in many close situations but that was the closest. The hippos, they said, were in a savage mood and there would have been no escape had the boat been overturned.

The natives were transfixed with surprise at a sight so unusual. From the glances which they threw at the wonderful hunter whose prowess had accomplished such a marvellous achievement, one could readily perceive that in their ignorance they credited him with supernatural powers and their awe-inspired devotion was heartily given him. The two porters who had accompanied him

in the boat were volubly explaining to all how the bravery and coolness of the great hunter had been instrumental in saving their lives as well as his own.

They attribute their escape to Bwana Tumbo's coolness and splendid shooting together with his sagacity in selecting the leader of his school as his first victim.

Edmund Heller, a member of the Roosevelt party, on the previous day killed an immense leopard which had been caught in a trap near the Roosevelt camp.

Mrs. Emil Sywulka, a medical missionary at Kijabe, East Africa, describes a visit to the mission by ex-President Roosevelt as follows:

"Great preparations were made for the visit of the ex-President, and even the babies were taught to wave the American flag in honor of his presence. The women made a large flag out of linen and dyed it themselves. The milk used at the dinner was carried seventeen miles, as none could be had at the mission. Colonel Roosevelt was dressed in a khaki suit and wore a hot weather helmet. He was deeply interested in the mission and asked to see everything.

"Forty-seven persons were at the dinner. It was no White House meal, of course, but the best that could be put up in that far-off country, where the luxuries to be had at home are not enjoyed. The menu was as follows: Roast beef, scalloped potatoes, baked beans, horse radish, bread and strawberry jam. All the women were busy several days in advance preparing for the feast.

"At the conclusion of the dinner, some of the converted native women sang in English for the benefit of Colonel Roosevelt. The Americans sang 'America.' The British settlers rendered 'God Save the King,' and then the entire company joined in 'Blessed Be the Tie That Binds.'"

CHAPTER XXIV

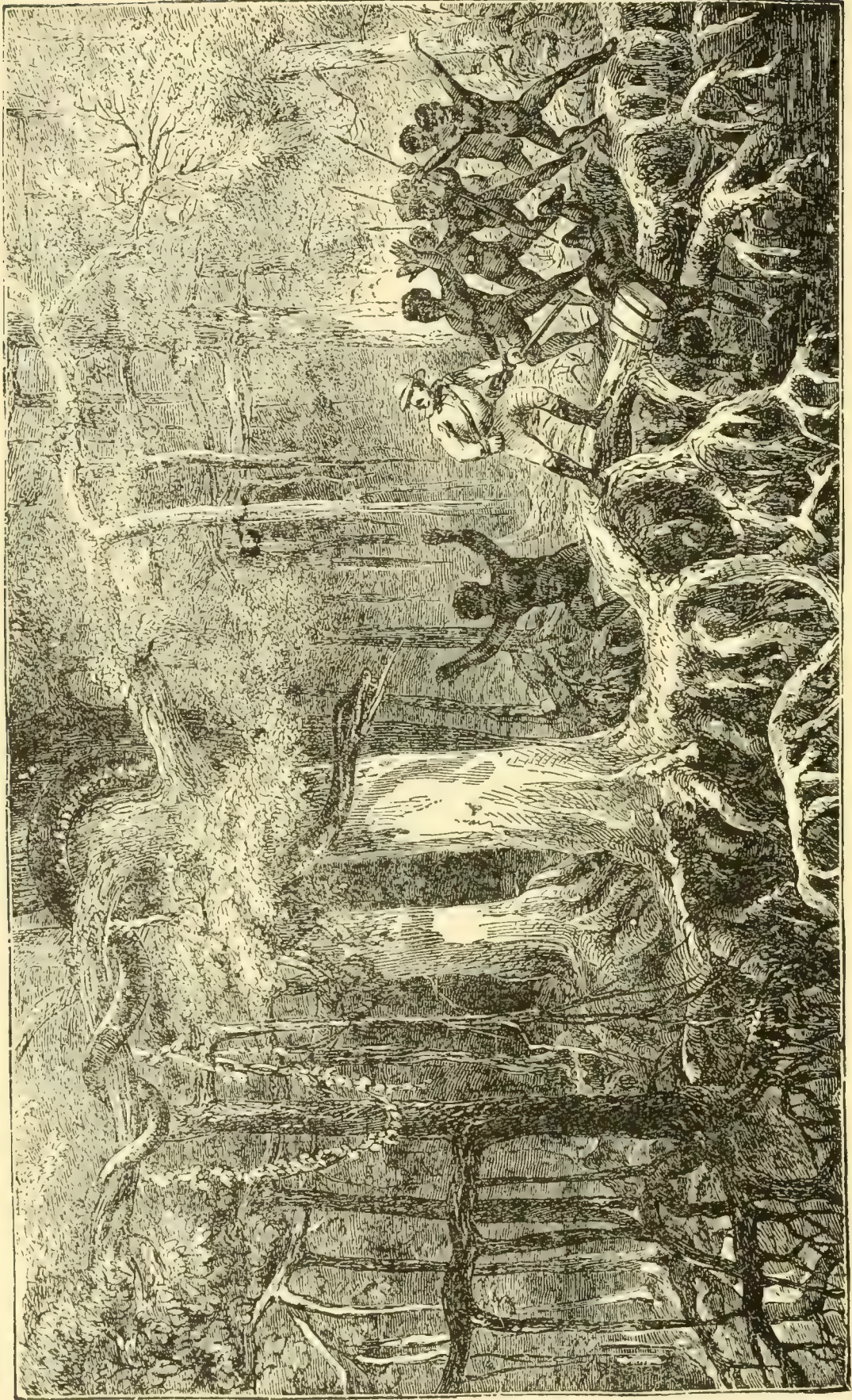
A SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

ROOSEVELT HUNTING IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE—STRANGE BEASTS FOR SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE—BACK TO NAIROBI—CONCLUDES A TEN DAYS TOUR ON THE SOUTH SHORE—INTERESTED IN CHURCH WORK—TALKS TO AFRICANDERS—LAYING CORNER-STONE OF NEW MISSION AT KIJABE—ROOSEVELT'S TROPHIES ARRIVE AT WASHINGTON—RESUMES HUNTING—BRINGS DOWN A BIG BULL ELEPHANT—SAVED FROM DEATH BY CHARGING ELEPHANT.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is not only a sportsman but a naturalist, and when he determined on taking a hunting trip to Africa, he decided that this should not be merely for sport, but that it should be for the benefit of science. He was accordingly accompanied by three gentlemen who are good naturalists, good collectors, and good company as well, and these went with the express purpose of securing as many specimens as possible for the Smithsonian Institution. The expenses of these three were met by friends of the Institution, and the shooting of the monkeys that had caused so much ink to be shed in the columns of the daily papers was in accord with the programme thus laid down at the outset, and the animals were killed for specimens. The assertion that they were shot for sport is a pure invention of some newspaper writer.

If it is proper to kill animals to be used as ornaments, it is certainly justifiable to kill them for museum specimens, and these very monkeys have been slaughtered almost to the verge of extermination in order to furnish collars and muffs for wearing apparel.

Ex-President Roosevelt, accompanied by Major Mearns, came into Naivasha on Thursday, July 22, riding round the east side of the lake, while J. Alden Loring, the naturalist, came across in Captain Attenborough's launch. Profeser Edmund Heller re-



ATTACKED BY A MONSTROUS BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

mained at the Attenborough farm to look after the hippopotamus trophies.

Kermit Roosevelt had come into the township the day before, and the correspondent went out to meet Colonel Roosevelt at lunch at the Government experimental farm on the Morendat River, where he was entertained by an admiring friend. After the meal the party rode over the farm inspecting the flocks of sheep and the pedigreed stock. The results of crossing the Merino pure-bred rams with the native ewes was marvelous. The amount of wool on the cross-breds was most surprising, for the native ewes have none. Colonel Roosevelt was very much interested in the work.

THE RETURN TO NAIVASHA.

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit returned later to Naivasha and found that R. J. Cunninghame, general manager of the expedition, with all the porters and the baggage had only just arrived. The men were busy pitching the tents near the water's edge.

Early next morning the correspondent went down to the camp and had breakfast with Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit and then started off in a small rowboat for pelicans.

They had not gone far when the Colonel brought down a couple of Egyptian geese with a very pretty shot. The boat was then turned for the usual hunting grounds of the pelicans and brought, with the least possible noise, to within 150 feet of two fine specimens. Colonel Roosevelt took careful aim and killed a splendid bird with a single shot from his rifle. The specimen delighted the Colonel beyond measure. Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit afterwards indulged in shooting gulls, which have long red beaks and legs and feathers of beautiful slate blue. In all they bagged five fine specimens and also secured a complete nest with three eggs.

Meanwhile Major Mearns and J. Alden Loring had been busy and had secured some fine specimens of the bird inhabitants of the lake.

The tiny town of Naivasha, which boasts a six-roomed hotel, a white store, four Indian stores, a postoffice, a railway station and perhaps twenty houses scattered in groups of four or five, with

long stretches of stone-studded velt between, was the nearest point of civilization to Colonel Roosevelt on his hunting expedition to the north of Mombasa.

Naivasha used to be a great cattle center, because it was the headquarters of the Masai tribe, and when the British took possession they profited by this circumstance to make Naivasha the chief point of a district. But now business has moved down to Nairobi and officialdom moved up to Nakura, on the lake of the same name, between Naivasha and Lake Victoria Nyanza, and Naivasha has left to it only its delightful climate, since its altitude of 6000 feet makes it tolerable even at midday, and at night a strong, cool breeze always springs up.

Best of all is its beautiful lake, also called Naivasha, with the volcano Longanot to one side and around it broad plains leading to tall distant mountains hemming it in on every side like the rim of a gigantic basin.

The lake is believed to be the crater of an old volcano, and scientists say that once it must have reached the distant mountains which shaped its bed, for many rocks now ten miles away from the waters of the lake are marked by the wear of mighty waters.

LAKE NAIVASHA AN OLD VOLCANIC CRATER.

Now it is very different, and while Lake Naivasha is eight miles across, no soundings have proved it to be more than thirty feet deep, although it is probable that at different points there are rifts in the bottom of the old crater forming its bed which give it considerable depth. The shores, principally on the Naivasha side, are skirted with papyrus swamp and water lilies, the water being so shallow and the vegetation so thick that even where the shore is more or less free from papyrus one must wade out to a rowboat which cannot quite come in, and then go in the rowboat to a sailboat if one intends to go sailing.

Lake Naivasha boasts two or three little sailing boats, belonging to settlers along its banks, but its principal source of pride is a steam launch belonging to Commander Attenborough.

Four miles from Naivasha is the great Masai village, where

400 members of that famous warrior tribe live in forty little mud huts. The huts are built in a circle round a kraal into which the cattle are brought at night. There are entrances from without at every ten or twelve huts, the rest presenting to the outside world a solid wall of mud and tree branch. The huts are eight feet long by five or six feet in breadth, and some four or five feet in height, and in these ten men, women and children will sleep quite happily, piled one upon another.

The Masai are very like American Indians, scorning all kinds of work and requiring their wives to do it all. You will see long processions of them, the men bearing spears and shields and the women struggling after with the burdens of wood or blankets or whatever may be needed on the trek. About the only thing which a Masai will deign to carry for a white man is his gun, and this is a source of joy for him.

THE WOMEN ARE THE BURDEN-BEARERS.

As for the women, they condemn themselves to burden-bearing all their lives. As soon as they are full grown steel and copper bands are placed around their legs from ankle to knee, and again around the arms from wrist to elbow and sometimes from elbow to shoulder also, forming solid coils of steel and copper, each section of which weighs seven or eight pounds. Their arms grow puffy and distorted over the edges, and their legs are so heavy that the women acquire in youth a shambling gait which they can never correct, although later in life they remove the leg ornaments and keep only those on the arms.

When the woman reaches maturity she adds a huge spring-like collar of steel to her equipment, the diameter being a foot or more. Under this are other steel or copper collars, and in her ears are string after string of beads. Taken all in all, her steel and bead ornaments average a weight of some 50 or 60 pounds. This metal tubing almost suffices to clothe them, but they wear also a leather apron, stitched on with fiber, which they can never remove, and in which they live and sleep from youth to old age.

A short time ago Lenana, the King of the Masai, came with

his court into Nairobi to lodge a complaint against the Kikuyus for stealing some of his sheep. A few years later he would have sailed in with his fierce but now worthless warriors and wiped the Kikuyus out. It's different these days. Now they let the British Government settle their difficulties for them. Lenana is a fine old savage, with something mongolian about his cast of features. His royal robe is a gorgeous red blanket, and his insignia are a marquise ring of fine hammered steel which covers his middle finger from base to tip, and an earring in his right ear which causes his lobe to drop down to the shoulder.

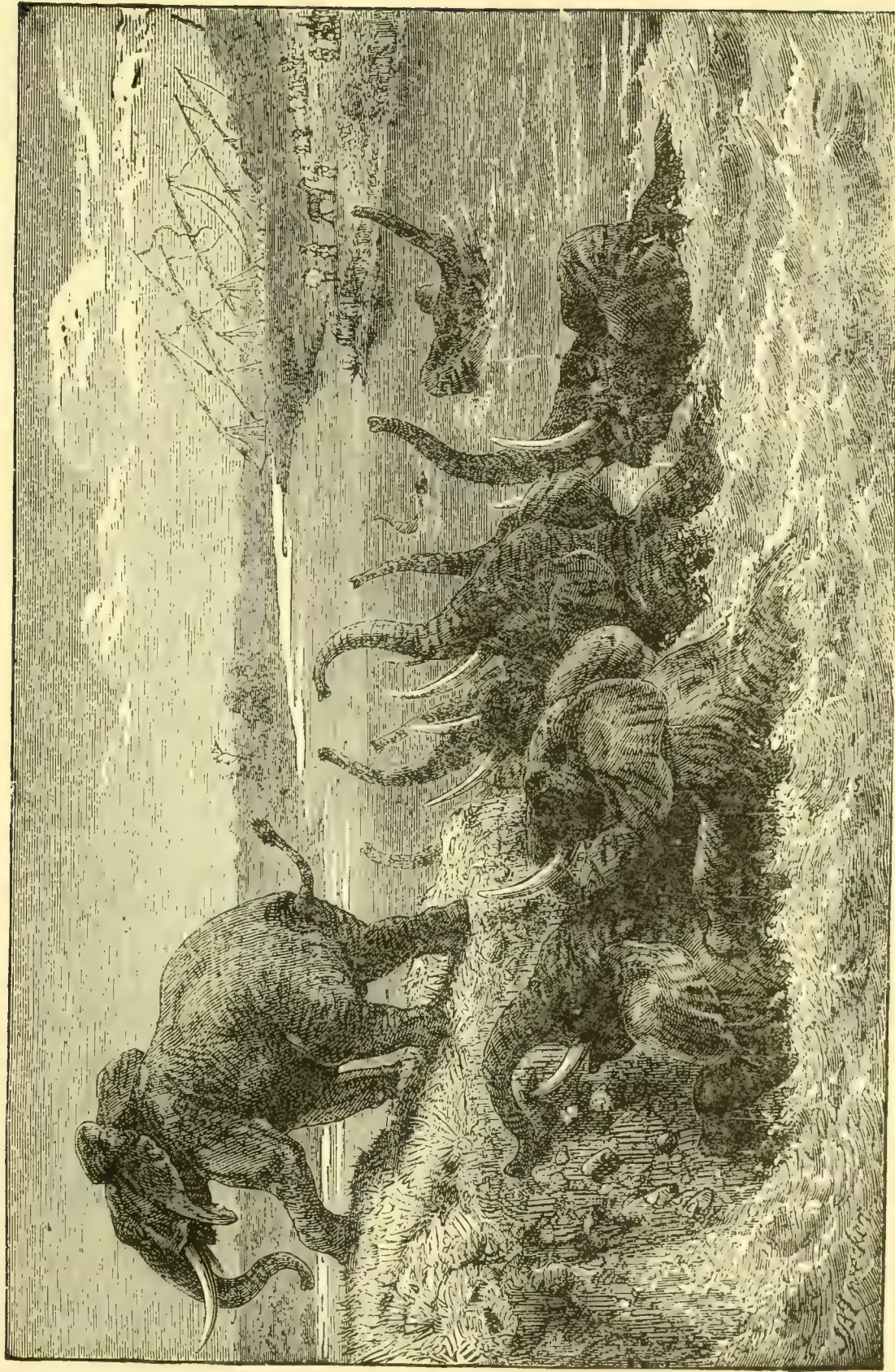
Early on the morning of July 24 Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit proceeded by the ordinary passenger train to Nairobi, traveling in the traffic manager's carriage or on the cowcatcher. Mr. Cunningham followed with the specimens bagged on the Sotik trip in a special train. Major Mearns and Mr. Loring remained at Naivasha collecting birds.

On arrival at Nairobi the Colonel was met by William N. McMillan and F. C. Selous, who was on his way home. The Colonel remained in animated conversation with Mr. Selous until his departure, and then drove to Mr. McMillan's house, where he remained as a guest during his stay in Nairobi.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

The Smithsonian Institution on July 23 announced that through the Roosevelt expedition a collection of rare animals will be added to those now in the National Zoological Park near Washington. The announcement was in part as follows:

"In a letter received at the institution from Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, of the expedition, it is stated that the collection includes eleven large mammals and three large birds, all in fine condition and for the most part well broken to captivity, as follows: A male and female lion, two years old; a male and two female lions, twelve months old; a female leopard, a pet of Mrs. McMillan; two cheetahs; a warthog, two years old; one Thompson's and one Grant's gazelle, well grown; a large eagle of unusual species, a small vulture and a large buteo. Specimens of none of these, except the lions and leopard, are at present contained in the park."



ELEPHANTS ESCAPING FROM THEIR PURSUERS.

Having laid aside his gun for a few days, Colonel Roosevelt turned to church and philanthropic matters, with all the enthusiasm he had displayed in the hunting of African big game. The ex-President took a leading part in the installation work of the local Masonic lodge on August 2, and Masons from all over that part of Africa came to Nairobi for the occasion.

The day before Mr. Roosevelt attended the Scotch Church and was the recipient of an impromptu reception after the service. Later in the day he made the opening subscription for a projected Y. M. C. A. home for Nairobi. The Colonel's adaptability to any and every occasion that presents itself had greatly impressed the people of British East Africa.

Before leaving Nairobi the Colonel and his son Kermit were the guests at a public banquet. Frederick J. Jackson, Governor of British East Africa, was chairman and 175 persons sat at table.

SOUVENIRS OF HIS VISIT TO NAIROBI.

Captain Sanderson, the Town Clerk, read an address of welcome to the former President of the United States and afterward handed him the address inclosed in a section of elephant tusk mounted in silver and with a silver chain.

The American residents of the protectorate presented Mr. Roosevelt with a tobacco box made of the hoof of a rhinoceros, silver mounted; the skull of a rhinoceros, also mounted in silver, and a buffalo head. Mr. Roosevelt, in reply to the toast proposed by Governor Jackson, said:

"I wish to take this opportunity to thank the people of British East Africa for their generous and courteous hospitality. I have had a thorough good time. I am immensely interested in the country and its possibilities as an abode for white men. Very large tracts are fit for a fine population and healthy and prosperous settlements, and it would be a calamity to neglect them. But the settlers must be of the right type.

"I believe that one of the best feats performed by members of the white race in the last ten years is the building of the Uganda Railroad. I am convinced that this country has a great agricultural

and industrial future, and it is the most attractive playground in the world. It most certainly presents excellent openings for capitalists, and ample inducements should be offered them to come here. The home maker and actual settler, and not the speculator, should be encouraged in making this a white man's country.

"Remember that righteousness and our real ultimate self-interest demand that the blacks be treated justly. I have no patience with sentimentalists, and I think that sentimentality does more harm to individuals than brutality. Therefore I believe in helping the missionary, of whatever creed, who is laboring sincerely and disinterestedly with practical good sense.

"It is natural that I should have a peculiar feeling for the settlers. They remind me of the men in our West, with whom I worked and in whose aspirations I so deeply sympathize."

COMPARES EAST AFRICA WITH AMERICAN WEST.

In conclusion, Mr. Roosevelt drew a comparison of the conditions as he had found them in East Africa with those that confronted the pioneers of Western America.

The Roosevelt party ended their season of inaction in Nairobi on August 4 and left for Naivasha, where preparations were made for resuming the hunt. A big crowd gathered at the station to bid the Colonel farewell, and he was forced to make a short speech just before the train pulled in.

The ex-President and Kermit arrived at Kijabe in the afternoon, and without loss of time the former performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new mission church and school for white children. In a brief address, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"It is the duty of the leading race to help those who are backward to a higher plane of education, and the work of the missionaries in this movement is most important. I am particularly pleased with what you are doing by your schools for the children of the settlers in this country."

After the corner-stone ceremony Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit went by train to Naivasha, where they arrived later in the afternoon and at once went into camp.

Theodore Roosevelt had received many letters from the United States containing all kinds of requests, with which it was impossible for him to comply, and which it was equally impossible for him even to answer. He had no private secretary, and excepting once or twice when a personal friend had enabled him to catch up with some of his mail by typewriting for him, he had been obliged to leave the great bulk of these letters unanswered.

The petitions were of every conceivable nature, including requests for live wild animals for zoological gardens; for skins of dead animals; for large snakes; for birds' eggs; for teeth and claws of lions and tigers (the writers evidently not knowing that there are no tigers in Africa and that it would utterly spoil the value of any specimen, whether for scientific or other purposes, to mutilate it by taking out the claws and teeth); requests for plants, for picture post cards, which are naturally not to be found in the African wilderness, and for all kinds of other objects, including even pickled meat and dried meat of game.

TROPHIES OF THE HUNTING EXPEDITION.

Twenty casks and nine cases containing trophies of the Roosevelt hunting expedition in Africa arrived in Washington August 19. The shipment, which comprised Colonel Roosevelt's first month's collection, consisted of eighty-two specimens, as follows: Lions, 7; leopard, 1; cheetah, 1; spotted hyena, 1; Cape Hartebeest, 14; white bearded wildebeest, 5; Neumann steinbuck, 5; Kirk dik-dik, 1; common waterbuck, 3; Chanler reedbuck, 4; Grant gazelle, 9; Thomson gazelle, 5; eland, 1; Cape buffalo, 4; giraffe, 3; hippopotamus, 1; wart hog, 6; Burchell zebra, 7; black rhinoceros, 2, and impalla, 2.

The cheetah is similar to a leopard, the wildebeest is the African gnu and the hartebeest, steinbuck, dik-dik, impalla and eland are varieties of antelope. While no new species, so far as is now known, was included in this first Roosevelt shipment, the collection will supplement materially the specimens already in the National Museum. It is unusual to secure so large a variety of mammals in so short a time.

Together with this shipment of the Roosevelt collection were a large number of specimens of mice, moles and other small animals, and also of birds gathered by Lieutenant-Colonel Mearns and J. Alden Loring, of the expedition party.

Colonel Roosevelt on August 21, while hunting in Kenya, one of the seven administrative provinces of the British East African protectorate, killed a bull elephant. The animal's skin was taken care of by Edmund Heller and E. J. Cunningham. The tusks of the elephant weighed 80 pounds each.

When shooting elephants it is often necessary to creep into the herd and shoot the selected bull at a range of fifteen to thirty yards. Mr. Roosevelt, accompanied by R. Cunningham, followed this procedure and killed his elephant at the second shot.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

Suddenly, before Mr. Roosevelt could reload, another elephant bull charged him at close range from the herd. Both Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Roosevelt got behind trees, and Mr. Cunningham fired and turned the bull from Mr. Roosevelt just in time to save the distinguished hunter's life.

The Kenya Province is to the south of the River Gwaso Nyiro and to the east of the Naivasha Masai preserve. The headquarters of the province are at Fort Hall, the public road to which place was closed by the government officials because the district was invaded by man-eating lions. The country, specially to the north and east, has not been surveyed thoroughly, and is imperfectly known. The climate is mild and temperate.

The population of the parts of Kenya Province already known is about 600,000, divided among the Kikuyu, the Masai and the Dorobos. The Masai are mostly warlike nomads, who long were the scourge of their neighbors. They live in districts under chiefs, and each chief must be a retired warrior.

Lidj Jeassue, the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, invited Theodore Roosevelt to a great elephant hunt, promising to beat up a white elephant for him to kill and otherwise to arrange a splendid shooting programme.

This news was brought into Berlin by Adolf Mayer, a kinsman of King Menelik of Abyssinia, who arrived there with a commission from the Abyssinian Government to purchase supplies.

King Menelik sent an invitation to Mr. Roosevelt at Washington to be his guest, but Mr. Roosevelt declined, explaining that as he had refused the invitations of several European sovereigns, he could not make an exception of King Menelik, however much he might desire to do so. It was then arranged that the Crown Prince should invite Mr. Roosevelt unofficially. Before Mayer left Abyssinia a mission had been sent to hand this invitation to Mr. Roosevelt wherever it could find him, and King Menelik was hopeful that the former President of the United States would accept the invitation in its present form.

AN IMPRESSIVE INVITATION.

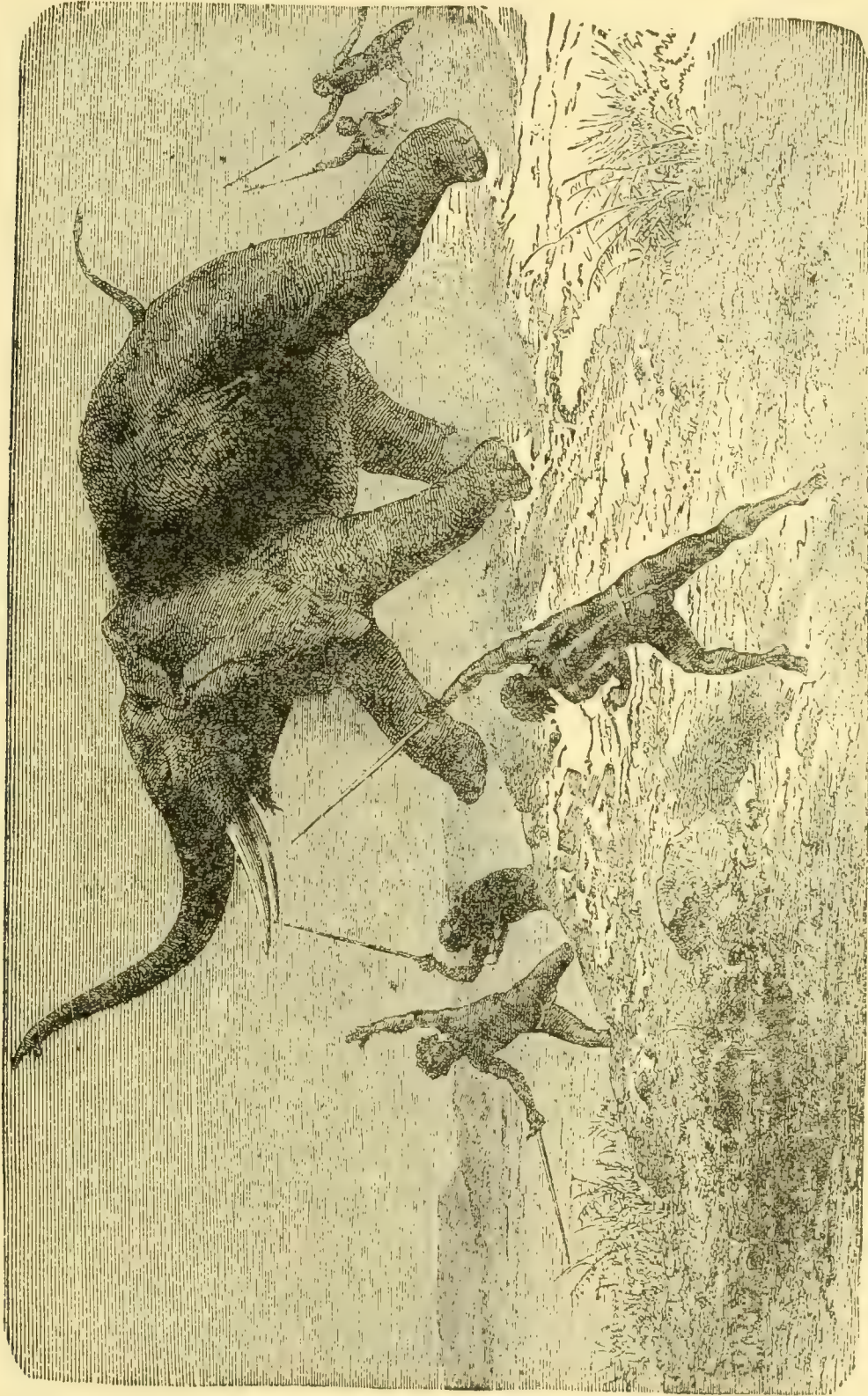
The envoys of the King were empowered to point out to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Mayer said, "that there is unrivalled elephant hunting in Abyssinia. The Crown Prince will send out 5,000 horsemen to encircle an immense range of prairie and drive in the elephants. Hundreds and possibly thousands of elephants could be thus assembled, and there would probably be one or two white ones among this number. These beasts are not really white, but merely animals of great vigor who have lived to be gray haired."

When it was suggested that the Crown Prince of Abyssinia was only fourteen years old, Mr. Mayer replied that Abyssinians develop young. He declared that the Prince was an expert and adventurous huntsman; that he spoke English, French and German, and that he was quite capable personally of showing Mr. Roosevelt fine hunting.

"Many stories have reached the court of King Menelik," Mr. Mayer said, in conclusion, "of Mr. Roosevelt's prowess as a horseman, a hunter, a soldier and an administrator. The King is most keen to greet him, and he probably would go to the borders of his country with a great following to receive Mr. Roosevelt."

Mr. Mayer is the son of a German engineer who married a sister of King Menelik.

Colonel Roosevelt while hunting north of Guaso Nyiro killed three more elephants, completing the group intended for the Smith-



NATIVES OF AFRICA CAPTURING AN ELEPHANT.

sonian Institution, at Washington. He also killed a bull elephant for the American Museum of Natural History, at New York.

Other game bagged includes a rhinoceros with excellent horns, a buffalo, a giraffe, an eland, a zebra, an ostrich and an oryza. Some skins not hitherto collected have been obtained and preserved for the Washington Museum.

Kermit Roosevelt also did some shooting, having killed two elephants and an exceptionally large, fine rhinoceros.

Sixty-four cases, and every one big and bound with iron bands and filled with all that remains of lions, giraffes, elephants, hippopotami, monkeys and other beasts which would still be roaming the wilds of Africa but for the invasion thereof by former President Roosevelt, arrived in Brooklyn, New York, October 12.

The sixty-four cases were unloaded from the Anchor Line's steamship *Italia* at the pier of the Union Stores. Every case was marked: "Smithsonian Institute National Museum, Care of Collector of Customs, Port of New York. From Smithsonian African Expedition, R. E. X." The *Italia* received the cases at Naples from a steamship that brought them from Zanzibar.

ROOSEVELT PROUD OF HIS ELEPHANTS.

Colonel Roosevelt and R. J. Cunninghame arrived at Niavasha on October 20 from an extended hunt, looking extraordinarily brown and feeling well. They were delighted with their expedition and Colonel Roosevelt said that both he and Kermit were proud of having got their elephants, and especially proud that they had each got one when they were unaccompanied by such experienced hunters as Cunninghame and Tarlton.

The skins of the elephants and the skulls and bones were brought in by porters. The huge skulls were carried by eight porters, with reliefs of eight more every now and then. The loads were suspended from long poles.

The Roosevelt party proceeded to Nairobi. There the station was crowded with officials and settlers. Lord Delamere was among those to greet the ex-President, and they stood for a few minutes discussing his proposed visit to Lord Delamere's ranch at Njoro on his return from the Guaso Nguisho.

On October 25 the party left again for Londiani, from which place the start for the Guaso Nguisho was to be made. On this trip the party passed over the "Mau Summit," 8300 feet, the highest point on the railway. The following day Edmund Heller, Kermit Roosevelt and Leslie A. Tarlton started for Eldama Ravine, and were followed shortly afterward by Colonel Roosevelt. The journey to their shooting place occupied one week, and they spent three weeks there.

Former President Roosevelt, on October 27th, celebrated his fifty-first birthday with a hunt in the African wilds. He received the congratulations of his son, Kermit, and other members of his party in the morning, and responded with brief expressions of thanks.

Colonel Roosevelt's health was excellent, his face being bronzed by the tropical sun and his powerful frame rugged and hard from toiling through the jungles and over mountainous passes. The hunting ground was in what was known as Eldama Ravine.

A SHARP CONTRAST.

Mark the contrast between Colonel Roosevelt's surroundings then and a year before! At that time he was comfortably settled in the White House at Washington. He was at his desk early, and spent the day hard at work in his office receiving such members of his Cabinet as were in town at the regular semi-weekly meetings, and discussed with them matters relating to their departments.

Congratulatory messages poured into the President's office at the White House all day. Many foreign rulers took advantage of the opportunity to send messages of warm friendship and good will through their diplomatic representatives, who called in person to present them to the President. Many others of the White House callers were persons who came to extend their congratulations.

He was in excellent health, and was looking forward to the close of his term in office, and his big hunting expedition in Africa with the eagerness of a boy.

"I have had a splendid time in the White House," he told his friends. "I have no regrets. I have done some things. I have

lived, and am counting the days that must elapse before I go out of office. Then there are some months in Africa. I shall hunt big game, see a wonderland, live close to nature, and study natural history."

J. Alden Loring and Major Edgar A. Mearns, both of the Roosevelt hunting party, returned to Nairobi on November 3, from their expedition to Mt. Kenya.

The climbers ascended the mountain to an estimated height of 16,000 feet, reaching the highest point which it was possible to attain without the aid of Alpenstocks. This was within 700 feet of the summit. They collected specimens of more than 2,000 birds and mammals and made many photographs of the mountain.

Mt. Kenya is an extinct volcano. It is 16,700 feet high and supports numerous glaciers. It was ascended for the first time by MacKinder in 1899. The timber line extends to the 10,300 feet level. It is called by the natives "Kimaja-Kegnia, the Mount of Whiteness." It is twelve degrees south of the equator.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PROFITABLE HUNTING TRIP.

A MOST PROFITABLE HUNTING TRIP—NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS IN NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA ENRICHED BY ROOSEVELT TROPHIES OF THE CHASE—AN EXHIBITION OF LION SLAYING BY NATIVE WARRIORS—A WELCOME REUNION—PREPARATIONS FOR JOURNEY DOWN THE NILE.

DURING the hunting on the Guaso Nguisho plateau, Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt, in company with Carl E. Akeley, the African explorer, killed four elephants for the American Museum of Natural History at New York. Colonel Roosevelt decided to give one of the elephants to the University of California.

The party took many other trophies. These include five horned giraffes, a leopard, a roan bush buck, a Jackson's hartebeest, an ourebi, a singing topi, a bohor and a kob.

The kob, or Sing-Sing, is a large animal, equalling the common stag in dimensions. The horns of the adult male are lyre-shaped, and covered with rings. The general color of this animal is a pale brown, the entire under surface and inner faces of the limbs being white. There is no mane, and the tail is rather long and covered with hair.

The Bohar is also an East African antelope. Its full name is *Ceroica probohar*. It belongs to the riet-bok family.

The Ourebi is another of the many antelopes which inhabit southeastern Africa. For the following graphic description of its appearance and habits the author is indebted to the kindness of Captain Drayson:

“Whilst many animals of the antelope kind fly from the presence of man, and do not approach within a distance of many miles of his residence, there are some few which do not appear to have this great dread of him, but which adhere to particu-

lar localities as long as their position is tenable, or until they fall, victims to their temerity.

“It also appears as if some spots were so inviting, that immediately they become vacant by the death of one occupant, another individual of the same species will come from some unknown locality, and re-occupy the ground. Thus it is with the ourebi, which will stop in the immediate vicinity of villages, and on hills and in valleys, where it is daily making hair-breadth escapes from its persevering enemy—man.

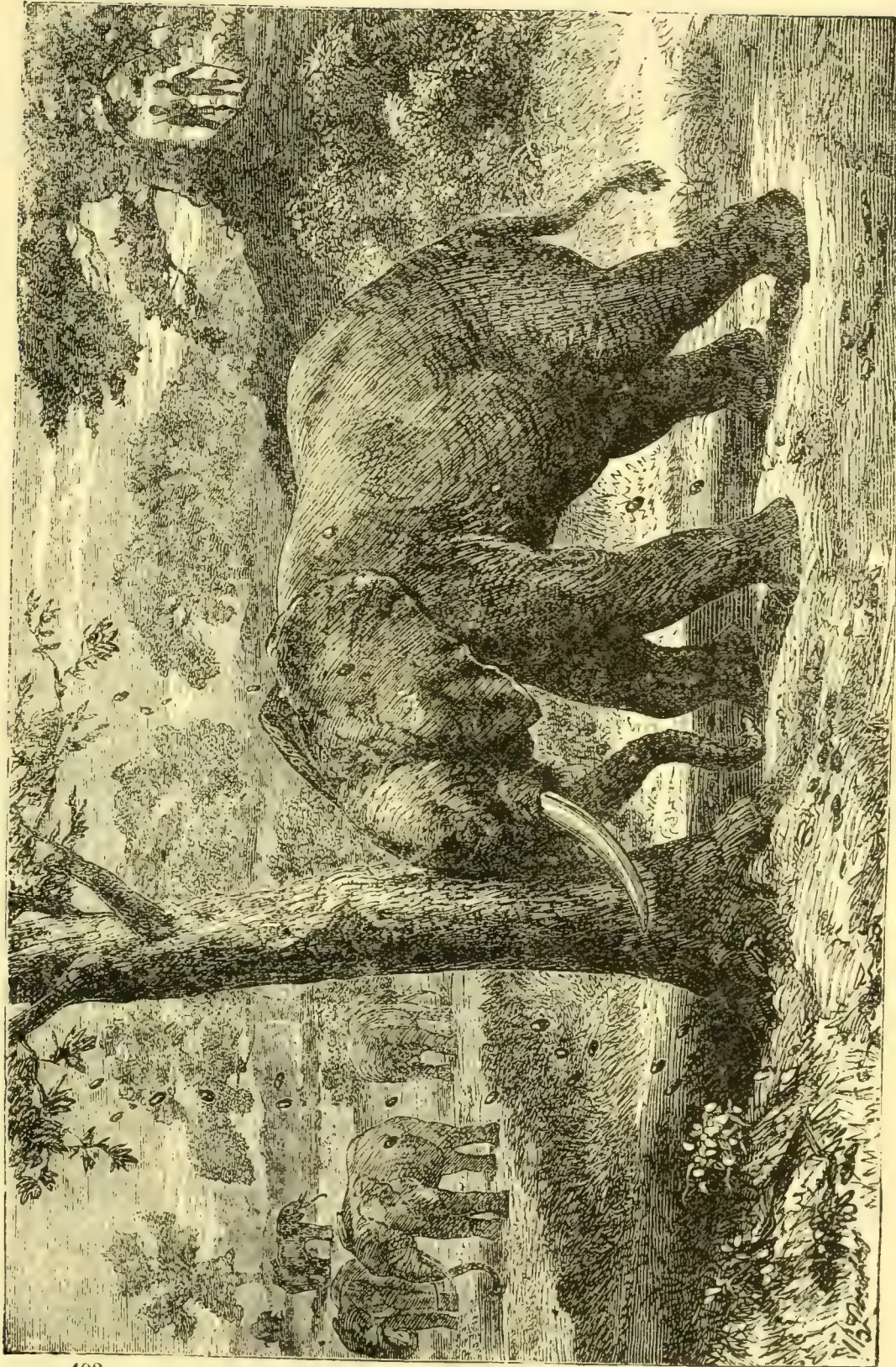
VIGILANCE IN ANTELOPE HUNTING.

“When day after day a hunter has scoured the country, and apparently slain every ourebi within a radius of ten miles, he has but to wait for a few days, and upon again taking the field he will find fresh specimens of this graceful little antelope bounding over the hills around him. It is generally found in pairs, inhabiting the plains, and when pursued, trusts to its speed, seeking no shelter either in the bush or the forest. Its general habitation is among the long grass which remains after a plain has been burned, or on the sheltered side of a hill, among rocks and stones.

“Its modes of progression, when alarmed or disturbed, is very beautiful. It gallops away with great rapidity for a few yards, and then bounds several feet in the air, gallops on, and bounds again. These leaps are made for the purpose of examining the surrounding country, which it is enabled to do from its elevated position in the air.

“Sometimes, and especially when any suspicious object is only indistinctly observed in the first bound, the ourebi will make several successive leaps, and it then looks almost like a creature possessed of wings, and having the power of sustaining itself in the air.

“If, for instance, a dog pursues one of these antelopes, and follows it through long grass, the ourebi will make repeated leaps, and by observing the direction in which its pursuer is advancing, will suddenly change its own course, and thus escape from view. In descending from these leaps the ourebi comes to the ground on its hind feet.



BULL-ELEPHANT SHAKING A TREE FOR FRUIT.

"When first started, the ourebi pursues over the ground a course somewhat similar to that which a snipe follows in the air. It dodges from side to side, leaps and rushes through the grass or over the plain with a lightning-like speed, and almost before the hunter can get his gun ready, the ourebi is scudding away at a distance of a hundred yards or so.

"Some hunters shoot this animal with buck-shot, and by walking through the long grass, and coming suddenly upon the creature in its lair, they pepper it with shot before it has time to get out of range. I tried this system for several days, but at length found that better and neater execution might be had by using a bullet instead of shot. As, moreover, the grass was in many places five feet in height, it would have prevented me from seeing the animals as they rushed off, whereas, from the back of my horse, I could look down upon the ourebis as they moved out of their lairs.

THE OUREBI AN EASY PREY.

"The ourebi does not carry off so heavy a charge of shot as the duyker or the reitbok, and if wounded by a bullet, the hunter is certain to secure his prize, provided that he watches the animal with care. When badly hit, they will frequently retire into long grass, and crouching low, will hide themselves from the casual observer. They will then creep away for several yards, and lie down behind a stone, ant-hill, or some similar cover.

"When the hunter passes and overlooks them, they will jump up and retreat as soon as his back is turned. Taking advantage of this practice, I always avoid looking directly at an ourebi if I see it lying on the plain, and after taking 'bearings' of its position, I ride round the prostrate animal in circles, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, until it can be easily shot."

The ourebi stand about two feet in height at the shoulder, and is about four feet in length. The horns of the full-grown male are about five inches long, straight, and pointed, and covered with bold rings at the base. The color of the ourebi is pale tawny above, and white below. The female is hornless.

Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, Edmund Heller and Leslie A. Tarlton arrived at Londgiana on November 30 from Guaso Nguisho plateau. All were in perfect health.

Mr. Roosevelt was in high spirits. He expressed himself as delighted at again meeting B. J. Cunninghame and members of the American party who awaited him.

Among the sights he experienced was a display of lion killing with spears by Mandi warriors. In the evening the party proceeded to Njoro, as the guests of Lord Delamere on his ranch.

On December 8th Kermit Roosevelt returned to Nairobi from his hunting expedition in the Mau forest and in Kilva, and after a few hours rest set out for Mombasa on a hunt for sable.

Young Roosevelt had exceptionally good luck in the Mau forest hunting and bagged two cow bango and one bull. He brought back the head of the bull which was shipped to the United States.

THE BANGO A SUPERLATIVE BEAUTY.

The bango, or African bush buck, is among the largest, most valuable and handsomest species of antelope. It is light brown in color, the ground color being bright, and ornamented or "harnessed" with conspicuous stripes, while their faces are beautifully marked.

When Africa was first penetrated by Europeans these animals, were found ranging its grassy plains in large herds. Vast numbers were wasted by reckless sportsmen, until now the great herds have disappeared, and the animals are found only in scattered bands.

A party, including Cunninghame, proceeded from Nairobi to Entebbe, the capital of Uganda, in order to arrange for the Roosevelt party's safari down the Nile. The journey to Port Florence or Kisumu, which is the port of East Africa on the Great Victoria Nyanza Lake, was delightful.

Proceeding along the base of the rugged Nandi Escarpment, a number of Kavirondo villages could be seen, with their men, women and children standing naked and unashamed outside their huts idly

watching the passing train. A few miles from Port Florence a view of the lake with its marvelous scenery opened up. Soon the train reached its destination and was backed down to the pier alongside the steamer Clement Hill, which was to convey Colonel Roosevelt and his party over to Entebbe.

Colonel Roosevelt returned to Nairobi on December 11th from his latest hunt in the interior. His only disappointment lay in the fact that he had failed to secure a giant pig, none of which had been seen by his party. He attended service the next day in the English church at Nairobi, and later was present at a farewell banquet tendered him by Governor Jackson.

On December 13th Mr. Roosevelt dined with G. K. Watts, Commissioner of Public Works for this protectorate, and the following day he was guest of Principal Medical Officer A. D. Milne.

ROOSEVELT'S LARGE COLLECTION OF MAMMALS.

A statement of the work of the Smithsonian Expedition in Africa was made by Secretary Walcott at the annual meeting of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, over which Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller presided, on December 14, in which he said: "The Smithsonian African expedition headed by former President Theodore Roosevelt had up to December 10 taken 6663 skins, of which less than one-half have been received at the institution. The collection consists of 243 large mammals, 1500 small mammals and 1356 birds. The collection has a series of human skulls picked up along the line of the ancient slave trail."

Kermit Roosevelt returned to Nairobi on December 16th, after several days hunting near Mombasa, having bagged three fine sables. The party were then preparing to start for Uganda.

Although the blau-bok is a truly handsome example of the antelopes, it is surpassed in beauty by its congener, the sable antelope.

This truly magnificent creature is never seen near the colony, as it is a very shy and crafty animal, and being possessed of great speed, is sure to keep itself far from civilization.

"Cantering along through the forest," said one of the party,

"we came suddenly in full view of one of the loveliest animals which graces this fair creation. This was an old buck of the sable antelope, the rarest and most beautiful animal in Africa. It was large and powerful, partaking considerably of the nature of the ibex. Its back and sides were of glossy black, beautifully contrasting with the belly, which was as white as driven snow. The horns were upwards of three feet in length, and bend strongly back with a bold sweep, reaching nearly to the haunches."

The sable lives in herds of no very great size, consisting mostly of ten or twelve does led by a single buck. As a general fact, the buck takes matters very easily, and trusts to the does for keeping a good watch and warning him of the approach of an enemy. Owing to the jealous caution of these female sentinels, the hunter finds himself sadly embarrassed when he wishes to enrich his museum with the horns of their leader, and if any of them should happen to take alarm, the whole herd will bound over the roughest ground with such matchless speed that all pursuit is hopeless.

THE SABLE ANTELOPE ALSO KNOWN AS POTAQUAINE.

In the native dialect, the sable antelope is known under the name of Potaquaine. It is very tenacious of life, and will often make good its escape even though pierced entirely through the body with several bullets. It therefore fully tests all the powers of the hunter, and he who secures a specimen of an old male sable antelope may congratulate himself on possessing one of the noblest trophies of which a sportsman can boast.

Real, live and rare animals, habitants of the heart of darkest Africa, captured by the party of Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States and mighty hunter, were on exhibition at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens.

The animals are especially rare species, some of them seen in this country for the first time. And not only are they rare, but they are thoroughly representative of that luxuriant and tropical upland section of equatorial Africa.

Since the days of Roosevelt and ruction at Washington, since those blessed times of the man-with-the-soft-body-and-the-hard-

face, the mollycoddle, and my policies, it has been the general opinion that there existed nowhere upon earth an intelligence so torpid that the name and fame of the great American Nimrod had not penetrated it. It was thought that the man of the loud noise and the big stick had registered an impression upon every living being with the nervous system of an oyster.

But let the astonishing fact be here recorded that for the first time the waves of Roosevelt energy beat upon the perception of a very live and highly complicated group of creatures, and, as usual, those waves made them turn about with a jerk and take a more than casual notice.

This aggregation of creatures with the queer names and insular intelligence had some excuse for not having heard of the mighty one, for they have lived their recent lives in exile. There is no doubt whatever that they spent a busy time gathering in Roosevelt information from the cage next to theirs, or just across the way.

APPRISED BY A LOUD NOISE.

It was the loud noise, sure enough, which first apprised these tardy intelligences of the existence of one Roosevelt. They were all of them browsing or ruminating over the creamy cud of mid-afternoon in the antelope house at the Zoological Gardens, when their keen ears detected sounds of unusual excitement outside the walls of their home. Then they heard doors bang open, bolts fall, men shouting and straining under heavy burdens, sliding doors lifted, and the patter of strange hoofs on the floor of their abode.

There certainly was a ruction while the new beasts were being transferred to their cages in the antelope house. Superintendent Carson, of the Gardens, worked hard to take the best care of the late arrivals from Africa, but they simply would not behave. They cut up many pranks in the surroundings which were so strange to them. They were all of them hoofed animals, and the time which they spent at the Gardens at Philadelphia was due to the fact that they had been quarantined, as all hoofed animals are, in order to test their freedom from animal diseases.

The animals were unloaded from the ship Moltkefels, about half of them carried to the Zoo and the other half were shipped to Washington direct. The lions, the birds, the zebra and the leopard went South, and not without complaint. A pair of hartebeests, a pair of elands, a long-haired and serious-looking waterbuck and a very sinister looking warthog all went to the Zoo.

R. D. Carson, superintendent of the Zoological Garden, was on hand to receive the consignment, which arrived in the teeth of a very untropical gale.

The animals came on a wagon which was covered with tarpaulin. It had been planned to put them into the antelope house, out of which some kangaroos had been unceremoniously ejected. The atmosphere of the antelope house felt decidedly more like the African uplands in the vicinity of Nairobi than did the air without. There were within the house several specimens of game from the regions whence the visitors came. There was no evidence, however, that they gave them welcome.

ANIMALS NEAR AKIN.

The wildebeests, which would seem from the name to be allied to the hartebeests, seemed to be bored by the proceedings of unloading their country kin. There was also an eland within the house, which paid no attention to the arrival of the two other elands.

But the seal in the pond adjacent to the antelope barked harshly and seemed to take pride in showing the visitors how he could swim. And two kangaroos, which occupied an adjoining cage to the warthog, looked on with an apparent great curiosity.

The first of the visitors to set foot literally in America was a female hartebeeste, which was so scared that it did not know how to get out of the box when the door was opened. When she finally found her way into the wooden floored cage she looked about upon the crowd and lost no time in getting down to the diet of old-fashioned American hay, which may have been meant for a bed or food, according to the mood of the animal.

Two hartebeestes were liberated, and then came an eland, which is also an antelope. There are none of this particular species in this country either. They are straight-horned also, a seeming characteristic of these African antelope. These were a trifle larger than the hartebeestes, but of a similar color, and were marked with distinguishing zebra-like lines of whitish gray encircling the shoulders.

The waterbuck, also an antelope, was an entirely different looking creature, without horns, and his body was covered with a long, dark coating of hair.

EXTREMELY PRETTY AND DELICATE ANIMALS.

These were all very pretty, very delicate, very classical looking animals. But out came a wart-hog from his box—an animal as ugly as the metaphorical sin, but he seemed to care not a whit for that. With a grunt and a squeal, the same old sound from down on the farm, he bounded into the cage, and in an instant he was the hit—the comical actor. He went rooting into the hay, tossing it on his back. “A fine specimen,” said Mr. Carson; “a fine specimen.”

A peculiarity of the animal was that both the tusks of the under and the upper jaw projected upward, and beneath his eyes protruded two warts the size of early spring apples.

Then there was a Thompson gazelle, a frail little creature, small and more delicate than all the rest. Three of these specimens died on the way over from Africa.

The lions and the birds and the zebra and leopard made a safe but boisterous journey to the railroad station, and the last heard of them, the lions, at least, were voicing their displeasure in jerky but certain measures.

The permanent home of these living examples of Mr. Roosevelt and his large hunting party is the Zoo at Washington. The animals were consigned to this institution and were in charge of A. B. Baker, superintendent of the Washington Zoo, who went to Africa with Mr. Roosevelt.

The animals were captured during the early part of Mr. Roose-

velt's hunting trip and were kept at Mombasa until ready to be shipped. They were brought from the interior to Mombasa by rail and then placed aboard the Moltkefels which sailed from Calcutta.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, December 18, elected Theodore Roosevelt to a foreign associate membership. With this honor he will be entitled, when delivering lectures at the Sorbonne, to wear the plumed cap of an academician, a pearl-handled sword and a suit embroidered with green palms.

Mr. Roosevelt received 25 votes out of a possible 28. One blank ballot was cast and two of the electors refrained from voting.

The "Temps," extolling the election of Theodore Roosevelt, pays high tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's political and moral creed and his insistence that neither individuals nor nations have the right to shirk their duty.

The "Temps" concludes: "Peace is praiseworthy, but its desirability has been unduly exaggerated, if inspired by fear. Mr. Roosevelt recalls to our age that 'war is an evil, but not the greatest of evils.' Especially as the messenger of national idealism he merits the eminent distinction conferred upon him by the institute."

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER.

ROOSEVELT'S EXPEDITION BEGINS SECOND STAGE OF ITS JOURNEY
—HUNTERS CHEERED EN ROUTE—"OLD GLORY" WAVES
OVER AFRICAN LAKE—VISITS KING DAUDI CHWA OF
UGANDA—SEEKING RARE ANTELOPE—KILLS AN ELEPHANT
—FINDS A NEW ANIMAL.

THE Roosevelt hunting and scientific expedition began what may be termed the second stage of its journey in the interior of Africa. The objective point was Gondokoro, Uganda

Colonel Roosevelt and his associates were given a cordial send-off as they boarded the train at noon, December 18, for Kisumu. Arriving at that port the following day, the party boarded the steamer Clement Hill and crossed the Victoria Nyanza to Entebbe. With the passage of the lake, the party left behind them British East Africa and entered the Uganda protectorate, the wildest and most beautiful, perhaps the most dangerous and certainly the most interesting field of their explorations. All were in the best of health and spirits when they set forth in search of new conquests.

The trip from Nairobi was a pleasant one. At Kijabe the members of the American mission gathered at the station and welcomed their countrymen. There was another demonstration at Nakuro, where the settlers cheered during the brief stop of the train. Colonel Roosevelt spent some time inspecting the town of Kisumu before embarking.

After a delightful voyage across the Victoria Nyanza, Colonel Roosevelt and party arrived at Entebbe. At the pier they were met by government officials, who were introduced to the Americans by Chief Secretary Russell. A guard of honor for the visitors was made up of Indian Sikhs.

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit entered a motor car and were driven to the government house, where they had luncheon and held

a public reception. They remained as guests of the Governor of Uganda until their departure for Kampala.

The Colonel expressed himself as astonished at the beauty of the lake and the comfort provided for the steamer's passengers.

Uganda is one of the two administrative divisions of British East Africa. It was formerly a native kingdom and now officially constitutes the Uganda-Protectorate. It adjoins the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan on the north, the Congo Free State on the west and German East Africa on the south. Eastward it abuts upon the East African Protectorate.

The area of Uganda is about 90,000 square miles. The greatest part of the region is a plateau of moderate elevation, enjoying a salubrious climate and having a richer flora and fauna than almost any other section of Eastern Africa. Some of the Congo dwarfs are found in the region. It is thought that nearly 2,000,000 of the 4,000,000 people inhabiting the protectorate speak Bantu languages.

A LARGE POPULATION OF INTELLIGENT CHRISTIANS.

The Baganda people of the region, who number nearly 1,000,000, are intelligent and largely Christianized. Numerous mission stations are established throughout Uganda and there are many schools with native teachers.

The seat of the British administration is at Entebbe. The residence of the native ruler, the "Kobaka," whose prerogatives are still, in a measure, recognized, is at Mingo, a few miles from Entebbe. The Uganda Railway connects Mombasa on the coast with Victoria Nyanza.

The Victoria Nyanza is the principal feeder of the Nile. It has an area of about 26,000 square miles, almost equally divided between British East Africa and German East Africa. The lake's most important tributary is the Kagara, now generally assumed to be the ultimate headstream of the Nile.

The elevation of the lake above the sea is 3,775 feet, and its greatest depth seemingly not exceeding 240 feet. The Victoria Nyanza was discovered by Speke in 1858. It is now navigated by

one or more small steamboats and its northeast shore is reached, at Port Florence, by the Uganda Railway.

The Colonel and party arrived at Kampala December 21, and was received by Sub-Commissioner F. A. Knowles. The ex-President came by motor car from Entebbe and the others arrived on the steamer. In the afternoon they visited the Mill Hill Mission.

The day following Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit were out early hunting sitatunga, a rare species of antelope.

This was only a start for a busy day. Later in the forenoon the Colonel called upon Mother Paul, the American Mother Superior of the convent, visited the Catholic mission; helped to dedicate a wing that had recently been added to the church mission society's hospital, and lunched with Bishop Hanlon. In the afternoon the Colonel received King Daudi Chwa of Uganda, and with the latter attended a dinner given by F. A. Knowles. At night the expedition pitched camp at a site provided for it near the church mission society's headquarters.

THE SITATUNGA, OR "HARNESSED" ANTELOPE.

The sitatunga, which is more familiarly known by its African name, nakong, is one of the "harnessed" antelopes of South-Central and East Africa. It is also called "spake's" antelope. It is peculiar for its perfectly uniform grayish color, when mature. It formerly gathered in herds, and was one of the most highly prized of the smaller species of antelopes.

Some one remarked long ago that when the languages were made up the odds and ends left over were gathered up and thrown together to make English. The early zoologists, looking over the whole herd of split-hoofed, hollow-horned, cud-chewing animals, encountered but little difficulty in making up the families of the oxen, the sheep and the goats; after they had finished this work all the hollow-horned ruminants that were left over were assigned to a great ill-assorted assemblage and labeled "antelopes." Thus the old genus antelope became a kind of zoological refuge for the destitute until it came to contain nearly four times as many species as all the other hollow-horned ruminants together.

There are upward of 150 species of antelopes, most all of which are African, and range in size from the madoqua, about the dimensions of a hare, to the eland, as large as a horse. Some frequent the water courses, while others live in the desert far from streams of any sort. One of the chief factors in saving many of the species from extinction is the ability of the antelopes to go without water.

The chamois, which is one of the half-dozen species of antelope found outside of the Dark Continent, frequents the loftiest mountain peaks of Europe, and is said to rarely drink. Our own so-called Rocky Mountain goat is an antelope of similar habits to the chamois.

DISTINGUISHING POINTS OF THE DEER AND ANTELOPE.

It was easy enough to separate the antelopes from the deer (although many approach the deer so closely that the hornless females of the two families can hardly be distinguished apart), because all deer have a peculiar kind of horn, properly called antler.

The horns of the antelopes are highly characteristic, being always rounded or conical and never branched, as are the deer's antlers. Moreover, they are bent backward, cylindrical or compressed and ringed at the base. They assume the most fantastic forms in different species, the corkscrew-like twist being not uncommon, while spirals, undulations and wavy effects are much in vogue.

The sable antelope has great, long, sweeping, scimitar-shaped horns, which look as if they were made up of many separate buttons of bone strung together on a rod. Some of the long, slender, rapier-like horns make excellent substitutes for swords when well polished, and the Dervishes, whose vows forbid them to touch weapons made by human hands, taking advantage of this fact, make most satisfactory daggers and swords of the sharp-pointed horns of the antelopes.

Not until the second day's hunt near Kampala was either of the party successful in securing any game, then Kermit bagged a fine specimen of the male sitatunga.

During a reception at the home of F. A. Knowles, a native band from the Catholic mission rendered the "Star Spangled Banner," and then sang the words first in English and later in their own language. The Colonel said he was delighted.

The expedition got under way for Hoima on December 23. Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit made a side trip to hunt leopards, and rejoined the expedition the following day. As it left the expedition was made up of seven white hunters and scientists, 300 porters, seven tent boys, six skinners, five gun-bearers, four grooms for the four mules, and two cooks.

The party camped on the night of December 27 at Katwe, eight miles beyond Kabula Mliro. The hunters had covered fifty-four miles since leaving Kampala. The immediate objective point was Kisingo, fifteen miles from Katwe.

A new animal was discovered in British East Africa by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. This new animal, the first announcement of whose discovery was made at the Smithsonian Institution January 3, is a hitherto unknown species of *Otocyon*, to which officials of the scientific organization have given the specific name of *vergatus*. It is a small mammal, closely resembling a fox.

"*Otocyon Rooseveltus*," as a cognomen for the new animal, would make an appropriate designation and one which would have perpetuated the name of the former President as the discoverer of the species, but the Smithsonian officials, perhaps fearing the discoverer would object, decided to make its specific name *vergatus*, meaning striped.

The *Otocyon vergatus* is generally buff in color and it has been found by Mr. Gerrit Miller, of the National Museum Staff at Washington, to differ slightly from *Otocyon megalotis*, which is found farther south in Africa, especially in color and in the characteristics of its teeth and skull. The *Otocyon* is peculiar to Africa and is not represented in the United States, but resembles in color the kit fox of the Western plains. The skull of this new form closely resembles that of the gray fox of our native fauna.

Colonel Roosevelt and party arrived at Hoima on January 3. The Colonel killed a bull elephant with tusks weighing 110 pounds while the party was in camp at Kisingo.

The expedition left Hoima January 4, for Butiaba, on the eastern shore of Lake Albert, which is twenty-seven miles distant, arriving the following day.

After a forced march the expedition arrived at Rhino Camp, the basis for the hunt of the eagerly-sought white rhino, early on January 8. This was the wildest section the expedition had encountered. Rhino Camp is on the Congo side of the Bar-El-Jabel river. The expedition made good progress, and arrived at Rhino Camp one day ahead of schedule.

The hunting party left Butiaba at 10 o'clock in the morning, and reached Keba at ten minutes before midnight. Forty minutes later the journey was continued to Wadelai and thence to the camp, which was reached at daybreak. The trip from Butiaba across the northern end of Lake Albert and up the Bar-El-Jabel river was made in a steam launch which had in tow two steel boats loaded with equipment.

A WELL-EQUIPPED EXPEDITION.

The expedition, as made up in the hunt, consisted of Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit, Mearns, Heller, Loring, Cunningham, thirty porters and boys. They had 200 loads of supplies.

Our ex-President frankly admitted that he had learned something by his travel in Africa. This information was furnished by a Government official who had returned from Nairobi, where he met the Colonel. The official was A. B. Baker, assistant director of the National Zoological Park, who assembled a fine collection of animals.

When questioned concerning Colonel Roosevelt, Mr. Baker said: "The day I got to Nairobi I was standing in the street when all of a sudden I saw a carriage drive by. In it was a man wearing a well-worn khaki suit and a wide-brimmed felt hat. There was something familiar about the figure, and as the carriage passed me I recognized Colonel Roosevelt. Later I was told he had come in from the wilds to rest.

"That afternoon I met Kermit Roosevelt and he told me his father wanted me to take tea with him. Of course I went. I

found the Colonel sitting on the veranda talking with a newspaper man. He carried less weight than he did when he left Washington, but he looked as hard as nails. His skin was about the color of saddle leather.

"In the course of conversation he told us that he thought he had discovered, while he was President, every type of folly the American people were capable of, but he had discovered a new scheme since he had been in Africa. The proprietor of every small zoo in America, he said, had written asking him to send them a specimen. Anything would do, they wrote, from a field mouse to a tiger.

"The richest letter he had, the Colonel added, came from a society of hunters in New York. The members wanted to give him a dinner upon his return, the secretary had written, and would he please pickle, preserve or otherwise keep in condition a piece of meat from every sort of animal he had killed, so they could have them all for the dinner?

"'It looks like they wanted me to give them a dinner instead of letting them give me one,' was the Colonel's concluding remark."

THE COLONEL SHOOTS A WHITE RHINOCEROS.

Colonel Roosevelt shot a female white rhinoceros and a young rhinoceros on the first night that the party was at Camp Rhino. One of the Colonel's chief objects in going to Africa to hunt was to shoot a white rhinoceros, a type which is getting very rare.

Fortunately for the human inhabitants of the regions where the white rhinoceros dwells, its temper is remarkably quiet and devoid of that restless irritability and sudden access of rage which is so distinguishing a quality of the two black species. Even when wounded it seldom turns upon its antagonist, but contents itself with endeavoring to make its escape. Some times, however, probably when it has its young to protect, it will assume the offensive, and is then even more to be dreaded than its black relatives.

The following anecdote, which was related by a well known African hunter, affords an instance of this rare display of combativeness:

“Once, as I was returning from an elephant chase, I observed a huge white rhinoceros a short distance ahead. I was riding a most excellent hunter—the best and fleetest steed that I ever possessed during my shooting excursions in Africa—at the time; but it was a rule with me never to pursue a rhinoceros on horseback, and simply because this animal is so much more easily approached and killed on foot. On this occasion, however, it seemed as if fate had interfered.

“Turning to my after-rider, I called out: ‘By heaven! that fellow has got a fine horn! I will have a shot at him.’ With that, I clapped spurs to my horse, who soon brought me alongside the huge beast, and the next instant I lodged a ball in his body, but, as it turned out, not with deadly effect. On receiving my shot, the rhinoceros, to my great surprise, instead of seeking safety in flight, as is the habit of this generally inoffensive animal, suddenly stopped short, and turned sharply round, and, having eyed me most curiously for a second or two, walked slowly towards me.

IN A PERILOUS SITUATION.

“I never dreamt of danger. Nevertheless, I instantly turned my horse’s head away; but, strange to say, this creature, usually so docile and gentle—which the slightest touch of the reins would be sufficient to guide—now absolutely refused to give me his head. When at last he did so it was too late; for, notwithstanding the rhinoceros had only been walking, the distance between us was so inconsiderable, that by this time I clearly saw contact was unavoidable. Indeed, in another moment I observed the brute bend low his head, and with a thrust upwards, strike his horn into the ribs of the horse with such force as to penetrate to the very saddle on the opposite side, where I felt its sharp point against my leg.

“The violence of the blow was so tremendous as to cause the horse to make a complete somersault in the air, coming down on its back. With regard to myself, I was, as a matter of course, violently precipitated to the ground. Whilst thus prostrated I actually saw the horn of the infuriated beast alongside of me; but, seemingly satisfied with his revenge, without attempting to do

further mischief, he started off at a canter from the scene of action.

"My after-rider having by this time come up, I rushed upon him, and almost pulling him off his horse, leapt into the saddle; and without a hat, and my face streaming with blood, was quickly in pursuit of the retreating beast, which I soon had the satisfaction to see stretched lifeless at my feet."

F. C. Selous, friend and guide to Colonel Roosevelt, gives the following description of the habits of the white rhinoceros from extensive personal observation:

"The white rhinoceros is a huge, ungainly-looking beast, with a disproportionately large head, a large male standing 6 feet 6 inches at the shoulder. Like elephants and buffaloes, they lie asleep during the heat of the day, and feed during the night and in the cool hours of early morning and evening. Their sight is very bad; but they are quick of hearing, and their scent is very keen.

THE WHITE RHINOCEROS AN EASY PREY TO HORSEMAN.

"When disturbed they go off at a swift trot, which soon leaves all pursuit for a man on foot far behind, but if chased by a horseman they break into a gallop, which they can keep up for some distance. However, although they run very swiftly, when their size and heavy build is considered, they are no match for an average good horse.

"They are, as a rule, very easy to shoot on horseback, as, if one gallops a little in front of and on one side of them, they will hold their course, and come sailing past, offering a magnificent broadside shot, while under similar circumstances a prehensile-lipped rhinoceros will usually swerve away in such a manner as only to present his hind-quarters for a shot. When either walking or running, the square-lipped rhinoceros holds its head very low, its nose nearly touching the ground.

"When a small calf accompanies its mother, it always runs in front and she appears to guide it by holding the point of her horn upon the little animal's rump, and it is perfectly wonder-

ful to note how in all sudden changes of pace, from a trot to a gallop or *vice versa*, the same position is always exactly maintained. During the autumn and winter months the rhinoceros is usually very fat, and its meat is then most excellent, being something like beef, but yet having a peculiar flavor of its own.

“The part in greatest favor among hunters is the hump, which is cut off whole and roasted just as it is in the skin, in a hole dug in the ground, which, I think, would be difficult to match, either for juiciness or flavor.”

CHAPTER XXVII

A LION-SPEARING SAFARI.

ROOSEVELT TAKES PART IN AN EXCITING HUNT—SEES LION-SPEARING—CELEBRATED WITH WAR DANCE—KERMIT HAS GREAT LUCK—ELEPHANT HUNTERS OF THE CONGO GIVE THE COLONEL A WARM GREETING.

A LONG stream of porters came winding across the veldt, looking for all the world like a string of ants. The Stars and Stripes was held aloft by a giant native, and the sound of horns made strange discords with the chanting of the weird and elusive safari song. Shortly, Colonel Roosevelt arrived on the back of his favorite horse, *Tranquility*. It was the end of his last trip in the British East African protectorate.

This safari, which was the fourth to be made out of Nairobi, gave Colonel Roosevelt and his party an opportunity to witness an exciting hunt at A. E. Hoey's farm at Sirgoi, in the Guaso Nguisho country, and the spearing of a lion by Mandi warriors.

Seventy of these spearsmen had been asked to take part in the drive, and they assented readily, for when a warrior spears a lion he becomes a leader of the fighting section of the tribe and may wear a head dress formed of the lion's mane, and walk at the head of the file of Mandi warriors when on the march. In these hunts they display extraordinary courage.

The band of seventy almost naked men, with their long, sharp spears, and attended by the chosen spectators, the latter being mounted, proceeded down a long valley, where the grass was thick and thorn trees lined its edges. Very soon a lion was observed not more than four hundred yards in front. Immediately the warriors gave chase, and in less than two miles they had rounded up the king of the wilderness. The horsemen then approached and it was seen that the lion at bay was a fully grown, black-maned one. The spearmen began their task of surrounding

the quarry. Every man went to his allotted position, and the circle slowly closed in on the snarling beast, which swished his tail and kept up a continual roaring.

The warriors drew to within some twenty yards of him, and the horsemen closed up to see the kill, yet remained at a sufficient distance not to interfere with the spearmen's movements. Three times the lion made a savage charge at the now stationary warriors, but stopped short each time, with mane bristling, roaring in impotent rage at his tormentors. Again the attacking party advanced to within ten yards of their victim. One last desperate effort, and he drove directly at the line, only to fall with ten spears quivering in his body. But in that brief moment he managed to drag down one of the natives, his claws sinking into the man's flesh.

INCENSED AT THE KING'S DEATH.

The death of the king seemed to awaken all the fire in the warriors' blood. They began a dance of triumph around the body, waving their blood-stained spears, some of which were bent by the force of the shock, holding their shields above their heads and shouting forth blood-curdling yells in the excess of their savage joy over the victory.

In the meantime the injured man was being given medical attention, and he bore the pain of his wounds without a sign of concern. He who had first jabbed his spear through the lion joined in the dance at the start, but soon retired at a distance, where he seated himself, apparently indifferent to the antics of his fellows. He was now a leader of men and must, therefore, show no sign that he had done anything out of the ordinary.

The luck of Kermit Roosevelt had been proverbial. While Colonel Roosevelt was hunting with Lord Delamere, Kermit went off with R. B. Cole and his Wanderobo warriors. The Wanderobos are adepts at killing bango, which are very rare and only to be found in the forests. In a short space of time the younger Roosevelt had secured a large and fine specimen of the female bango.

This was a feat that any older hunter might justly be proud

of, for no white man has ever before stalked and shot a bango. There are only two cases on record of a white man shooting bango with the aid of the natives and their dogs. So pleased was one of the residents with the success of the youth that he presented Kermit with a fine specimen of the male bango, and so the Smithsonian Institution will have a complete family group, the only one in the world.

Commander H. Hutchinson, superintendent of marine, who went up with Colonel Roosevelt and his party to Rhino camp, said that the former President bore the hardships of the journey splendidly, notwithstanding the fact that the engine broke down once or twice.

When they arrived at Koba it was midnight, but they found all the white elephant hunters of the Congo assembled to greet them. Among the number was Chief Engineer Bennet, of the lake steamers, who in December had been captured by the natives, but had made his escape after enduring tortures for five days.

ROOSEVELT WOULD NOT DISCUSS POLITICS.

W. H. McMillan, who entertained Colonel Roosevelt on his ranch near Nairobi, and later, while on a visit to the United States, said:

"While at my ranch Colonel Roosevelt did not read an American newspaper or magazine," said Mr. McMillan. "He continually refused to discuss national or international politics, although many residents of the neighborhood questioned him on these subjects. 'I am here for pleasure,' was his answer to one and all. 'When I return to the United States I will say what I think about the situation.'

"Colonel Roosevelt is a fair shot, not an extraordinary marksman," continued Mr. McMillan. "Kermit is a better shot than his father, as Colonel Roosevelt admits to every one except Kermit. He is afraid it would make the young man think too much of himself to tell him so. It does not, however, take any wonderful marksmanship to hit an elephant or a rhinoceros."

Describing Roosevelt's adventures in Africa, having met the

ex-President on his hunting trip, E. M. Newman, of Chicago, the African explorer and lecturer, said in an interview:

"I believe that the two expert guides, Tarleton and Cunningham, have done much to keep Mr. Roosevelt in safety. They have stood at his back when he was attacked by wounded wild beasts and when other perils threatened.

"Most people think this has been only a hunting trip, but I believe that is the smallest end of it. I have no doubt his exploit will be an inspiration to mankind.

"I believe that nothing less than an attempt to grapple with the world's problem of civilization, with the continental experiment possible in Africa, was what was in his mind.

NATIVES BELIEVE HIM TO BE A "GREAT KING."

"Mr. Roosevelt is an astonishing hiker. He will go striding through the jungle for thirty miles a day and then, after writing in long hand until late in the night, he will sleep about six hours and repeat the performance the next day. The natives in his party worship him and believe him to be a 'great king.' Their name for him—Bwana Tumbo—is the greatest compliment they could pay him. The fact that white men, whom they encounter, pay him such deference only strengthens their belief that he is a great ruler.

"Roosevelt is just now going into the districts of peril from the tsetse fly. I followed expert advice in wearing a net over my helmet all the time. The tsetse fly looks like the ordinary housefly.

"After its bite there are no symptoms for about two months, when convulsions occur, the red corpuscles disappear from the blood, through which the microscopic germs run like electric eels. The victims fall asleep. It is called the sleeping sickness. It swept away 300,000 in Uganda in two years.

"The government has been driving the natives away from the water, brush and shade, where the fly lives; otherwise it is believed that the tsetse fly would have annihilated them. Four years ago there were 20,000 on the Sese Islands; to-day less than 100 souls. The tsetse fly took all the rest."

Mr. Roosevelt carried with him on his African trip one of the

most complete medical and surgical outfits ever prepared for any explorer. It was so condensed that all medicines and surgical instruments could be carried in a suitcase.

There were 15,000 doses in the tabloids, nearly forty per cent. of them quinine. The other medicines were to ward off diseases most prevalent in equatorial Africa, chemicals to make swamp water pure and palatable, cures for snake bites, stimulants, opiates, knives, and bandages.

These supplies were packed in unbreakable and airtight bottles of a vulcanite composition, and fitted into an aluminum case 15x10x8.

Liquids find no place in the assortment nor in the outfit for developing photographs prepared for Kermit Roosevelt by the same firm and put in equally condensed form.

FIRE THREATENED TO BURN THE CAMP.

The party had an interesting experience that had not been counted on upon their second day at Rhino Camp. A grass fire, accidentally started, threatened to burn up the whole outfit, which was saved only by the energetic work of all hands, including Colonel Roosevelt, who led in clearing the grass immediately surrounding the camp.

Before leaving Rhino Camp the hunters got three more white rhinos, a bull buffalo and other game. Kermit Roosevelt made some splendid photographs of a living rhinoceros.

The American hunters and scientists in the Nile broke camp in Belgian Congo, February 3, and sailed on the waiting boats and steamers up Lake Albert, arriving at Nimule the following day.

"Mr. Roosevelt was kind enough to raise his hat and shake hands with our great ladies, as he did when bidding Prince Joseph good-bye. The Baganda who witnessed this were simply mad with joy and the Mustawa Kissa (man of kindness) has won all our hearts."

Thus wrote Mother Mary Paul, missionary sister in charge of the Franciscan mission at Nsambya, Uganda, in a letter to a friend in New York.

"The day was perfect," she wrote, "and the whole hill was

decorated with flags and glorious palms. Up the hill came the four runners who had been sent to watch when the rickshaws turned toward Nsambya. They arrived breathlessly to say, 'They are coming.' A few more minutes waiting and the first rickshaw came into sight with Colonel Roosevelt and the provincial commissioner, Mr. Knowles.

"Introductions and handshakes followed. Colonel Roosevelt replied, when I said it was kind of him to come, 'Kind! Why, pitchforks would not have kept me away. In fact, I would have been afraid to go back to the United States if I hadn't come to see you.'"

Colonel Roosevelt gave to the Smithsonian Institution specimens of the white rhinoceros family complete. He also gave two skins to the American Museum of Natural History at New York and a head to William T. Hornaday for his collection. Mr. Roosevelt did not retain any of the white rhino trophies which he secured.

EXPEDITION OF GREAT SCIENTIFIC VALUE.

The ten days march to Gondokoro from Nimule was begun on February 7, the distance, roughly speaking, is 108 miles. The path lies through an unpeopled district and the porters were well burdened with food supplies at the start.

The Colonel and Kermit left the expedition's trail for a day's hunting of elephants and giant elands at Rojaf, on the Congo side of Bar-El-Jabal. The hunters invaded the territory upon the special and eagerly accepted invitation of the Belgian authorities.

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit were accompanied in the Congo by E. B. Haddon, the British district commissioner, stationed at Mpumu, Uganda. The commissioner met the expedition at Kiriba camp, sixteen miles to the south of Gondokoro. A commodious brick house was placed at the disposal of Mr. Roosevelt.

A special runner arriving in advance of the expedition brought the following: "Colonel Roosevelt states that he has heartily enjoyed the entire trip through British East Africa, Uganda Protectorate and the Lado Enclave. He is particularly pleased over his success in hunting white rhinoceros in the Belgian Congo. He

feels that the results of the expedition will be of real and great scientific value."

The Colonel and the other hunters arrived at Gondokoro on February 17. They had passed through the most trying stage of their African journey. For ten days they had been practically isolated in a wilderness so forbidding to the white men that it has not been invaded by the telegraph companies. The country is rough and the heat intense, the only communication between its scattered villages being through native runners.

The dangers of the march from Nimule are understood by those familiar with the dubious route, and to these the safe arrival at Gondokoro brings a feeling of relief.

At Gondokoro there are a few shops belonging to Greeks and Indians and a few traders make their headquarters there. The steamboats owned by the Sudan Government call once a month for passengers and the mails for Khartoum.

GONDOKORO AN IVORY AND SLAVE CENTRE.

Gondokoro is a famous mission station and market place in the territory of the Bari tribe of Soudanese. It is on the White Nile about 200 miles north of Albert Nyanza. A British military post was established there in 1871. In former times Gondokoro was a great centre of the ivory and slave trade, and an ivory market is still maintained there.

Pope Gregory XVI. established a mission there in 1846 and the pro-vicar Koblecher founded a station in 1851. A succession of misfortunes, including the death of Koblecher in April, 1858, and a famine in 1859, led to the final abandonment of the station.

The entrance into Gondokoro of the ex-President was rudely picturesque, and nothing that British and native hospitality could suggest was lacking in the welcome. The arrival of the expedition in the outskirts of the town was heralded with bugle blasts by Chief Keriba's bugle band, which led the van. Chief Keriba accompanied his musicians.

The native party had met the expedition sixteen miles to the

south, and en route here did it all the honor that could be gotten out of their instruments of brass and Indian drums.

Reaching the town the band struck up "America," which, happening to be the British national air, suited the occasion exactly. Belgian marches were interspersed. Following the musicians a native porter carried a large American flag. Then came the caravan proper, Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit, the other American hunters and scientists and the body of native porters who have had an important, if humble, share in the work of exploration.

Waiting on the Bar-El-Jabel was the launch of General Sir Reginald Wingate, of the Egyptian army, and from the vessel were flying the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Roosevelt boarded the launch at once upon reaching there, and after a brief rest began the reading of his mail. Many communications awaited him.

HUNTING EXPEDITION NEARLY ENDED.

Kermit Roosevelt and Mr. Loring distinguished themselves during the day. A native had fallen into the river near the steamer, occupied by Colonel Roosevelt, and was drowned. Kermit and Mr. Loring learned of the accident and in an effort to recover the body dived into the water, heedless of the dangers from the crocodiles and the swift current. They escaped harm.

The Governor of Mongalla, the Belgian commandant at Lado and other officials called upon Colonel Roosevelt during the forenoon.

Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit and Edmund Heller, the zoologist, left Gondokoro February 18, on a steamer for a final week of shooting along the river banks.

R. J. Cunninghame, the field naturalist; Major Edgar A. Mearns and J. Alden Loring did not accompany the Colonel but remained at Gondokoro to pack the specimens, dismiss the porters and others, who accompanied the Colonel as helpers, and wind up the details incident to the close of the expedition. With the exception of the river excursion the hunting was practically ended.

February 26 was breaking up day for the Smithsonian African scientific expedition, all of the porters and half of the servants returning to Kampala and Nairobi.

Colonel Roosevelt, during his hunt along the Nile, killed two bulls and one cow of the rare giant Eland type. He was much elated at his success.

The eland is the largest of all the antelopes. It reaches the size of a large horse and may weigh as much as 1100 pounds. The expression of the face is gentle and sheep-like; the body is thick and heavy, but the limbs are slender. Its disposition is in keeping with its looks. Easily domesticated, it is a valuable animal for Africa. The meat is said by many to be superior to beef, but has a peculiar venison-like flavor.

THE ELAND ALWAYS RUN AGAINST THE WIND.

The eland is the one antelope that is naturally fat; and in good pastures it becomes so heavy that it is easily run down in the wild state by dogs or horses; but it has been observed that the eland will always run against the wind whenever possible if pursued, and this gives it an advantage over the horse. Like the majority of antelopes, the eland seems to be independent of water, frequenting the most desert localities far from streams and rivers. The striped eland is a rare specimen and seldom seen.

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit, together with the members of their shooting party, who returned to Gondokoro on the evening of Saturday, February 26, on the Belgian boat *Boch*, spent Sunday in resting up, their experiences during the past few days in search of giant elands having proved rather fatiguing.

In the evening the party dined with the district commissioner, who remarked on Colonel Roosevelt's fine health. The others showed need of rest after an arduous year's trip.

The Colonel confessed to his first malady since leaving New York—a slight attack of homesickness. The confession came after the receipt of a message from his wife and daughter, who had arrived at Naples, preparatory to going to Khartoum to meet him. When notified that a committee of Westerners would meet him in Khartoum in an effort to get him to return to the United States by way of the Pacific coast, the ex-President shook his head.

"I want to get home as quickly as possible," he said. "When

I was in the jungle I didn't really allow myself to think of home or business. But now that the hunt is practically over I am getting anxious to see Sandy Hook.

"My plans for visiting Berlin, Paris and London have been made for months and I have no thought of changing them now."

Mr. Roosevelt was really and truly delighted to receive the message from his wife.

"It made me realize just how near 'home' I was getting," he said, with a laugh. Regarding the hunt Mr. Roosevelt said:

"I expected a bully time, but it has been several times more pleasureable than I anticipated. Twenty years from now it will be impossible to have such a hunt."

FAREWELL TO THE DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

Theodore Roosevelt, on February 28, started on his advance toward Khartoum. The party set off on the Dal, the Soudan government boat put at its disposal. Gondokoro was abroad early to bid farewell to its distinguished guest and his companions, and every man in the settlement, white, brown or black, turned out to cheer.

The immediate destination was Mongalla, a river station, where an enthusiastic reception had been prepared. The start was auspicious. Escorted by officials and the black bugle corps, the Roosevelt party advanced to the little steamer, whose whistle tooted a valiant welcome. When the lines were cast off, a cheer went up that echoed for miles over the desert.

The vessel was a comfortable river boat, fitted out with all the conveniences the white man has brought into the desert, and Colonel Roosevelt, shaven and clad no longer in khaki, but in tweeds, can again be considered in civilization. The trip to Khartoum, where there were many Americans awaiting Mr. Roosevelt, occupied about two weeks.

Dr. Rodoric Prosch, a French medical missionary, who lunched with Colonel Roosevelt on February 28, suddenly died of African fever at noon the following day.

This, those who followed the trail of the expedition say, was

but another instance of "Roosevelt luck" which had attended the American hunters and scientists, and that they were to be congratulated upon their escape from the dreaded fever that had followed in the wake of the long hunt.

At a camp joining that occupied by the Americans at Gondokoro an English sportsman was seriously ill following a trip to Kampala, the capital of Uganda, and one of the places at which the Smithsonian scientific expedition stopped.

The district commissioner of Gondokoro, the British officials of which were most active in entertaining their American guests, had been stricken with the fever and was confined to his bed.

Dr. Prosch had done missionary work in Africa for ten years. During this time his health had been gradually undermined by the debilitating climate. His collapse was attributed to a weakened condition that could not resist an attack that he might have survived a few years before.

DR. PROSCH A MAN OF LIBERAL IDEAS.

At the luncheon Dr. Prosch seemed in excellent spirits and had a lengthy talk with the ex-President about missionary work, proving himself a man of liberal ideas. Dr. Prosch and Colonel Roosevelt expected to meet again in Paris.

Later Dr. Prosch collapsed and died within five minutes. At sunset he was buried on the very spot where he died, bugles sounding taps over the newly-made grave.

When Colonel Roosevelt and the others of his party left on the steamer *Dal* they were all in good health and little the worse for their rough experience.

The Colonel considers that the killing of the giant elands in his excursion along the upper reaches of the Nile was a fitting ending to a marvelously successful trip. The results generally from the standpoint of the hunter and the scientist have exceeded all expectations.

Colonel Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, have killed some five hundred specimens of large mammals. The bag includes the following: Seventeen lions, eleven elephants, ten buffaloes, ten black rhino-

ceroses, nine white rhinoceroses, nine hippopotami, nine giraffes, three leopards, seven chetahs, three giant elands, three sables, one sitatunga and two bangos.

All these were killed in the interest of science and the specimens were disposed of accordingly, the greater number going to the Smithsonian Institute. Mr. Roosevelt retained not more than six trophies for himself.

From the point of importance the most highly-prized game may be rated as follows: First, giant elands, the first complete specimens of which family were taken from the country; second, the white rhinoceros; third, the bangos, the first to be stalked and killed by a white man, and fourth, the sitatunga, a species of antelope.

THE EXPEDITION VERY SUCCESSFUL.

The naturalists secured a remarkable collection comprising many thousands of birds and other mammals. The results in this line have been most gratifying and science will be enriched by several new species and an enormous series of the smaller mammals of Africa. The game taken and the collections made constitute a world's record for a similar period of hunting and scientific research in Africa and the American museums will receive the greatest collection of African fauna in existence.

The work reflects the greatest credit upon all members of the party whose labors continued ceaselessly despite the disadvantages of the climate.

All agree that too much praise cannot be accorded R. J. Cunningham, the Englishman, whose management of the expedition was as nearly perfect as could be conceived.

Teddy's out of Jungle-land
The beasts may now rejoice,
The wanderoo and wombat
May give their gladness voice,
Cut the same old capers,
Make the same old jungle noise,
While he's a-marching to Khartoum.

Colonel Roosevelt arrived at Mongalla on March 2, and immediately after landing performed the ceremony of planting a tree to commemorate his visit.

The preceding day the Colonel encountered a foretaste of the strenuous hospitality which characterized his progress through the Soudan and Europe.

Leaving Gondokoro in the morning, he arrived at noon at Lado, an attractive station on the Encalave section of the Congo.

At the landing stage the strapping Congolese soldiers under Commandant Rekke formed a guard of honor and escorted the Colonel from the landing stage, while hundreds of the inhabitants of the nearby villages followed in procession, anxious to see the khaki-shirted "King of Americani."

Colonel Roosevelt was entertained at luncheon by the commandant, the company numbering ten in all.

THE COLONEL IN HAPPY MOOD.

The Colonel was in his happiest mood, speaking French exclusively, and keeping the company laughing with his humorous tales of hunting in America and Africa.

He had only a few hours respite before reaching Mongalla, where the reception was much more elaborate, as Colonel Owen, Governor of the Province, has been for years an admirer of Colonel Roosevelt's words and deeds.

A huge American flag flew from a special flagstaff. It fluttered between the red-crossed emblem of the Soudan and the Union Jack of Great Britain.

The Soudanese troops formed a guard of honor for Colonel Roosevelt, whose military ardor is as strong as ever. He was particularly struck by the general bearing of these soldiers.

After dinner at the Governor's residence the guest of honor witnessed a native dance arranged for his entertainment. A thousand or more native warriors in wonderful ostrich headdresses and with their bodies decorated here and uncovered there after the African native mode and carrying terrifying broadhead spears.

Surrounding the dancers were hundreds of carriers, and in a

knot hundreds of beaters of tomtoms, who uttered their barbaric cries and made a nerve-wrecking din with their musical instruments of gourds and hide. The scene was illuminated with hundreds of torches.

The natives exhausted their repertory of dances for the visitor and it was the finest display Colonel Roosevelt had seen in Africa. The party left in the morning for Lake No.

BEYOND THE SEA.

Beyond the sea the lion ceases roaring,
On Africa's coral strand,
A respite glad his health is now restoring,
For Teddy leaves his land.

Beyond the sea the jungle monkeys chatter
And say that things look bright;
The tiger, gnu, rhinoceros, don't scatter
And refuge take in flight.

Beyond the sea there's much contented grunting,
The wild hyena laughs;
The elephant has trumpeted: "No hunting!
And no more photographs!"

Beyond the sea the tom-toms are a-drumming,
Farewell to Theodore;
All Africa with business is now humming,
Dried up the trail of gore.

He will not change for monkeys, lions, tigers,
The empire of the West,
Sweet Oyster Bay's cool plunge for torrid Niger's,
The man who knows no rest.

WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE, in *Life*.

Captain Fritz Duquesne, of German East Africa, lion hunter and Boer war fighter, at one time considered by ex-President Roosevelt to head his African expedition, expressed fear that Mr. Roosevelt and members of his party had not escaped infection from the sleeping sickness.

"It is highly probable," said Captain Duquesne, "that every

member of the Roosevelt party now has the virus of the sleeping sickness in his veins. It may not develop until they reach Europe, or even America. The sleeping sickness sometimes is not manifested in the person for several months after the infection occurs. It is well-nigh incredible that the Roosevelt party, passing through so many of the sickness zones, has escaped infection."

The Court of Common Council at London, on March 3, unanimously adopted a resolution conferring the honorary freedom of the city on Theodore Roosevelt, in recognition of "the distinguished manner in which he filled the office of President of the United States, and for the eminent service which he rendered the cause of civilization, and the promotion of amicable relations between foreign nations."

The mover of the resolution, and the member who seconded the same, spoke in the most eulogistic terms of Mr. Roosevelt, declaring that the city would honor itself in feting the distinguished American, "whose heart is big enough to hold the whole world in friendship."

A reception committee was appointed, specially charged to see that nothing was lacking to make the event memorable and "worthy of Roosevelt and his outstanding position in the world."

On March 4 one hundred and fifty prominent New Yorkers were named to comprise the committee to give Colonel Theodore Roosevelt a welcome from his hunting expedition in Africa.

This, the first step in the official preparations for the memorable greeting which it was planned to give the former President, was taken by Mayor Gaynor following a consultation with William Loeb, Jr., former secretary to President Roosevelt, and collector of the port of New York, who was given general charge of the welcoming arrangements by authorization of both President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt.

Cornelius Vanderbilt headed the welcoming committee as chairman, the second name being that of Mr. Loeb. The other members comprised a representative selection from the ranks of the city's best-known men of affairs and the professions.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TRIUMPHANT CLOSE OF A THRILLING HUNT.

THE TRIP DOWN THE NILE—THE EXPEDITION A HUGE SUCCESS—MANY RARE SPECIMENS OBTAINED—A PERILOUS THREE DAYS TRIP—KERMIT A DEADLY SHOT—INTERESTED IN NATIVES—ON BOARD THE STEAMER DAL—ARRIVAL AT KHARTOUM—GREETED BY OFFICIALS—CHEERED BY CROWDS.

SOUND, common sense has been a distinguishing characteristic of Colonel Roosevelt's public and private life. Neither friend nor enemy can deny it. He has preserved a perfectly "level head" despite all the agencies working to turn it. An overplus of flattering attentions and invitations has been heaped upon him, and yet his mental equilibrium has not been upset. The Emperor of Germany and the President of France vied with each other in planning to receive him with royal honors on his return from Africa, but he steadily declined, though professing his deep appreciation of their proffered courtesies, to be treated otherwise than as a private citizen of the United States. It is this adherence to democratic principles that has made him popular with the people, and there is no subject in which he becomes interested that the great American public does not also immediately become interested.

Colonel Roosevelt left the United States in March, 1909, with the best wishes of millions of Americans that his expedition would prove successful from a scientific standpoint, and that he would have a safe return. This great expedition being a fact and the fondest hopes of the scientists who made up the party were more than realized.

The guns of the expedition no longer are of use, as the hunt officially ended with the killing at Lado Enclave of a leopard, cheetah, waterbuck and various kinds of antelopes. With the addition of these animals the collection of fauna is regarded as complete as possible.

No killing was done wantonly. Time and again game was spared, the hunters becoming naturalists and studying the habits and characteristics of the animals.

Thirteen thousand specimens, many extremely rare, were obtained. They make a remarkable collection, including lions, white and black rhinoceroses, elephants, hippopotami, hyenas and digdig. The latter is an antelope smaller than a jack rabbit.

The collection is regarded not only by the party, but by Africans, as remarkable. Its like does not exist. The work of collecting was attended with great hardships and much personal danger.

ROOSEVELT ESCAPES ELEPHANT.

In one instance, Colonel Roosevelt shot a bull elephant without noticing that another was near by. The latter dashed at him, touching the Colonel with its trunk as it passed. The hunter saved himself by a quick jump behind a tree.

Nearly every day dangerous incidents were recorded, but, fortunately, not a single white man in the party was injured throughout the expedition. The Colonel and Kermit retained their health, thus disproving Professor Starr's gruesome suggestion made in Chicago that they probably would be ill. The other four whites were ill, and also some of the blacks, one of the latter dying. On the last hunt Colonel Roosevelt and his son were the only ones in the party who were in fit condition to shoot.

Colonel Roosevelt was especially touched by the action of the men in saving the last bottle of water for his use.

Every man speaks in the highest terms of the bravery of the others in the party. The blacks were particularly enthusiastic regarding the Colonel and Kermit. They have a keen affection for the former, because of the interest and care he had manifested for their welfare.

Eleven blacks, garbed in the remnants of civilized costumes, one with the lobes of his ears cut in twain, surrounded Colonel Roosevelt, standing at attention, while he pointed them out to visitors.

Two gun-bearers, with teeth filed to a point, seemed on springs, ready to act whenever the master ordered. They are described as fearless, but like children, who frequently are naughty, and must be punished. At the same time they are faithful. Colonel Roosevelt entertains a real attachment for the blacks and regretted the separation when they returned to Mombosa.

As an indication of the hardships suffered one of the members of the party tells of a trip Colonel Roosevelt undertook lasting three days, during which he struggled afoot through a thick jungle under the burning equatorial sun searching for game. He was afoot 14 hours the first day, 13 hours the second day, and 12 hours the third day.

“Bwano Tumbo is a mighty hunter,” said Cuninghame with a smile, “but if his laurels have been imperilled at all on this expedition it has been by Kermit, who is one of the deadliest shots and nerviest men, young or old, I ever met.”

RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN MISSION.

Colonel Roosevelt and his party left Taufikia on the night of March 9, and arrived at Kodok at eight o'clock the following morning. At the American mission at Doleib Hill on the Sobat river the travelers were received with much enthusiasm. During the stop at Taufikia all of the officers of the garrison were invited to meet Colonel Roosevelt at tea.

Doleib Hill is the northernmost missionary outpost of the United Presbyterian Church in Africa, and was visited by Dr. Charles P. Watson, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, several years before. The entire region, Dr. Watson said, was infested with poisonous snakes, which come out of the ground when the wet season sets in, and literally swarm over the hill or knoll upon which the mission buildings stand.

Most of these snakes, he said, were poisonous, and the bite of a certain species produced almost instant death. The bites of another species were equally fatal, he added, but the victim usually suffered intensely for several hours before death brought the only known relief. Many of the exciting experiences which the mis-

sionaries stationed at that point had undergone as a result of these snakes, furnished an interesting chapter, he said, in the history of the enterprise.

According to Dr. Watson, the Doleib Hill mission was founded in 1901. It is in the heart of a wild and unsettled section of the country. Previous to the conquest of the Soudan by Lord Kitchener and the Egyptian forces, two years previous, the country that far North along the Nile was impenetrable for missionaries and other white men.

The mission is in charge of seven Americans, including two industrial missionaries, one ordained missionary and a medical missionary. The work at this station has moved chiefly along industrial lines, and extensive experiments have been made in discovering what trees, plants and vegetables can be successfully grown in that section of the country.

THE NATIVES VERY PEACEABLE TO THE MISSION.

The utter isolation of the American missionaries at this point is attested by the fact that the nearest station to it is Khartoum, more than five hundred miles away. Communications between the two places is limited to a small steamer which reaches Doleib Hill once every two or three weeks. The region is sparsely populated, there being only 500,000 in the entire Soudanese province. They have proved unexpectedly peaceable towards the missionaries, though it is almost impossible to persuade them to give up their savage customs.

Colonel Roosevelt's visit to the mission was made at the invitation of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board previous to sailing for Africa, according to Dr. Watson.

"When we learned that Mr. Roosevelt intended to traverse the entire course of the Nile from Lake Victoria Nyanza to Alexandria, on the Mediterranean," said Dr. Watson, "we asked him to visit our station along the route. He gave us no definite promise, but said he would visit as many as circumstances would permit."

Speeding down the White Nile the government steamer Dal, with Colonel Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, on March 12, was at a point little more than 200 miles south of Khartoum, the capital of

the Egyptian Soudan. "Full speed," was the order issued by the captain of the Dal at the Colonel's request.

In tow of the steamer was a barge containing thousands of the specimens which Colonel Roosevelt came to Africa to bag. They constitute the largest collection of specimens ever taken out of Africa. In it were some extremely rare specimens; the first whole skin of the great eland which was killed by Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit, after great hardships; a white eared kob, a Gray's waterbok, a shoebill stork and a dik-dik, an antelope about the size of a jack-rabbit. Eleven Africans who accompanied the expedition were in charge of the barge and specimens. Colonel Roosevelt lauds the courage and faithfulness of the Africans.

ROOSEVELT PROUD OF HIS SUCCESS.

The barge looked like a crowded animal cemetery with the lid off. Colonel Roosevelt surveyed it triumphantly. He was very proud of his success and of Kermit's.

He passed most of the time on the Dal's deck, from which, not infrequently, he saw in the Nile hippopotami as huge as those for which he journeyed so much further. Water fowl were abundant and a variety of small game constantly excite a stranger's interest. But Colonel Roosevelt was no longer Bwana Tumbo. His eagerness to kill for the sake of science was ended.

He found joy enough basking in the fine weather. The mercury sometimes flirts around 100 in the shade in the afternoons, but the cool nights and mornings give ample opportunity to recuperate.

Truly remarkable was the health enjoyed by Colonel Roosevelt and his son, practically the only two members of the expedition, among the whites, at least, who escaped sickness. Slight attacks, such as most of the party experienced, were only natural, in view of the hardships endured, heat of the tropics, noisome places through which the expedition was compelled to pass at times, and deadly insects.

The Sesse islands, through which the steamer threaded on the trip to Eutebbe, are a monument to the devastation wrought by the

tsetse fly, for, once well populated, they are now devoid of human life through the sleeping sickness scourge.

Colonel Roosevelt displayed the greatest concern in the care of the party and native attendants. His personal interest was shown, when one of the correspondents, who had been within touch of the expedition from the very beginning, was forced to drop behind on one of the long marches. He was finally brought up by porters, who carried him many miles in a hammock, and after that dragged him many more in a rickshaw. Colonel Roosevelt immediately insisted that Dr. Mearns take the case in hand, and when the doctor decided that an operation was necessary, the former President volunteered to assist.

INTERESTED IN NATIVES.

Nothing pleased the ex-President more than the native guards of honor which turned out at every conceivable place to greet his coming. At one of the stations in Uganda a native contingent, with two bands, one a fife and drum and the other composed of brasses, marched to a private house, where Colonel Roosevelt was a guest at lunch, and drew up for review.

The manner in which the training of the natives is carried out interested Colonel Roosevelt greatly. He saw uneducated natives taking and sending messages by Morse code and semaphore, with flags, by lamp and heliograph. Although these signal men do not know what the message means, yet they never make a mistake in sending or receiving.

Looking the picture of health, with physical fitness showing in every line, Theodore Roosevelt arrived at Khartoum on March 14 from the long trail, over which he had spent nearly a year in the pursuit of game.

Thousands of persons had gathered to see him, and they descried from afar the familiar form and more familiar smile—made so even to those who had never before set eyes on the ex-President by the countless pictures of him which had been published.

Later in the day there was a joyous reunion of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children, Kermit and Miss Ethel, in the

north station of Khartoum, Mrs. Roosevelt and her daughter arriving there about half-past 5 o'clock in the evening.

A launch carrying the representatives of the governor general of Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, Major-General Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, sirdar of the Egyptian army, met the steamer *Dal* up the river. On this small craft Colonel Roosevelt and the members of his party had voyaged for more than 1300 miles from Gondokoro in Uganda, where they embarked on February 28.

It was a wearisome trip, for there was little to be seen, and the latter part of the voyage was exceedingly uninteresting, the river sometimes being a mile and a half wide, with mud flats on either side, where only crocodiles abounded, and toward the end Colonel Roosevelt displayed considerable anxiety to be ashore.

OFFICIAL GREETING AT KHARTOUM.

The White Nile was more placid than the preceding day, when a heavy northwest gale stirred up the water and threatened delay to the anxiously awaited steamer, and the sirdar's launch was able to proceed a long distance up the river, bearing the first official greeting to Khartoum's distinguished guest.

The sirdar's staff officers were taken aboard, and when the steamer, with the American, British and Egyptian flags flying, arrived at Gordon's Tree, they were seen surrounding the former President on the bridge. Colonel Roosevelt was attired in khaki and wore a white helmet.

For several hours the *Dal* tied up opposite Gordon's Tree, within sight of Khartoum, and during that time Colonel Roosevelt occupied himself in answering hundreds of cablegrams and letters, which had accumulated there.

All observers remarked his fitness and energy, and among them were those who had noted in Colonel Roosevelt when he left New York a year before the effects of the strain of a long and strenuous term in office. From these effects he has now completely recovered, and, although apparently the hardships which he underwent in the wilds of Africa had not reduced his flesh to any appre-

ciable degree, he looked, to use his own words, able to "hit the line hard."

Although the ex-President had refused to grant an interview or give out a statement on public questions until he was in possession of the fullest information on all points, he realizes, he said, that he had before him a series of harder working days than jungle hunting.

Shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon the steamer came up slowly to the palace dock, amid a continuous volley of cheers. Colonel Roosevelt was warmly greeted by Major-General Sir Rudolf Baron Slatin Pasha, inspector general, and Major P. R. Phipps, the sirdar's private secretary.

He and other members of the party were conducted to the palace grounds, where the heads of the various governmental departments were introduced and tea was served. The sirdar's palace is situated in the center of six acres of beautiful gardens. It stands on the site of Gordon's palace, on the steps of which Gordon was slain.

MEETS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

After tea the Colonel and his son crossed the river to the Khartoum north station, where Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel arrived shortly afterward on an express. Arrangements had been made so that the meeting was in private, and the reunited family remained within the palace car for some time, coming forth laughing and happy. They returned together to the sirdar's palace.

Colonel Roosevelt spoke enthusiastically about his hunting trip, but he acknowledged that he was a trifle homesick and was not sorry to return to civilization.

The party secured an enormous bag of game in the Sudd district, where, Mr. Roosevelt said, they had not been troubled at all by mosquitoes, which usually are an almost unbearable pest. The Colonel was much interested in the Uganda missions, and spoke in high terms of the Lado Enclave, which he visited.

The steamer Dal, upon which the American members of the Smithsonian African expedition made the trip from Gondokoro, was delayed somewhat by the unusually turbulent waters of the

White Nile, but the party was able to keep within one hour of the schedule time for the arrival.

A steam launch filled with newspaper correspondents who had been sent from all parts of the world accompanied the Dal in the last part of the trip.

Upon the pier Colonel Roosevelt was pressed by an enormous and enthusiastic crowd, all anxious for the nearest possible view of the American, but his escort saved him from any possible discomfort.

Khartoum endeavored to conceal her disappointment because Colonel Roosevelt did not come out of the wilds literally swinging his hat and whooping. The Soudan had pictured Roosevelt as a rampant Yankee filled with an irresistible enthusiasm, and it expected that he would advance with a cowboy flourish.

THE COLONEL'S SECOND DAY IN KHARTOUM.

Colonel Roosevelt's second day in Khartoum was given up largely to sight-seeing, and the most interesting place of all to the former President was the battlefield of Kerreri, which lies seven miles north of Omdurman. It was there that the advance of the Anglo-Egyptian army, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, was contested by the Khalifa and his troops, numbering about 40,000, and it was here that the bodies of 11,000 dead Dervishes were counted the following day.

An escort of picturesquely-attired Soudanese cavalry was in waiting when the yacht came to her dock. Colonel Roosevelt inspected the squad, and then the party mounted camels preparatory to the seven-mile trip over dusty roads.

The first halt was at the monument erected to the Twenty-first Lancers, who here received their baptism of fire. In this battle the Lancers made a desperate charge to save the day, but they fell into an ambush at one of the dry water courses seaming the plain, and many of them were speared by the Dervishes.

Thence they proceeded to a hill overlooking the battlefield. Slatin Pasha, Inspector General, explained the position and attack, and graphically described the operations. Colonel Roosevelt

astonished the Inspector with his marvelous knowledge of the history of Omdurman and the military tactics employed by both the British and Khalifa's troops. The party then returned to the Elfin and proceeded to the palace, thoroughly delighted with the trip.

Beginning with an early return trip on the following day to the Omdurman battlefield and visits to a half dozen of the interesting places in the city, the party returned to the palace in the afternoon and prepared to witness the gymkana races at the polo grounds.

The trip to Omdurman was made by steamboat, and was under personal supervision of Colonel Hutchinson, who, with the officers and shieks that met the party at Omdurman, was dressed in picturesque robes. A brief ceremony marked the landing of the boat at the battlefield.

VISITS OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

Slatin Pasha, Inspector General, again played an important part in entertainment of the guests. After their return to Khartoum he conducted them to the house where he was imprisoned in the war of twelve years before.

The Khalifa's house was another interesting point visited, as was also the mahdi's tomb, which was rifled of the body of the mahdi and almost ruined after the British occupation. General Gordon's piano, with which the famous general whiled away his hours in the palace was one of the most interesting relics shown the party. The piano is dilapidated, but is guarded as one of the prized possessions of the city.

While at Omdurman Colonel Roosevelt inspected the Twelfth Soudanese regiment, which gave a special drill in his honor. The soldiers were dressed in khaki uniforms with orange-tufted tarbooshes, presenting a picture that brought high praise from the former rough rider. The Colonel was surprised at the military tactics displayed by the Egyptian soldiers, and remarked to Slatin Pasha that it spoke volumes for the efficacy of English military training.

Slatin Pasha regaled the party for an hour that afternoon with vivid accounts of his thirteen years' captivity. He showed them the well that he dug with his own hands and the courtyard that he built in his prison home.

The final day was made up of various functions, one of which was at the Egyptian Club, where he impressed the Egyptian officers with the importance of not mixing politics with soldiering.

The Colonel gathered the remaining members of his African expedition around him at a lunch in the palace, and there were many exchanges of friendship before farewells were said. The guests included Sir Alfred Pease, who was Colonel Roosevelt's first host in Africa; Clayton Bey, of the Sirdar's staff, and Captain Meredith, of the steamer *Dal*, on which the party came from Gondokoro.

A PAINFUL FAREWELL.

The ex-President tried to make the affair as lively as possible, but he was considerably moved when it came to shaking hands with those whom he is not likely to see again for a long time. He expressed the greatest admiration for Captain Cunningham's strenuous and unremitting labors, and those of the naturalists, by reason of which the expedition had been such a marked success.

After an inspection of the missions, under the guidance of Bishop Gwynne, Colonel Roosevelt attended a reception at the Grand Hotel, where he again met the officials of Khartoum. Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel were engaged most of the day in packing up preparatory to leaving for Cairo, and were unable to attend the functions, which, however, were graced by the presence of many ladies.

The band of the Twelfth Soudanese Infantry played a special programme of native music, which is peculiarly weird and inspiring, for the benefit of Colonel Roosevelt. Later a group of native women gave an exhibition of dances peculiar to the Soudanese.

In a speech at the Egyptian Officers' Club Colonel Roosevelt advised the officers to drop politics while they were soldiers. He was a soldier himself, he said, and a politician, but he never let them intermix.

After three of the liveliest days Khartoum had seen outside of war times the people were loath to see the ex-President depart, and much of the last day was taken up by prominent persons who called to bid him good-by. Among the farewells were those to the members of the hunting expedition, who made the return trip to America by a different route from the Colonel.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE WORLD.

The title of a private citizen, which Colonel Roosevelt wears, is more of a talisman in Europe now than the crown of any king.

Nothing could indicate this more clearly than the great preparations that were made in the capitals of the countries, that he visited, to receive him with great distinction. No crowned head was ever shown such great honors as were shown to the former President of the United States.

This is true, too, despite the fact that Col. Roosevelt all along insisted that he be received in an unofficial capacity. Had he permitted the various countries to follow their own inclinations regarding the receptions to be accorded him, his tour through Europe would have been one of continuous triumph.

Colonel Roosevelt is the most interesting personality in the world to-day, according to the European viewpoint, which same viewpoint also makes it likely he will be a figure to reckon with when he returns to America.

The effect of the homage shown him by European countries is sure to be an enhancement of his popularity at home, and many in England, Germany, France and other countries of Europe will be surprised if the political exigencies of America do not again sweep him into the Presidential Chair.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROYAL HONORS FOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SEES A SUCCESSION OF PERFECT MIRAGES—VISITS THE GREAT ASSUAN DAM—LAUDS MISSION WORKERS—LIONIZED IN CAIRO—GUEST OF THE KHEWIVE—WANDERS AMONG TOMBS OF KINGS—VIEWS SPHINX BY MOONLIGHT—VISITS TEMPLE OF BULLS—"NOT A LION DID HIS DUTY"—THE COLONEL ATTENDS EASTER SERVICE.

WHILE rambling through the ruins of the land of the Nile, descending into the dark tombs of ancient kings, studying the hieroglyphs and communing with the celebrated Sphinx, an American citizen attracted the attention of the entire world. In ancient Egypt, potentates did him honor; at home, the newspapers printed daily stories of his activities.

What was the meaning of it? What was there in a visit to Africa, or in an exploration of the tombs of the mummies, that aroused such intense interest?

Why were the things which Theodore Roosevelt did in a far-away land chronicled with a minuteness and detail?

Everything that happened concerning the nation, or policies of government, seemed to be considered from this angle—What did Roosevelt think of it, and what would he have done about it?

Colonel Roosevelt was not the first ex-President of these United States who, surviving his term, visited foreign lands. He was not the first to have indulged his literary fancies. Yet, there is something in him and in what he did that make him different from all the others.

Shrewd observers of all sorts agree that Roosevelt is the most extraordinary personality in our population, and in some sense in the whole world. He is hated, he is loved, he is feared, he is criticised, he is analyzed, but in every case the conclusion is that he is a force to be dealt with, that he is a great man.

Colonel Roosevelt and his family arrived at Wadi-Halfa from Khartoum on the evening of March 18, and boarded the steamer Ibis for Shellal, which lies some 150 miles down the Nile, at the head of the First Cataract, close to the great Assuan reserve dam and adjacent to Philae, where are the temples of Isis and other works of the ancient Egyptians.

"The desert offers a striking contrast to the green of the wilderness where I've been," observed the Colonel, while making the long journey from Khartoum to Halfa. "The mirages on both sides of the Sotik remind me of those I saw in the Sotik country in British East Africa. In one I saw a rhinoceros which I believed to be standing in a shallow lake, which proved to be a mirage."

OLD EGYPT'S MAGNETIC ATTRACTIONS.

In the meantime the lure of old Egypt holds Colonel Roosevelt and his family. They passed Sunday inspecting and wondering at the submerged ruins at Philae and the tombs and the great dam at Assuan, the largest in the world, planned to reservoir a thousand million cubic metres of water (234,000,000,000 gallons) to irrigate lower Egypt, under the pitiless sun. They returned weary but enthusiastic to sleep on the Nile steamboat before they start for Luxor, the site of ancient Thebes.

The express for Luxor was crowded with tourists returning to Europe. A special car had been provided for the Roosevelt family, and they dined by themselves during the trip. The journey was a very dusty one, without special incident. The scenery along the route, however, afforded some diversion, giving, as it does, a practical illustration of the utility of the great Assuan Dam, which has enabled the natives to cover the countryside with wheat and other crops in the dry season.

When the former President's party reached the station at Assuan he was greeted by the tourists from the Cataract Hotel and by a number of Egyptian officials. In answer to their cordial reception, he made a brief address in which he repeated practically the words spoken previously to the Egyptian officers.

American Consul General Lewis Morris Iddings, stationed at Cairo, was the first to greet the Roosevelts on their arrival. He led them across the platform to a spot where a group of ladies and a party of Egyptian officials were waiting to be introduced. From the station the party were driven to the Winter Palace Hotel, which was well filled with visitors

They were greeted by a great number of American citizens, many travelers having waited to see the former President. Colonel Roosevelt held a reception at the Hotel, and shook hands with more than a hundred visitors from the United States, and as each passed he made characteristic remarks, which served to recall old days in the White House. At the close of the reception the visitors gave three cheers and then broke forth with the slogan:

“What’s the matter with Roosevelt? He’s all right!”

This caused the Colonel to smile, and he said:

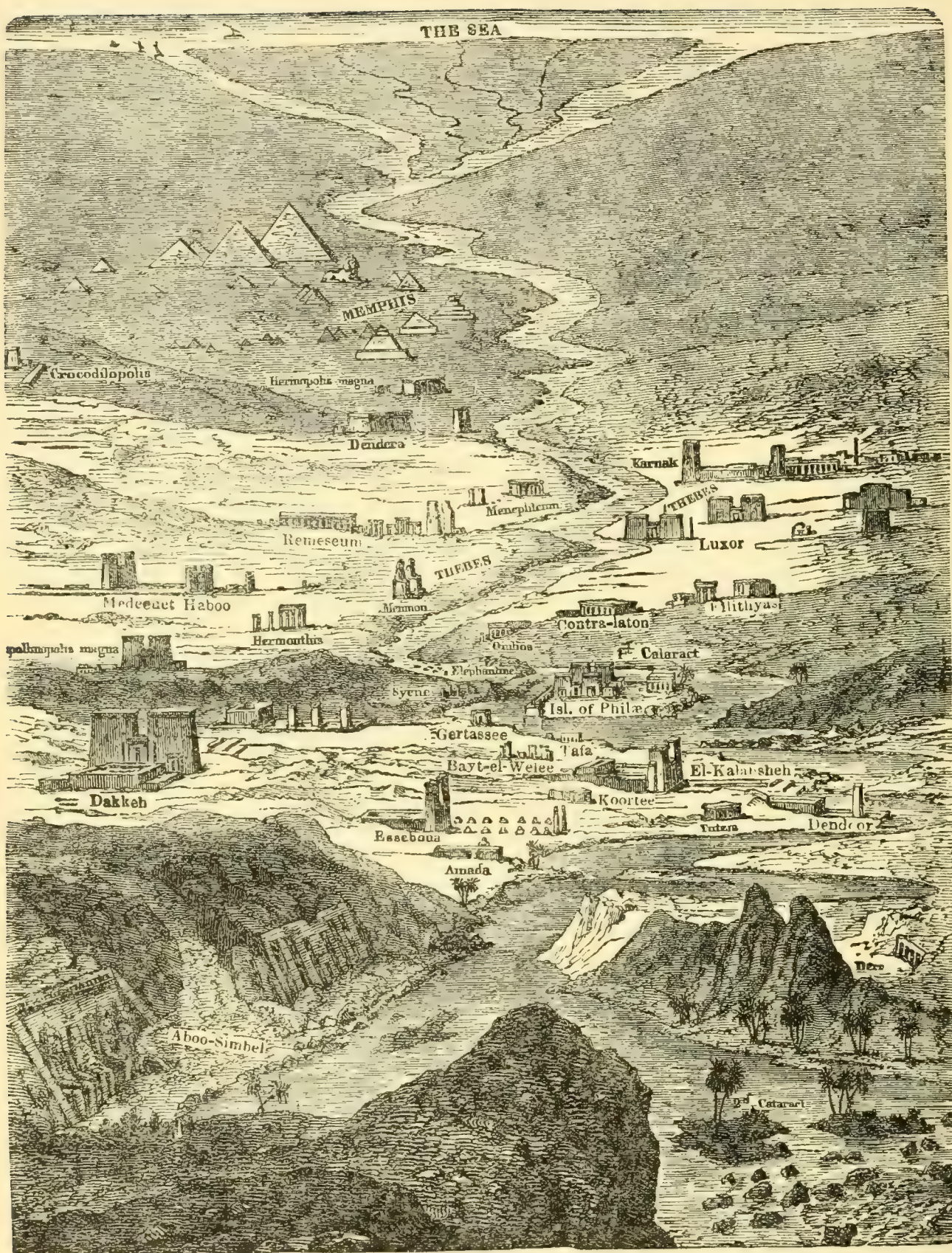
“I wish I could give three cheers for every State from California to Massachusetts.”

COLONEL ROOSEVELT RECEIVES MANY ATTENTIONS.

The attentions which were bestowed upon Colonel Roosevelt increased to an impressive degree as he approached the areas which contained a greater white population. They did not fall short of those conferred upon royalty itself

Indeed, the Kaiser’s son, Prince Eitel, who, with his wife, was traveling in Egypt, was completely eclipsed by the greater star, and did not receive one-tenth part of the homage which was bestowed upon the former President of the United States. The Colonel left Assuan a few hours before the arrival of Prince Eitel and his wife. He telegraphed the Prince expressing his regret that his plans prevented their meeting there.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning the Roosevelt party left the hotel and crossed the Nile to Felucca. Horses were provided. Kermit was dressed in riding clothes and Colonel Roosevelt wore khaki. Carriages were used by his wife and daughter, Mr. Iddings and Mr. Abbot. Mounting spirited Arabs and accom-



BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW OF EGYPT, SHOWING THE PLACES WHERE

panied by Chief of Police Weigall, Colonel Roosevelt cantered down the tortuous narrow desert valley, followed closely by the carriages, to the tombs of the Kings, 3000 years old. The day was the hottest since Colonel Roosevelt reached civilization, the southwest wind resembling a sirocco.

When the inspection of the tombs was completed, Weigall, wishing to test the famous endurance of the ex-President, suggested a tramp across the cliffs, which led through a perilous path where the heat is intensified by the reflection on the rocks, expecting that Mr. Roosevelt would object.

The Colonel not only kept up, but led, making Mr. Weigall admit that he had underestimated the strength of the ex-President. On returning, four men of the party, including Mr. Roosevelt, engaged in a horse race for a mile over the desert in the hot sun, Colonel Roosevelt winning easily by the grace of his horse, as he laughingly said. Mr. Weigall and Kermit tied for second place.

THE COLONEL'S KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT RULERS.

"He astonished me by his knowledge of the relations of the rulers who lived several thousand years ago," observed Mr. Weigall. In connection with Hatesu VIII, Mr. Roosevelt recalled that she was the first woman ruler of civilized history, and from the amount of trouble she gave Tomes, one of her numerous husbands, the Colonel suggested that he must have been the first henpecked husband of whom any record exists.

In their tour that day the party first entered Sethos, the first and most beautiful of the Biban El Moluk tombs. The caverns in the rocky hills reached back into long corridors lighted by fitful candles and occasionally by electricity, recalling the descent into mines.

At the tomb of Jenophis the party was led through the darkness by a railing. Suddenly the light was turned on and they looked at a crypt containing a mummy-shaped coffin with the blackened remains of the King, his arms folded, which reminded the party of the tomb of Napoleon. This is the most dramatic sight in connection with the antique monuments of Egypt.

On the way from Luxor to Karnok Colonel Roosevelt halted at the American Mission, where he delivered a brief address. Later in the day he visited the German Consulate, and there was shown a book bearing the signature of his father and Ralph Waldo Emerson, which were written in 1873.

Colonel Roosevelt finished his sight-seeing by inspecting the Luxor Temple. The party left at 7 o'clock on the night of the 23, and reached Cairo the following morning.

The Egyptian capital gave Colonel Theodore Roosevelt the most enthusiastic reception accorded to a foreigner in fifty years. This historic old city turned out en masse to greet the former President of the United States, and official Cairo vied with the remainder of the population in heaping honors upon the mighty hunter, whose exploits had been followed with the most intense interest.

THE COLONEL RECEIVES A POPULAR OVATION.

It was Roosevelt Day, and everybody was out to acclaim the famous American. The Khedive greeted him cordially, the crowds massed along the streets cheered his carriage and the Americans shouted themselves hoarse at Shephard's Hotel. From early morning until far into the night the ovation lasted. Colonel Roosevelt's name was on every tongue, and his appearance at any point was the signal for a tremendous demonstration. The city made a holiday of the occasion.

The Colonel was met by Lewis M. Iddings, the American consul general; Mr. Strauss, the American ambassador to Turkey, and the leading government officials.

He took lunch at the American agency, and was afterward received at Abdin palace by the Khedive, who warmly welcomed him, and listened intently and interestedly to the Colonel's account of his shooting expedition, the story of the country he had traversed and the various classes of natives he had met in the course of his journey.

The Khedive sent a palace carriage to Shephard's Hotel to convey the visitors to the palace. It was the first time this atten-

tion had been accorded to a private citizen of any country. Moreover, the Khedive returned Roosevelt's visit in royal fashion.

The Khediviah also received Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt with unusual marks of distinction. She walked through two or three rooms to meet them, instead of waiting for them in the reception room. She had coffee served to them in gold cups, studded with diamonds. She talked with them in French for nearly an hour, asking many questions about the position of women.

Later in the day the party drove to the Mena House for the purpose of viewing the impressive spectacle of the pyramids by moonlight. Extensive festivities had been arranged there in their honor, lasting well into the night.

Up with the sun, after a restful night, Colonel Roosevelt and his party were early astir, preparing for a visit to the Necropolis of Sakkara, where are the wonderful tombs of various kings, of Thy and of the Apis bulls.

RECEIVES SPECIAL RECOGNITION.

Major F. K. Watson, pacha, aide de camp to the Khedive, was an early caller. He tendered to Colonel Roosevelt the use of the Khedive's special camel corps for the eight-mile ride across the desert to Sakkara. Such a tender always is a special mark of favor, and Colonel Roosevelt accepted it with much pleasure. The Colonel and Kermit each rode one of the animals over the dreary waste to the Necropolis, but Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel chose a more comfortable sand cart.

Arriving at the tombs of the bulls of Apis, the oldest of which dates back to 1500 B. C., the time of the reign of Amennophis III, the sightseers were met by an archeologist who had been instructed to act as their guide. With lighted candles, the Americans entered the dark caverns, and looked with interest upon the huge sarcophagi.

From the tombs of Bulls the party proceeded to the temples and the tomb of Thy, a plebeian, who lived in the fifth dynasty, but who was so esteemed that he was permitted to marry a princess.

"Not a lion did his duty." With this declaration, delivered in mock gravity, former President Roosevelt concluded his informal

remarks at a reception given the following morning to fellow-citizens from America. The joke on those who openly wished that the lions would get him was not lost and caused a hearty laugh, in which the speaker joined.

The reception was held in the beautiful gardens adjoining the Sheppard's Hotel, and as early as 8 o'clock a crowd was there. A temporary platform had been erected, decorated with American flags and palms. When Mr. Roosevelt appeared he received a noisy ovation. The cheers were followed by the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The Colonel said that he would not make a speech, but wished to say that he was glad of the opportunity to meet fellow-countrymen. He was glad, he said, to see America in the East. Then he assured them that the lions in Africa had not accomplished the mission jokingly imposed upon them.

THE COLONEL EXTENDS A PERSONAL GREETING.

A line was formed, and passing the platform every one of the crowd, in which women predominated, shook hands with Colonel Roosevelt and received a personal greeting. This over, another cheer was given and once more "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was sung. Following the reception the Colonel went to his apartments and prepared for the visit to Al-Azhar University.

In his visit to the mosque, Al-Azhar, which in 988 was turned into a university, Colonel Roosevelt was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit, Miss Ethel and a few others. A number of American tourists seized the opportunity to inspect the mosque when the invited party was received.

At the "gate of the barbers" the visitors were detained until commodious yellow-covered shoes could be tied over their boots, as the feet of infidels are not permitted to desecrate the Mohammedan floors. A thorough inspection of the mosque was made, the Colonel being especially interested in the ancient carvings, the Koreans which had been the personal property of past Khedives and other celebrities, and the wealth of curious objects in the museum.

The Roosevelts and Ambassador and Mrs. Strauss were guests

of the Khedive at luncheon at the palace. In the afternoon they visited the museum of Arab art.

Easter was observed by Colonel Roosevelt in much the same way as though he had been at home. In conventional silk hat and frock coat, he attended the Easter services at the English Church, which was crowded to the doors with worshipers.

Probably the most interesting incident in connection with Colonel Roosevelt's visit occurred when, at his own suggestion, he held an informal conference with Egyptian newspaper men.

The ex-President had been keenly interested in the attack by the native press on his speeches, they charging that he has interfered in Egyptian politics, and said that he would like to have a heart-to-heart talk with the editors. As a result the newspaper men visited him during the day, all of them displaying great eagerness for the interview. Most of them wore European frock coats and tarbushes, but one tall, dignified Arab sheikh appeared in flowing robes and turban.

THE COLONEL ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLAGE.

After the introductions the Colonel addressed the assemblage. Some of them could speak only Arabic, and hence an interpreter was necessary. The Colonel said something about it being the duty of journalists to promote religious toleration, whereupon the sheikh eagerly interjected in guttural Arabic: "Moslems and Christians have lived peaceably side by side in Egypt for thirteen centuries. There is no reason why they cannot continue to do so."

If he anticipated that this would lead to an argument, he was disappointed, for Colonel Roosevelt only rapped out with appreciative vigor: "That's fine; that's fine," and went on with his homily on the power and responsibility of the press. Describing it as the most formidable weapon of modern life, he declared it ought only to be used for good purposes.

To this the sheikh, among others, heartily assented. The interview ended without any controversy, and with mutual compliments and a general display of good feeling. Asked afterward what were their impressions of the meeting, it became clear that

what struck the editors most was the freedom with which Colonel Roosevelt talked with them, and the pleasure he seemed to feel at meeting them.

It was such an unexpected attitude on the part of the man who had been the head of a great nation that one of the newspaper men declared that his heart was so full of admiration and gratitude that he could hardly restrain his tears. Another, who is an ardent Nationalist, said: "Mr. Roosevelt didn't know what he was talking about, but he meant well."

During a conversation between an educated Egyptian and a correspondent the Egyptian declared that Colonel Roosevelt learned more about the Assiut American Mission in two days than Lord Cromer had learned in twenty-five years. This is typical of the impressions the Egyptians have formed of Colonel Roosevelt's wonderful power in absorbing the details of all subjects.

Later the Roosevelt family gave a small private luncheon and at night the Colonel attended a banquet given in his honor by the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate.

Colonel Roosevelt delivered an address before the students of the University of Egypt on March 28, and made an excellent impression. He was cordially received, and at the end of his remarks there was much applause. The general opinion was that the speech will have a good effect upon the country generally.

Earlier in the day Colonel Roosevelt received a deputation of prominent Syrians, who wished to acknowledge the kindly attitude toward their people of the former President during his administration, and a committee of the Geographical Society which received Livingstone and Stanley, and wished to pay their respects in a similar manner to the American.

The Syrians presented to Mr. Roosevelt an illuminated address on silk, written in both Arabic and English. The address was enclosed in a solid silver casket, inlaid with gold and bearing an inscription in Arabic. On the outside of the cover, inlaid with gold, was formed an olive branch entwined with Turkish and American flags.

CHAPTER XXX

TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY THROUGH EUROPE.

ROOSEVELT SAILS FOR NAPLES—GETS OVATION—VISITED BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL—"LONG LIVE ROOSEVELT"—VISITS SCENE OF HONEYMOON IN UNIQUE EQUIPAGE—PORTO MAURIZIO IN GALA ARRAY—ADMIRE VENICE FROM GONDOLA—EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH PAYS HONOR TO THE COLONEL—JOURNEY TO BUDAPEST—MEETS FRANCIS KOSSUTH—GREETED LIKE A RULER IN PARIS.

IMMEDIATELY on retiring from the Presidency Colonel Roosevelt hurried to Africa, far away from the strenuous political life of the preceding years, living in the wild, indifferent to the world's thought and interest. Not a few were glad to have him thus go, for they thought he had gone beyond the horizon of political life and if he ever returned it would be without a place to receive him. But such a welcome has never been given any man.

At the border of civilization the welcome began, and at every step it increased in volume and heartiness. Missions, civil organizations, rulers and public officials gave him cordial greeting. Courts were opened to him, and Kings made him their personal guest. No other man has undertaken such a journey; no American has been so honored.

General Grant was welcomed as he went around the world to a degree that made us wonder and excited our pride, but it was Grant, the great general as well as ex-President. He received the honors with becoming dignity, but he was a silent man, and no special and abiding impression was made on the world by him.

Roosevelt carries with him his characteristic intense energy, and speaks with the independence and force which made him the most popular and personally the most potent President we have ever had. He seemed to throw prudence aside when he began his

speeches in Egypt. He knew there was a sullen discontent, stimulated by ambitious and disloyal men, but this was to him a call.

It seemed as if Mr. Roosevelt was throwing brands into an open magazine, but he spoke fearlessly and with such positiveness that disloyalty was put to shame. His course was proved to be wise for him and for the public good; he was a master and by the force of his personality brought rulers and the ruled into better relations.

At every point the highest honors were extended to him, and in every case he proved himself the plain, straightforward man of high ideals and strong convictions.

THE COLONEL SAILS FOR NAPLES.

The Roosevelts left Alexandria and sailed for Naples in the afternoon of March 30, on board the steamer Prinz Heinrich.

Never was the blue bay of Naples bathed in more glorious sunshine than when the black smoke of the incoming steamer notified the crowd of the arrival of the distinguished visitor.

Notwithstanding the early hour, the water front was lined with thousands who wished to share in the welcome to Colonel Roosevelt upon his return to Italy from Africa.

At his hotel Mr. Roosevelt found awaiting him a messenger from Mayor Nathan of Rome, bearing an invitation from the municipal authorities, who wished to give a dinner in his honor. The former President promptly accepted the invitation and fixed the date for the following Wednesday evening.

Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt attended services at Christ Church in Naples the next morning, leaving for Rome at 2.30 in the afternoon. An immense crowd assembled at the station to see them off. The private car, which had been placed at their disposal by the Italian government, was filled with flowers.

Although measures had been taken by the police to prevent a large gathering inside the railroad station at the time of the arrival of the Roosevelt party, many Americans and prominent Italians managed to find a way to circumvent these precautions, and the

station was well filled when the ex-President appeared at the door of the car.

A detachment of carabineers and a large force of police made a pathway from the train to the royal waiting room, the king having ordered that the ex-President should receive the same honors as members of the royal families when they visit the Italian capital.

The Colonel was received on his arrival at the Quirinal in the most cordial manner by King Victor Emmanuel. This occasion, the most important set event since Colonel Roosevelt's landing in Europe from his African hunt, afforded opportunity for another exhibition of the admiration of the Italian public for the noted American visitor and the popular interest in his every movement.

The distinguished guest was escorted to the door of the King's apartment, which when thrown open revealed His Majesty standing with arms outstretched and with a smile upon his face.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND KING VICTOR.

The monarch and former President shook hands heartily, the King inviting his guest to sit at his side. The door of the apartment was then closed and the two remained in private conversation for about three quarters of an hour.

The Colonel, it is said, expressed the pleasure that he felt in again meeting King Victor Emmanuel, following the short interview which they had a year ago at Messina on board the battleship *Re Umberto*.

The King responded that he had been waiting with great interest the return of the former President, as he had desired to hear from his own lips the report of his African adventures, which his Majesty had followed as closely as possible.

Following the audience Colonel Roosevelt said that the King had been so gracious and flattering both to him personally and to his country that he felt that he should not make public anything concerning their conversation.

The formalities of the reception over, Victor Emmanuel personally conducted his guest to the hall of the palace, where the

American inspected the hunting trophies of the King's father and grandfather.

When the time came to say good-bye His Majesty invited the Colonel to drive with him the next morning. The sovereign explained that, though they would dine together at court that night, he desired to see and talk with his guest further alone.

From the Quirinal the returning traveler drove to the Pantheon. Beyond the charm of its ancient memories, this spot is sacred as it contains the tombs of Raphael, King Victor Emmanuel II., the "father of his country," and King Humbert.

King Victor Emmanuel called on Colonel Roosevelt at the latter's hotel the next morning, and, following a pleasant social chat, they motored to the barracks of the Cuirassiers, where they witnessed a series of manoeuvres. The ex-President said he had never seen a finer body of mounted men.

THE COLONEL VISITS VICTOR EMMANUEL'S MONUMENT.

From the barracks the King and his guest motored to the monument, in course of construction, to Victor Emmanuel II. Leaving the car the two climbed to the top of the colossal structure upon which \$10,000,000 has been expended thus far.

In the afternoon, in company with Professor James B. Carter, director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, the ex-President spent considerable time exploring the Capitol Forum.

Signor Ferra, sovereign grand commander of the Supreme Council, Ancient Scottish Rite, with a deputation, called at Roosevelt's apartments and conferred upon him a high Masonic title. The Colonel delivered a brief speech, in which he expressed gratification at the honor, and insisted upon the principles of brotherhood, liberty and tolerance, which, he said, form the basis of regular Free Masonry throughout the world.

Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt left for Spezia late on the night of April 6 to follow the route taken upon their wedding trip.

Among those who bade farewell at the station were Count Tozzoni, master of ceremonies in the royal household, who repre-

sented the king; Mayor Nathan and other civic authorities. The distinguished American was warmly cheered, and there were many cries of "Long live Roosevelt."

At 8.31 the next morning Colonel Roosevelt, clad in a Rough Rider overcoat of khaki, with the insignia of a colonel, alighted from a saloon car at the Spezia station, accompanied by his wife.

The Mayor and sub-prefect who had been awaiting his coming, greeted him, and the Colonel accepted the Mayor's carriage in which to drive to the Hotel Croce di Malt, while a special, old-fashioned three-horse carriage, a replica of that used by the Roosevelts twenty-five years ago on their honeymoon, which had been made ready for their second honeymoon, conveyed their luggage. The old-fashioned vehicle, with mussel bells on the horses' harness, afforded a new sight for Spezia and attracted much attention, making it impossible for the Colonel to preserve his incognito.

THE COLONEL RENEWS OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

After breakfast in the public dining room of the hotel and a visit to the room occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt twenty-five years ago, Colonel Roosevelt shook hands with all the Americans present and accepted a bouquet for Mrs. Roosevelt.

Then they drove away in a cloud of dust raised by their ancient equipage, while the postilion cracked his whip and the bells jangled merrily, awakening to unusual animation the sleepy town.

People and press of Genoa had manifested the most intense interest in the movements of Colonel Roosevelt. His second honeymoon journey stirred their romantic natures, and when the news spread of his coming, a big crowd hurried to the modest Hotel Britannia, where he had engaged quarters, and with cheering and the waving of hats greeted the arrival of the dust-covered carriage.

Half an hour after the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt, the prefect and the Mayor of Genoa called on him and greeted him in the name of the municipality.

The Colonel visited the Red and White palaces of Genoa, subsequently going driving and visiting the famous Andrea Doria Church, whose solemn beauty deeply impressed him.

The departure of the Roosevelts caused a great outpouring of the Genoese, including the municipal authorities, who cordially wished him bon voyage. At every station on the road to Porto Maurizio crowds stood in the pouring rain and saluted the Colonel.

Porto Maurizio in gala dress welcomed the ex-President enthusiastically. Mayor Carnetti, with a delegation, formally greeted him. Signora Carnetti and several other women greeted Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt.

When Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt arrived, not only was every man, woman and child in the town massed about the station or lining the streets, but thousands from the neighboring communes had come in to add their enthusiasm to that of the townspeople, which already was difficult to hold in check. The din of the welcome was almost indescribable as the ex-President and his wife emerged from the station. After greeting Miss Carew, Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, the party started forward for the carriages. A band struck up "Hail Columbia," and the crowd cheered lustily.

HE OPENS A BOULEVARD NAMED IN HIS HONOR.

The following day the Colonel opened the new boulevard, which had been named for him, and accepted honorary citizenship of the city of Porto Maurizio, amid a repetition of the popular enthusiasm which marked his arrival.

While a band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and most of the population of Porto Maurizio shouted "Long live Roosevelt!" the former President and his son left Porto Maurizio on April 13th for Venice.

The Colonel and Kermit spent several hours in Venice the following day, leaving about 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon for Vienna. They enjoyed trips in gondolas on the canals in the city and inspected many of the notable structures and points of interest.

Vienna gave Col. Roosevelt a warm welcome. Wherever he went a crowd gathered to see him, while there was constantly a crowd outside his hotel.

As a special mark of his personal esteem the aged Emperor—King Francis Joseph of Austria received Colonel Roosevelt in his private apartments at the imposing Hofburg Palace instead of in the regular audience chamber.

The monarch, who was attired in an imperial uniform, was extremely gracious to the ex-President, and kept him in conversation for thirty-five minutes.

For Colonel Roosevelt the call on the Emperor was only the main feature of a very busy day, which began immediately after he reached his hotel early that morning with a breakfast with Henry White, former American ambassador to France.

THE COLONEL OCCUPIES THE COURT CARRIAGE.

The day included an official visit to Count von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, which lasted an hour; a call of courtesy upon Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir apparent to the throne, at Belvidere palace; a visit to the tombs of the Hapsburgs, where, under the guidance of a brown-cowled Capucine monk, with a lighted taper in his hand, he laid wreaths on the tombs of Empress Elizabeth and Crown Prince Rudolph; a tour of inspection of the Spanish riding school founded by Charles VII and the Imperial Hussar barracks; a reception by the Austrian journalists and a gala dinner given in his honor at the Foreign Office at night by Count von Aehrenthal. Yet, after the long day, when Colonel Roosevelt returned to his hotel, he mounted the stairs two at a time.

The Colonel used the imperial court carriage placed at his disposal by Emperor Francis Joseph until his official calls had ended. Then he discarded it for a speedier vehicle—the automobile.

The Emperor's dinner at the Imperial Palace at Schoenbrunn constituted the concluding official function of the Colonel's visit to the Austrian capital.

As the hour of the dinner was set for 6 o'clock, the Colonel and Kermit, in evening dress, left the hotel in a court carriage a half hour earlier. Arriving at the entrance of the palace, a court official met and escorted them up the broad flight of stairs.

As the ex-President and his son reached the threshold, the doors opposite were thrown open and the Emperor, wearing the uniform of a field marshal, advanced to meet the guest of the evening.

After greetings, the Colonel presented Kermit, and in a few minutes the Emperor, with the ex-President on his left, led the way through several spacious apartments to what is called the "small gallery"—a white apartment where small court dinners usually are given. Thirty-five additional guests sat down to the table.

With the exception of the Americans all the guests were in full court uniform. Colonel Roosevelt sat at the Emperor's right and Ambassador Kerens at his left. Throughout the dinner the band of the 32d Infantry played in a gallery, principally selections from Strauss. The table service was of silver and white and gold china, with the imperial eagle in gold on the borders.

BANQUET FORMALITIES DISPENSED WITH.

Still following the ceremonial of private dinners, as distinguished from gala and state banquets, no formal toasts were given. The dinner occupied precisely one hour, and upon arising from the table the party returned to the Mirror Room, where what is known as the "Cercle" followed, during which the Emperor personally made the round of his guests. His leave-taking of the former President and his son was exceedingly cordial.

From the palace Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit drove direct to the Imperial Opera, where they occupied the court box for a short time, during the second act of the "Barber of Seville." The house was crowded in anticipation of the Colonel's presence, and he was given a hearty reception.

They drove from the opera to the American Embassy, where an informal reception to the American colony had been arranged, so that they might meet the ex-President. Mr. Roosevelt left for Budapest the following morning, a special car having been placed at his service.

The train for Budapest arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening.

Rain was falling, but, in response to the Mayor's appeal, the townsfolk turned out by the thousands. Within the station itself the crowd swarmed everywhere, and as the train came in the officials could hardly clear the track. Scores of men and boys climbed on to the roofs of the cars. A fervent welcome was extended by the Mayor, and Colonel Roosevelt, wearing a cavalry colonel's coat and a black felt hat, made an eloquent reply.

The most notable event in the program was the visit to the House of Parliament. The legislative body, having been dissolved, was not in session, but the Interparliamentary Peace Congress was, and the two Premiers of the dual empire were there to receive the former President.

THE COLONEL VISITS THE HOME OF KOSSUTH.

From the parliamentary buildings, Colonel Roosevelt went to the home of Kossuth. The Hungarian patriot received the American visitor cordially and the conversation turned almost immediately upon the progress which had been made by Hungary since 1848. Kossuth showed his visitor pictures and busts of his illustrious father, as well as various mementoes which are preserved with reverence by the family of the greatest of all Hungary's famous men. The Colonel and Kermit left Budapest on the night of April 19 for Paris.

No reigning sovereign ever received a more enthusiastic welcome to Paris than did Theodore Roosevelt. He reached Paris on April 21, and was greeted by the representatives of the President of the Republic and the Cabinet, American Ambassador Bacon, M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, and a great concourse of people, which the cordon of troops surrounding the railway station had difficulty in holding in check.

After luncheon at the American embassy, the Colonel called upon President Fallieres and Foreign Minister Pichon, who immediately afterward paid return visits to the embassy.

Part of the afternoon was devoted to private engagements, and in the evening the ex-President was given an ovation at the

Comedie Francaise, where he made his first real public utterance in Paris, occupying the presidential box, which had been placed at his disposal by M. Fallieres.

When Colonel Roosevelt entered the theater between acts, the house literally rose to its feet, volleys of applause bursting from the boxes, pit and gallery. For a full minute the Colonel made no response, but as the demonstration continued he came forward and bowed his acknowledgments.

At the end of each act, when Mounet-Sully, who played the title role, and the other performers responded, they advanced, as is customary when royalty is present, bowing profoundly in the direction of the ex-President before turning to the audience. This seemed only to give additional pleasure to the audience, which, in turn, each time gave a fresh round of applause for Mr. Roosevelt.

The Colonel began his programme the next day with a visit to the tomb of Napoleon in the Palais des Invalides.

THE COLONEL DINED AT THE ELYSEE PALACE.

President and Mme. Fallieres gave a gala dinner that night of 104 covers at the Elysee Palace in honor of the Colonel. The entire palace was brilliantly illuminated and the Republican Guard lined the stairways.

In proposing Colonel Roosevelt's health President Fallieres said: "I cannot allow this dinner to terminate without seizing the occasion to offer a toast to Theodore Roosevelt—an illustrious man who is at the same time a great citizen, a great friend of France and a great friend of peace. I lift my glass also in honor of Mrs. Roosevelt, to whom goes out the homage of our respectful sympathy. I congratulate myself on being able to tell our guests how happy we are to receive and fete them."

Colonel Roosevelt replied in French, saying he was profoundly touched by the words of President Fallieres.

From noon until midnight on the third day of his arrival Colonel Roosevelt was the guest of intellectual Paris, participating as a member at a session of the French Academy, delivering a lecture on "Citizenship in a Republic," at the Sorbonne.

Colonel Roosevelt's reception at the French institute and that at the Sorbonne were equally impressive, but in a different way. At the former he was introduced merely as a member and he took a seat among his distinguished confreres, most of whom have grown old in the service of science.

After listening to the words of M. Boutroux, the president of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, who spoke eloquently of American ideals and character, of which he said, Theodore Roosevelt was the best exponent, the former President of the United States replied in French, his utterances arousing his venerable colleagues to unwonted applause.

At the Sorbonne no attempt was made to restrain the demonstrations. The facade bristled with American and French flags, and fully 25,000 persons packed the streets and acclaimed Colonel Roosevelt on his arrival. Within the building enthusiasm was unbounded, the vast crowd in the amphitheatre interrupting again and again with storms of applause as the speaker defined the duties of individual citizenship in a republic, scorning the sluggards, synics and idle rich, and preaching the gospel of work, character and the strenuous life.

HE DEFINES HIS ATTITUDE ON HUMAN RIGHTS.

Several times he interjected observations in French, and after he had defined his attitude on the subject of human rights and property rights, he repeated this in French, saying that it constituted the crux of what he had to say, and he desired every one to understand him.

The newspapers of all shades of opinion rang with approval of the doctrines of civic morality expounded by the ex-President.

The "Temps" declared that the impression produced was all the greater because Mr. Roosevelt did not present theories that he conceived, but experiences that he lived. It found many lessons therein for France, and concluded with an appeal to France to take "the advice of an honest man whose deeds and life during thirty years qualify him to speak."

The "Journal Debats" said: "Roosevelt's simple and energetic language is that of Hercules, armed not with a club, but a broom at the door of the Augean stable."

"Liberte," under the caption of "A Magnificent Lesson," said: "We have few men in France with energy equal to Mr. Roosevelt's, but thousands upon thousands who think as he does."

The "Paris Journal" said: "No nobler lesson of civic duty ever fell from human lips."

Colonel Roosevelt passed a comparatively quiet Sunday in Paris. Accompanied by Ambassador Bacon in the morning, he attended service in the American church in the Rue de Berri. Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Kermit and Miss Ethel, attended the American church in Avenue de l'Alma.

THE COLONEL AND MRS. ROOSEVELT ATTEND A LUNCHEON.

The Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt lunched with Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand. In the afternoon there was an automobile trip to St. Germain, where Colonel Roosevelt visited the chateau of Henry IV. In the evening the Roosevelts dined with Ambassador and Mrs. Bacon at the American embassy.

Colonel Roosevelt's popularity grew amazingly as his visit to Paris drew towards its close. His reception Monday night at the Opera, where a gala performance of "Samson and Delilah" had been arranged in his honor, was a remarkable and spontaneous tribute of a brilliant assembly to a man after the true Parisian's heart.

The events of April were a source of genuine delight to the former President, particularly the mimic warfare on the field of Vincennes. The booming of cannon, the rattling of mitralleuses, and the prancing of gallant steeds—particularly the one he himself rode—appeared to fill his soul with delight. "There was one thing I absolutely had to see here," said the Colonel, "before I went to Germany, and that was the French army."

Colonel Roosevelt's visit in Paris during which he was showered with honors, terminated the following day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH IN PARIS ON CITIZENSHIP IN A REPUBLIC.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT on April 23 electrified France with one of the most forceful speeches he has ever spoken.

What Mr. Roosevelt said was interrupted again and again with outbursts of applause. His speech was given over to defining the duties of individual citizenship in a republic. He scorned the sluggards, the cynics and the idle rich.

He preached the gospel of work, of character and of the strenuous life. He defined his attitude on the subject of human rights and made clear his position in respect to the moneyed interests. He commended the qualities of courage, honesty, sincerity and common sense and said these qualities rather than genius were essential. He made clear his belief that republican institutions are still on trial, both in France and America.

His address delivered in the Sorbonne, Paris, is as follows :

" Strange and impressive associations rise in the mind of a man from the New World who speaks before this august body in this ancient institution of learning. Before his eyes pass the shadows of mighty kings and warlike nobles, of great masters of law and theology ; through the shining dust of the dead centuries he sees crowded figures that tell of the power and learning and splendor of times gone by ; and he sees also the innumerable host of humble students to whom clerkship meant emancipation, to whom it was well-nigh the only outlet from the dark thralldom of the Middle Ages.

" This was the most famous university of mediaeval Europe at a time when no one dreamed that there was a New World to discover. Its services to the cause of human knowledge already stretched far back into the remote past at the time when my forefathers, three centuries ago, were among the sparse bands of traders, plowmen, woodchoppers and fisherfolk who, in hard struggle with the iron unfriendliness of the Indian-haunted land, were laying the foundations of what has now become the giant republic of the West.

" The pioneer days pass ; the stump-dotted clearings expand into vast stretches of fertile farm land ; the stockaded clusters of log cabins change into towns ; the hunters of game, the tillers of the soil, the men who wander all their lives long through the wilderness as the heralds and harbingers of an oncoming civilization, themselves vanish before the civilization for which they have prepared the way.

"The children of their successors and supplanters, and then their children and children's children, change and develop with extraordinary rapidity. The conditions accentuate vices and virtues, energy and ruthlessness, all the good qualities and all the defects of an intense individualism, self-reliant, self-centered, far more conscious of its rights than of its duties, and blind to its own shortcomings.

"To the hard materialism of the frontier days succeeds the hard materialism of an industrialism even more intense and absorbing than that of the older nations; although these themselves have likewise already entered on the age of a complex and predominantly industrial civilization.

"It is for us of the New World to sit at the feet of the Gamaliel of the Old; then, if we have the right stuff in us, we can show that Paul in his turn can become a teacher as well as a scholar.

"To-day I shall speak to you on the subject of individual citizenship, the one subject of vital importance to you, my hearers, and to me and my countrymen, because you and we are citizens of great democratic republics. A democratic republic such as each of ours—an effort to realize in its full sense government by, of, and for the people—represents the most gigantic of all possible social experiments, the one fraught with greatest possibilities alike for good and for evil.

"With you here and with us in my own home, in the long run, success or failure will be conditioned upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty first in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP SUCCESS OF A REPUBLIC.

"The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation. Therefore it behooves us to do our best to see that the standard of the average citizen is kept high; and the average cannot be kept high unless the standard of the leaders is very much higher.

"It is well if a large proportion of the leaders in any republic, in any democracy, are drawn from the classes represented in this audience to-day; but only provided that those classes possess the gifts of sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals. You and those like you have received special advantages; you have all of you had the opportunity for mental training; many of you have had leisure; most of you have had a chance for the enjoyment of life far greater than comes to the majority of your fellows. To you and your kind much has been given, and from you much should be expected.

"Let the man of learning, the man of lettered leisure, beware of that queer and cheap temptation to pose to himself and to others as the cynic, as the man who has outgrown emotions and beliefs, the man to whom good and evil are as one. The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer.

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better.

"The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is

marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat.

"Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop in a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world. Among the free people who govern themselves there is only a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action. If only the conditions of life were not what they actually are.

"The man who does nothing cuts the same sordid figure in the pages of history, whether he be cynic, or fop, or voluptuary. There is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion, of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder.

GOOD CHARACTER A PRIMARY ESSENTIAL.

"There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character—the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of a man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honor.

"Self-restraint, self-mastery, common-sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution—these are the qualities which mark a masterful people.

"I pay all homage to intellect, and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect; and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues.

"Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. There are a few people in every country so born that they can lead lives of leisure. These fill a useful function if they make it evident that leisure does not mean idleness. But the average man must earn his own livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

"In the next place, the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to fight, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier if the need arises. There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. They are right only if they lay all their emphasis upon the unrighteousness. War is a dreadful thing, and unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is such a crime because it is unjust, not because it is war.

"The choice must ever be in favor of righteousness, and this whether the peace or whether the alternative be war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness once more to be fulfilled? And the answer from a strong and virile people must be 'Yes,' whatever the cost.

"Finally, even more important than ability to work, even more important than ability to fight at need, is it to remember that the chief of blessings for any nation is that it shall leave its seed to inherit the land. It was the crown of blessing in Biblical times; and it is the crown of blessings now. The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be visited upon wilful sterility.

"The first essential in any civilization is that the man and the woman shall be father and mother of healthy children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease. If this is not so, if through no fault of the society there is failure to increase, it is a great misfortune. If the failure is due to deliberate and wilful fault, then it is not merely a misfortune, it is one of those crimes of ease and self-indulgence, of shrinking from pain and effort and risk, which in the long run Nature punishes more heavily than any other.

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

"If we of the great republic, if we, the free people who claim to have emancipated ourselves from the thralldom of wrong and error, bring down on our heads the curse that comes upon the wilfully barren, then it will be an idle waste of breath to prattle of our achievements, to boast of all that we have done.

"No refinement of life, no delicacy of taste, no material progress, no sordid heaping up of riches, no sensuous development of art and literature, can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues, the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race.

"Nevertheless, while laying all stress on this point, while not merely acknowledging but insisting upon the fact that there must be a basis of material well-being for the individual as for the nation, let us with equal emphasis insist that this material well-being represents nothing but the foundation, and that the foundation, though indispensable, is worthless unless upon it is raised the superstructure of a higher life.

"That is why I decline to recognize the mere multi-millionaire, the man of mere wealth, as an asset of value to any country; and especially as not an asset to my own country. If he has earned or uses his wealth in a way that makes him of real benefit, of real use—and such is often the case—why then he does become an asset of worth.

"But it is the way in which it has been earned or used, and not the mere fact of wealth, that entitles him to the credit. There is need in business, as in most other forms of human activity, of the great guiding intelligence. Their places cannot be supplied by any number of lesser intelligences. But we must not transfer our admiration to the reward instead of to the deed rewarded.

"It is a bad thing for a nation to raise and to admire a false standard of success; and there can be no falser standard than that set by the deification of material well-being in and for itself.

"But the man who, having far surpassed the limit of providing for the wants, both of body and mind, of himself and of those depending upon him, then piles up a great fortune, for the acquisition or retention of which he returns no corresponding benefit to the nation as a whole, should himself be made to feel that, so far from being a desirable, he is an unworthy, citizen of the community.

"So it is with the orator. It is highly desirable that a leader of opinion in a democracy should be able to state his views clearly and convincingly. But all that the oratory can do of value to the community is to enable the man thus to explain himself; if it makes the orator to persuade his hearers to put false values on things, it merely makes him a power for mischief.

"The phrase-maker, the phrase-monger, the ready talker, however great his power, whose speech does not make for courage, sobriety, and right understanding, is simply a noxious element in the body politic, and it speaks ill for the public if he has influence over them.

"Of course all that I say of the orator applies with even greater force to the orator's latter-day and more influential brother, the journalist. The power of the journalist is great, but he is entitled neither to respect nor admiration because of that power unless it is used aright. He can do, and he often does, great good. He can do, and he often does, infinite mischief. All journalists, all writers, for the very reason that they appreciate the vast possibilities of their profession, should bear testimony against those who deeply discredit it.

JOURNALISTIC MISTAKES.

"Offences against taste and morals, which are bad enough in a private citizen, are infinitely worse if made into instruments for debauching the community through a newspaper. Mendacity, slander, sensationalism, inanity, vapid triviality, all are potent factors for the debauchery of the public mind and conscience. The excuse advanced for vicious writing, that the public demands it and that the demand must be supplied, can no more be admitted than if it were advanced by the purveyors of food who sell poisonous adulterations.

"In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency; and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good.

"He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done with that type of citizen of whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robust virtues.

"The good citizen in a republic must, first of all, be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is an efficient citizen.

"The homely virtues of the household, the ordinary workaday virtues which make the woman a good housewife and housemother, which make the

man a hard worker, a good husband and father, a good soldier at need, stand at the bottom of character.

"Good citizenship is not good citizenship only in the home. There remain the duties of the individual in relation to the State, and these duties are none too easy under the conditions which exist where the effort is made to carry on free government in a complex, industrial civilization. Perhaps the most important thing the ordinary citizen, and, above all, the leader of ordinary citizens, has to remember in political life is that he must not be a sheer doctrinaire.

"Woe to the empty phrase-maker, to the empty Idealist, who, instead of making ready the ground for the man of action turns against him when he appears and hampers him as he does the work! We should abhor the so-called 'practical' men whose practicality assumes the shape of that peculiar baseness which finds its expression in disbelief in morality and decency, in disregard of high standards of living and conduct.

"But only less desirable as a citizen is his nominal opponent and real ally, the man of fantastic vision who makes the impossible better forever the enemy of the possible good.

"Individual initiative, so far from being discouraged, should be stimulated; and yet we should remember that, as society develops and grows more complex, we continually find that things which once it was desirable to leave to individual initiative can, under the changed conditions, be performed with better results by common effort.

"Much of the discussion about socialism and individualism is entirely pointless, because of failure to agree on terminology. I am a strong individualist by personal habit, inheritance, and conviction; but it is mere common sense to recognize that the State, the community, the citizens acting together, can do a number of things better than if they were left to individual action.

JUSTICE AND EQUALITY FOR ALL.

"We ought to go with any man in the effort to bring about justice and the equality of opportunity, to turn the tool user more and more into the tool owner, to shift burdens so that they can be more equitably borne. The deadening effect on any race of the adoption of a logical and extreme socialistic system could not be overstated; it would spell sheer destruction.

"But we should not take part in acting a lie any more than in telling a lie. We should not say that men are equal where they are not equal, nor proceed upon the assumption that there is an equality where it does not exist; but we should strive to bring about a measurable equality, at least to the extent of preventing the inequality which is due to force or fraud.

"There should, so far as possible, be equality of opportunity to render service; but just so long as there is inequality of service there should and must be inequality of reward. The reward must go to the man who does his work well.

"Let us try to level up, but let us beware of the evil of leveling down. If a man stumbles, it is a good thing to help him to his feet. But if a man lies down, it is a waste of time to try to carry him.

"There are plenty of men calling themselves Socialists with whom, up to a time point, it is quite possible to work. If the next step is one which both

we and they wish to take, why, of course, take it, without any regard to the fact that our views as to the tenth step may differ. But, on the other hand, keep clearly in mind that, though it has been worth while to take the step, this does not in the least mean that it may not be highly disadvantageous to take the next.

"The good citizen will demand liberty for himself, and he will see to it that others receive the liberty which he thus claims as his own. Probably the best test of true love of liberty in any country is the way in which minorities are treated in religion and opinion, but complete liberty for each man to lead his life as he desires, provided only that in so doing he does not wrong his neighbor.

"There is no greater need to-day than the need to keep ever in mind the fact that the cleavage between right and wrong, between good citizenship and bad citizenship, runs at right angles to, and not parallel with, the lines of cleavage between class and class, between occupation and occupation. Ruin looks us in the face if we judge a man by his position instead of judging him by his conduct in that position.

"Of one man in especial, beyond any one else, the citizens of a republic should beware, and that is of the man who appeals to them to support him on the ground that he is hostile to other citizens of the republic, that he will obtain for those who elect him, in one shape or another, profit at the expense of other citizens of the republic.

"If a public man tries to get your vote by saying that he will do something wrong in your interest, you can be absolutely certain that if ever it becomes worth his while he will do something wrong against your interest.

"I believe that a man must be a good patriot before he can be, and as the only possible way of being, a good citizen of the world. Experience teaches us that the average man who protests that his international feeling swamps his national feeling, that he does not care for his country because he cares so much for mankind, in actual practice proves himself the foe of mankind; that the man who says that he does not care to be a citizen of any one country, because he is a citizen of the world, is in very fact usually an exceedingly undesirable citizen of whatever corner of the world he happens at the moment to be in.

"I do not for one moment admit that political morality is different from private morality, that a promise made on the stump differs from a promise made in private life. I do not for one moment admit that a man should act deceitfully as a public servant in his dealings with other nations, any more than that he should act deceitfully in his dealings as a private citizen with other private citizens. I do not for one moment admit that a nation should treat other nations in a different spirit from that in which an honorable man would treat other men."

• CHAPTER XXXII

DISTINGUISHED MARKS OF HONOR.

ROOSEVELT FETED BY KING OF BELGIUM—GREETED AS KING BY THE DUTCH—GUEST AT QUEEN'S PALACE—VISITS AMSTERDAM AND THE HAGUE—WELCOMED BY CROWN PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK—WARMLY RECEIVED BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY.

IN his transcontinental game, which increased in fervor and excitement as he progressed, Colonel Roosevelt drew his third king, looking happier, if possible, than when Italy's ruler and Austria's Emperor were added to his score of popularity abroad.

The ex-President met King Albert, of Belgium, on April 28, and they exchanged cordial greetings, later driving together from the Brussels exposition to Laaken Palace and spending an hour in the gardens.

The Belgian people gave Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children a warm welcome on their arrival in Brussels from Paris at noon. Not since the Coronation of King Albert had the city seen such crowds as those who turned out to welcome the distinguished American. After luncheon at the American embassy and a reception for the American colony, the Colonel visited the exposition, and his appearance there was marked by a double demonstration for himself and the king.

The Salle des Fetes, where the ex-President spoke, was packed to the doors, and several thousand persons were unable to gain admission. While the Colonel waited in the reception room in the rear of the stage the young king arrived by the side entrance.

The king strode forward and no introductions were necessary, as they had met in the United States when the king was a crown prince. After a warm handshake they talked for several minutes in low tones. He told Mr. Roosevelt how glad he was to welcome him to Belgium.

King Albert then with a profound bow, retired and entered the hall, taking his place on a gilded, red cushioned chair immediately below the front of the stage. The crowd applauded lustily as the king entered but the outburst was mild compared with the roar which greeted the colonel a moment later.

A dinner was given in the evening by the king, but as the court was still in semi-mourning, the ladies wore black gowns. The ex-President sat beside the queen, while Mrs. Roosevelt occupied the chair next the king. The others present included the members of the royal family and high officials. The Roosevelts left early the next morning for Holland.

The people of the Netherlands turned out and welcomed the Roosevelts as though they were home folks. It was as though the former President were traveling through his own country. At every station on the route from Roosendaal to Arnhem, cheering crowds were met and everybody wanted a speech.

ENTHUSIASTIC SERIES OF DEMONSTRATIONS.

This enthusiastic series of demonstrations continued all the way to Amsterdam, where the Roosevelts arrived in the evening.

Occasionally Colonel Roosevelt responded to the clamor for a speech, but in most instances he acknowledged the greetings only by appearing on the rear platform of his car and bowing, smiling and waving his hand. At Hertogenbosch he spoke briefly and greatly pleased his auditors by saying: "I am visiting the country from which my people came three centuries ago."

When the Roosevelt party arrived at the frontier station of Roosendaal, they were met by a special train sent at the direct request of Queen Wilhelmina. A distinguished party of officials and military men formed the reception committee.

A day of much travel had been mapped out for the former President. From the border the special train started for Het Loo, nearly eighty miles west of The Hague, where Queen Wilhelmina awaited the nation's guest at the famous castle.

At Het Loo, Colonel Roosevelt was received in the main hall of the palace by the Queen and Prince Henry. Their welcome

was so cordial as to seem entirely personal, formality being left in the background, to be supplied by the troops and retainers in and about the palace. Several hours were spent at the palace.

Colonel Roosevelt was awakened the following morning by the singing of Holland's National Hymn by bands of cadets who marched through the square overlooking the apartments of the Roosevelt party.

The singers were acclaiming the birthday of the Princess Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina. The royal baby was one year old that day and the capital made a holiday of the anniversary. A reception by the Queen Mother was one of the chief features on Colonel Roosevelt's program for the day.

Before the meeting with the Queen Mother the Roosevelt party visited the house in the woods where the first peace meeting was held.

THE QUEEN MOTHER DISPLAYS MUCH INTEREST.

The Queen mother displayed much interest in Colonel Roosevelt's Dutch ancestry. She spoke, too, of his address of the preceding day in which he quoted an old Dutch nursery rhyme. She mentioned the verses and displayed her interest in such modern folklore by repeating to him other rhymes which she had crooned over the royal cradle as a young mother.

Colonel Roosevelt remained half an hour in conversation with the queen mother, who then received Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and Kermit.

The next day was given over to an inspection of the magnificent display of tulips, which were then in perfection, and of Dutch painting.

The Colonel was presented with a silver model of the Half Moon at the National Tulip Show at Haarlem by M. Kregage, saying, "You may call it the Half Moon or the Mayflower, just as you like."

In a brief address, M. Krelage described the exhibition and the tulip industry, pointing out that Holland shipped to America 8,200,000 pounds of bulbs yearly.

In replying, Colonel Roosevelt said: "Americans always are especially struck in Holland by the way in which you, one of the hardest working peoples of all people, contrive to add beauty and enjoyment to your lives. We in America have in the past had to work so hard that we have not always been able to pay as much attention as you to the things that tend to enjoyment, and, if one or the other must be sacrificed, we think that enjoyment should be sacrificed to work, but more and more we are growing to realize that beauty and enjoyment can be combined with work. Americans come here to see how you are able to combine them."

After an inspection of the wonderful gardens, the party partook of luncheon and paid a visit to the fine gallery of the town hall, groups of girls pelting them with flowers at the entrance. Colonel Roosevelt signed his name in the Golden Book.

From Harlaam the automobiles carried them to Amsterdam. They were received by the Burgomasters at the Ryks Museum. Probably 5,000 persons were waiting in the public square, and set up a hearty cheer on the arrival of the American visitors.

THE COLONEL AND FAMILY LEAVE FOR COPENHAGEN.

After dining with Secretary Hibben in Amsterdam the Colonel and his family boarded the train, which left at 9 o'clock for Copenhagen.

The Stars and Stripes floated above the royal palaces on May 2, for the first time in the history of Denmark, and former President Roosevelt, in the absence of King Frederick in Southern France, was the guest of Crown Prince Christian.

With the arrival of Mr. Roosevelt, breezy democracy struck the Danish court with a rush, upon the heels of circumstance. When he arrived he found Crown Prince Christian awaiting him at the station, with thousands standing in the streets nearby.

The Prince drove with the Colonel to one of the palaces, which was placed at the disposal of the distinguished American and his party.

The Prince was delighted at the informal nature of the meeting between himself and the Colonel. The Danish court is

noted for its formality, but his missing baggage that had gone astray seemed to press heavily on Roosevelt's mind. No sooner had he been presented to the crown prince than he took the prince's arm and said: "I want to tell you about my baggage." The story was soon told, and it put things at once on a general good footing.

Roosevelt seemed to have established two records at the royal palace. The first was his dining there formally in a gray flannel suit, and the second consists in the fact that he was the only private citizen who ever put up there as a guest. To this had been added a guard of honor at the palace. It was whispered that some of the older aristocrats were not too well pleased with all this.

The prince presiding at dinner in the evening as the king's representative thanked Roosevelt for coming to that country, and proposed his health, which was heartily responded to by those around the table, who included the leading personages in the kingdom, in court, parliamentary and scholarly life.

THE COLONEL THANKS THE PRINCE FOR HIS HOSPITALITY.

The Colonel in reply said he had received a cordial message from the king, and thanked the prince for his hospitality. He then proposed a toast to the king and the royal family of Denmark.

At a reception given by Maurice F. Egan, the American minister, at the legation, the former President met the diplomatic representatives, the cabinet ministers and many persons prominent in the various departments of public activity. By this time the missing baggage had been found, and Mr. Roosevelt was thus able to array himself in the conventional dress clothes. That night Miss Ethel Roosevelt slept in the bedroom that is reserved for the queen of England.

With the crown prince, before dinner, the Colonel visited Prince Waldemar and Prince Hans, who is an uncle of the queen of England.

"Perchance 'twill walk again. I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace."

According to Shakespeare these were the words of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, when he learned that his father's ghost was walking beneath the walls of Castle Kronberg at Elsinore.

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace," repeated Theodore Roosevelt, retracing the royal slave's footsteps on the walls of the historic Castle of Elsinore. Of course, no one knows whether the Colonel had in mind any particular person, any critic, any opposing will when he reiterated Hamlet's determined words.

Mr. Roosevelt was immensely interested at Elsinore. He listened intently to the relation of the local tradition that Shakespeare visited Elsinore with a party of players, and that the idea of his great tragedy, "Hamlet," came to him there. The Colonel was told, too, that Guildenstern, whom Shakespeare made a courtier at the Danish court, actually lived at Elsinore, and, having met Shakespeare there, visited him later in England.

THE COLONEL VASTLY PLEASED.

Although vastly pleased with the entertainments, all of which were given in the name of King Frederick, although he was in South France, Mr. Roosevelt was plainly glad as he coiled up in a sleeping car bunk that night, en route for Christiania. His rest in a royal bed the preceding night was curtailed by the necessity of arising early.

A crowd was attracted that morning by the unprecedented sight of a flag other than Denmark's, the Stars and Stripes, floating over the royal castle. The crowd cheered Mr. Roosevelt and his party as they departed in automobiles for the seventeenth century castle of Fredericksborg.

After inspecting the castle, a perfect example of Dutch Renaissance architecture, the party visited the Alemlhouse, which is established in an ancient Carmelite monastery, restored. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt with gifts rejoiced the hearts of the old women living in the cells where dwelt in solitude the monks of old. But the Colonel most enjoyed walking the castle ramparts. At Elsi-

nore the party boarded a steamer for a trip through the sound that separates Denmark from Sweden.

Honors usually accorded only to royalty were paid to Colonel Roosevelt by the Danish and Swedish Governments which ordered their squadrons of warships to take positions at intervals along the Danish coast and to salute the ex-President as he passed on a passenger steamer from Helsingor to Copenhagen. The flags on the warships were dipped, officers and men stood at attention, and the ship bands played American airs as the Roosevelt party passed by.

In an interview given just before his start for Christiania, Mr. Roosevelt said that the little nation of Denmark was able to teach several lessons from which greater Powers might well profit. The Danish system of small holdings and intensive farming, he said, was the only answer to the problem of how to make a densely populated country self-supporting. The system by which Denmark cares for her aged and infirm is also, he said, a phase of government that other nations should study.

A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE COUNTRY.

Before sailing the Roosevelt's had a splendid view of the country. Accompanied by several members of the Cabinet, American Ambassador Egan and other officials and friends, they motored to the castle of Fredericksborg and visited the National Museum. They then went on to Helsingør, where they were luncheon guests of Vice-Admiral DeRichelieu on board the steamer Queen Maud.

Following the luncheon Col. Roosevelt was presented informally with two loving cups by the steamship company. The loving cups are of Copenhagen ware, one bearing the Danish arms and the other the American arms. A representative of the Royal Porcelain Works gave the former President four plaques upon which were pictured several of the beasts of Africa.

Col. Roosevelt accepted the plaques graciously, and while examining the figure of an elephant looked up suddenly and said smilingly: "This is not an African elephant."

"That is quite true," replied the manager. "These plates were made especially. We have no study of African elephants, and so used Asiatic." The incident caused a great deal of amusement.

The Roosevelts returned to Copenhagen about 3 o'clock and were cheered by large crowds. Going to the palace the Colonel devoted two hours to his correspondence.

A visit to the National Museum was made the occasion of a friendly demonstration by the students from the Government school. The motor drive was then continued to Helsingoer. The Roosevelts were accompanied by a party which occupied six more automobiles and included Foreign Minister Schavenius and others of the Cabinet, the burgomaster of Copenhagen and several other prominent personages.

THE VICE-ADMIRAL TOASTS COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

Vice-Admiral De Richelieu presided at luncheon on the steamer and toasted Mr. Roosevelt. The ex-President in responding said that the only thing lacking about the Danish-Americans in America was that there was not enough of them.

Haakon VII, King of Norway, and Queen Maud were the first to greet the ex-President on his arrival in Christiania. Colonel Roosevelt presented Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and Kermit, and the party then proceeded to the palace.

The streets of Christiania were bright with decorations, and almost every one was wearing an American flag. A Roosevelt march, Roosevelt photographs and compilations of Roosevelt's sayings were being sold in the shops and on the highways.

In the evening the King and Queen gave a dinner at the palace in honor of their American guests. More than 200 of the most eminent personages in Norway were present, including the Premier and Cabinet Ministers, the leaders of the various political parties, literary people, financiers and the representatives of the most distinguished Norwegian life. Four State chairs were placed at the principal table, and after all the others of the company were standing at their places, the King appeared with

Mrs. Roosevelt on his arm, Colonel Roosevelt following with the Queen.

When the dinner had advanced to the fourth course, the King arose, and all the guests stood. "It is with great pleasure," said the King, "that I welcome you, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt here, in the name of the Queen and myself, and extend you our hospitality. I do not speak in my name alone, but am convinced that it is in the name of all Norwegians. The reception given you to-day will convince you of the truth of my words. As you know, we are all grateful that although your time is so limited you have been able to come to Norway. Many Norwegians live in America, and although American subjects, they are Norwegians at heart. I feel it such and therefore we feel particularly pleased to have this opportunity of offering our hospitality to some eminent American citizen.

THE KING'S RE-ASSURING WORDS.

"I express the hope that you will get the impression during your stay in Christiania that real feelings of true friendship and relationship between the United States and Norway exist here, and I hope that these feelings will continue for all time. I drink a toast to the United States and I drink a toast to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt."

The company remained standing while the ex-President responded as follows: "It is a particular pleasure for me to be in Norway," he said, "and I have been deeply impressed with my generous reception. Norwegians have made such good citizens in the United States that I once remarked to a group of traveling Norwegians that I rather grudged it that they had left anybody in Norway.

"As your Majesty has said, the Norwegians in America love the land of their birth and they love the country of their adoption. A man can love his wife all the better if he loves his mother a great deal."

Colonel Roosevelt touched on Norse literature, and spoke of his pleasure when, as President, he was able to cable his good wishes

to a new Norwegian King bearing the old name of Haakon. "And," he continued, "it is a fine thing for the country that Haakon and Olaf should be the names borne by the ruler of to-day and the ruler of to-morrow."

He turned directly to the King and Queen, and said: "I hope that their Majesties, who seem to do all things well, will see to it that the small Olaf knows the Heimskringla thoroughly. I drink with my whole heart to the health of your Majesties."

The King and Queen showed Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt the little Prince Olaf that afternoon, and the Colonel, who had been telling anecdotes about Seth Bulloch, said: I wish Seth Bulloch was here to see your small Olaf; he would be delighted with him."

While the ex-President was in his room arranging his papers and dictating letters the King came in quite informally and asked, "Wouldn't you like to have a cup of tea?"

THE KING AND THE COLONEL TALK ON MANY SUBJECTS.

"By George, I would," replied the Colonel. The King rang, and for more than an hour the two sat drinking tea and talking on a variety of subjects. The King asked many questions and presented many of his opinions on matters relative to the United States.

The Colonel told of some of his ranching experiences and of one effective speech he had made in a western mining camp against free silver, while Seth Bulloch sat on a platform behind him. He spoke for an hour, and not a man interrupted him. Every one in the house seemingly was deeply interested. At the conclusion of the speech he said to one of his ranching friends: "I think I held the audience pretty well."

"Held the audience well," exclaimed his friend; "Seth Bulloch, with a six-shooter in each hip, watching the crowd, had given the tip that he'd penetrate the first man who peeped."

When Mr. Roosevelt arrived in the capital in the afternoon the platform of the station was covered with red carpet, and inside the building a temporary stand had been erected for the receiving party. This was occupied by the King and Queen, with a large suite, all of

the members of the Cabinet members of Parliament, city and state officials, professors of the university and other distinguished members of society.

As the train drew in and the Colonel stepped down his Majesty crossed the platform and, without waiting for an introduction, shook hands with the former President. He then presented Mr. Roosevelt to the Queen and Mr. Roosevelt presented Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and Kermit to their Majesties. Greetings exchanged, the Queen took the Colonel's arm and the King offered his arm to Mrs. Roosevelt. Followed by Miss Ethel and Kermit, they walked through the royal waiting room, which was half filled with flowers and flags, to the carriages which were in waiting. The party drove at once to the palace.

After a brief stop at the palace the Roosevelts, still accompanied by the King and Queen and a few members of the royal household, drove to the American Legation, where they had luncheon as the guests of American Minister Peirce. The luncheon was followed by a reception.

THE ROOSEVELTS OCCUPY A SPECIAL TRAIN.

From Kornsjo to the capital the Roosevelts occupied a special train sent for them by the Government. The train was in charge of Superintendent of State Railways Aas and his staff, who are responsible for the safe movements of the royal train. The conductor wore a broad leather belt bearing the arms of Norway. There was special significance in this, as the belt is designed to indicate that royalty is traveling. The car used by the Roosevelts was that formerly occupied by the Norwegian Cabinet in visiting the King of Sweden.

The trip through the southeast corner of Norway was enlivened by frequent demonstrations. At every place along the route the school children had been given a partial holiday in order that they might see the distinguished American. The train stopped at a few stations and steamed slowly past others. In every instance children crowded the station platform, and, waving their hats and hand-

kerchiefs, gave a variety of school yells. The Colonel never failed to acknowledge their salutations. When his breakfast was interrupted by a chorus from the outside he waved his napkin in the best of good humor.

There was a large gathering at Moss, where a stop was made. Boys from the high school gave nine short cheers, which drew the Colonel to an open window of the car. "That sounds like an American college yell," he said. "I wish you and the grown-ups good luck." The boys cheered again as the train drew out of the station. The train continued to Christiania without further incident of note.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ROOSEVELT FOR WORLD PEACE.

DELIVERS ADDRESS BEFORE NOBEL PRIZE COMMITTEE IN CHRISTIANIA—COMPARED TO A RUSHING HUMAN ENGINE—VISITS STOCKHOLM—WELCOMED BY ROYALTY—PAYS TRIBUTE TO KING EDWARD.

FEARING no other nation and entertaining aggressive designs upon none, the American people as a whole doubtless approve the views expressed by Colonel Roosevelt in the Norway address in which he urges the establishment of a great permanent tribunal of arbitration, and the formation, among the leading civilized countries, of an enduring league of peace.

Aside from the personality of the speaker, however, their interest is largely theoretical and humanitarian. An overwhelming majority of the citizens of the United States will agree with him and with other prominent publicists in holding that the welfare of mankind would be immeasurably enhanced if the expansion of armaments could be checked in pursuance of a policy looking toward their eventual reduction to minor proportions.

Yet while both this idea and the idea of settling all international disputes by hearings before a qualified and authoritative court are excellent in theory, no method has so far been advanced by which the closely packed nations of Europe can be induced to forget their racial, political and commercial rivalries; and American public opinion is unquestionably in favor of maintaining an adequate defensive system for the United States, remote as it is from Europe and Asia.

Colonel Roosevelt, on May 5th, at Christiania, before a most distinguished audience, entered upon the most difficult field of European politics by delivering an address on "International Peace" before the Nobel Prize Committee.

The Colonel did not mince words and in the conclusion of his carefully worked-out thesis, advocated an international agreement that would serve to check the growth of armaments, especially naval armaments, and the formation by those great Powers honestly bent on peace, of a League of Peace, "not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others."

On leaving the palace, which is situated on the crest of a hill which ends Christiania's principal thoroughfare, for the theater, the Colonel viewed a remarkable picture below him. The street for a quarter of a mile to the theater was packed with thousands who were restrained at the curbs by soldiers.

At intervals of twenty yards were standard bearers supporting silken banners ornamented with Norse symbols and there were also heraldic brass standards, thus contributing to the medieval Norman scene, which was perfect except for the modern garb of the men and women, all of whom displayed in some way the American colors.

SPEAKS BEFORE THE NORWEGIAN STORTHING.

King Haakon and Queen Maud were present as well as all the members of the Government, who occupied seats on the stage and as well as the entire Parliamentary body, among whom was Miss Rogstag, the first woman to be elected to the Norwegian Storting. The overture by the orchestra at the opening of the session was specially composed by the royal bandmaster, Johann Halverson, who dedicated it to the Colonel. The theme embodied the Star Spangled Banner, Norse folk songs and melodies.

What Colonel Roosevelt had to say before the King and Queen of Norway and other representative personages constituted the basis of the private conversations which he was having with the statesmen of Europe as the occasion arose concerning the practical possibilities of collective action by the various Governments for the enforcement of universal peace.

The Colonel said that it must be borne in mind ever that the great end in view was righteousness; and he explained that peace.

generally good in itself, was never the highest good unless it came as the handmaid of righteousness. It became a very evil thing when it served merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy.

It was the Nobel Prize Committee, the members of which are elected by the Norwegian Storting, that in 1906 conferred upon the then President of the United States its medal and money award in recognition of his services in bringing to a conclusion the Russo-Japanese war.

The occasion was the feature of Colonel Roosevelt's visit to Norway and one of the most notable of his European tour.

ADDRESS RECEIVED CORDIALLY.

The Colonel's discourse was made with something of the solemnity of a religious service in the largest auditorium of Christiania, the National Theater, and in the presence of King Haakon, Queen Maud, members of the cabinet and of Parliament, and hundreds of the most progressive and influential personalities of the kingdom.

The address was received cordially and at its conclusion John Lund, vice-president of the Nobel Prize Committee, paid a tribute to the speaker and to the country from which he came. After referring to Norway's interest in America and American affairs Mr. Lund said:

"But it is not Norway alone, but the entire civilized world which has reason to be grateful to the United States. Millions upon millions from Europe, poor and often down-trodden, but capable, have found in the new world that happiness and prosperity which the old world was unable to afford them.

"In many ways the United States has reached the goal for which Europe is still sighing. There all peoples, all races and all religions can unite peacefully in mutual industry under a common flag. Many ideals for which Europe has striven for more than a thousand years have been grasped by the youngest continent in the course of two or three hundred years."

Mr. Lund praised many features of American life, citing its industry, agricultural development, school systems and dwelt upon the position of the American woman and the popular respect for the worker. Addressing the Colonel he said:

"Your journey through the old world, Mr. Roosevelt, has been a triumphal procession. Everywhere fathers have taken pleasure and pride in bidding welcome to so worthy a representative of their sons yonder in the West."

The speaker reviewed the Colonel's activities in behalf of peace, referring especially to his share in the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan, and added:

"I have no doubt that the future will still afford you opportunities for adding to your splendid achievements. Long live Theodore Roosevelt."

SUMMARY OF ROOSEVELT'S IDEAS OF PEACE.

"We should form a League of Peace not only to keep the peace among ourselves, but to prevent, by force, if necessary, its being broken by others.

"There should be an international agreement to check the growth of armaments.

"Peace becomes an evil thing when it serves merely to mask cowardice and sloth or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy.

"No man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong. This principle applies to all nations.

"Civilized nations should have effective arbitration treaties.

"There is as much need to curb the cruel greed and arrogance of part of the world of capital, to curb the cruel greed and violence of part of the world of labor, as to check the cruel and unhealthy militarism in international relationship.

"Peace is never the highest good unless it comes as the handmaid of righteousness.

"I ask other nations to do only what I should be glad to see my own nation do."

On May 6 King Frederick's university conferred upon Colonel Roosevelt the degree of doctor of philosophy. It was the third time in a century that the degree had been given a foreigner.

The exercises occurred in the amphitheater of the university. King Haakon entered with the Colonel at his right and faced a notable assemblage, including the premier and other members of the cabinet, the Nobel Prize Committee, the diplomatic corps, the faculty of the university and many persons distinguished in civil life.

ROOSEVELT A RUSHING HUMAN ENGINE, SAYS THE DEAN.

The dean of the faculty of history and philosophy made an address in which he said that Mr. Roosevelt had already left the earth and was residing on Olympus with Jupiter and Apollo, and that it was scarcely kind to drag him down among the mortals.

He likened Colonel Roosevelt to a rushing human engine, difficult to follow and making it difficult amid the clouds of smoke to discern precisely the manner of man he was. Some saw a winged angel and others a modern devil with claws.

In sketching Colonel Roosevelt's career he found the "winning of the west" his most instructive work. He agreed with others that Theodore Roosevelt was a man who had learned to use the capacities and powers which, in most men, lie dormant. He had converted his capacities into energies.

In reply, the Colonel said that it did not make much difference what capacities a man had. It was important rather what he did with them. The thing was to get the job done. The king laughed when the Colonel said:

"If recognition comes for what you do, good; if recognition does not come"—here the speaker paused—"it isn't quite so good."

King Haakon and the Colonel spent a part of the morning talking before an open fire in the palace, while the rain fell and a cold wind blew outside.

The Colonel's first forenoon engagement was with a throat specialist, who sprayed the overtaxed organs that all but failed the former President the day before, and prescribed further treatment.

The Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt spent the afternoon driving about the capital with the king and queen, who later accompanied them to the railway station, where they took a special train for Stockholm. The Roosevelts were cheered by a crowd at the station as they left.

Colonel Roosevelt and his family arrived in Stockholm the following day, and were received at the railway station by Prince Wilhelm, who drove with them to the palace, where they became the guests of the Prince and Princess in the absence of King Gustave V., who was in the South of France. United States Minister Graves, the staff of the American Legation, the Premier and other members of the Swedish Cabinet were also at the station to receive the American guests. An immense crowd surrounded the receiving party and cheered as the train drew in. A choir stationed on the platform sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the Swedish national anthem.

ENTERTAINED BY THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt spent a comparatively quiet day in the company of the Crown Prince and Princess. The Prince and Princess accompanied them in the afternoon to the northern museum, the biological museum and the open-air museum, after which the party had luncheon at the palace. Colonel Roosevelt also was shown a horse-jumping military drill.

Commenting on the death of King Edward, Colonel Roosevelt issued the following statement: "I am deeply grieved, and know that all Americans will be deeply grieved, at the death of his majesty King Edward VII. We feel the most profound sympathy for the British people in their loss. We in America keenly appreciated King Edward's personal good will toward us, which he so frequently and so markedly showed.

"We are well aware, also, of the devotion felt toward him by his subjects throughout the British empire, while all foreign nations had learned to see in the king a ruler whose great abilities, especially his tact, judgment and the unfailing kindness of his nature, rendered him peculiarly fit to work for international peace and justice.

"Let me repeat that I am sure all American people feel at this time the deepest and most sincere sympathy for his family and the English nation." In addition to this, Colonel Roosevelt sent a personal message to the widowed queen.

In the course of the day, in speaking of the late King's tact, the Colonel gave an illustration of what he termed the finer sense of things which the King possessed. "Next to the ring John Hay gave me," said he, "I value the miniature of John Hampden King Edward sent me, after I became President. That was a present a sovereign could make with dignity and one a democratic President could accept. All historians and royalists agree that Hampden was a good man. The King must have known that Hampden was one of my four heroes—Timoleon, Hampden, Washington and Lincoln. Such a selection as the miniature showed extreme tact.

SILENT TOAST TO KING EDWARD'S MEMORY.

"I have a personal feeling about the King's death. I know from having been President that he had an earnest desire to keep the relations between Great Britain and the United States on the closest and most friendly terms. King Edward's death removes one influence that tended strongly for peace and justice in international relations. His own people and other lands must feel that loss."

At a citizens' brilliant banquet that night where were assembled the members of Sweden's parliament, the highest officials of Stockholm and society representatives from all parts of the Kingdom Mr. Roosevelt proposed a silent toast to King Edward's memory, prefaced by the following sympathetic remarks:

"I came here at a time when a great friendly nation is bowed in grief over the loss of her sovereign. Britons mourn a wise, generous ruler whose sole thought was for the welfare of his people. All nations join in mourning the man whose voice was always raised for justice and peace among nations. So I propose our great sympathy and sorrow for the King who is dead and good wishes for him who takes the throne. I propose a silent toast to Britons in their hour of sorrow and trouble."

In a laudatory speech at this dinner Premier Lindman said: "We are glad to welcome the foremost citizen of the great republic, to which Sweden has sent so many loyal citizens."

After referring to the former President's efforts towards world peace and the conservation of natural resources, as well as his endeavor morally to uplift his fellow countrymen, the Premier continued:

"Your motto, Colonel Roosevelt, has been honesty, justice and good character in every citizen. You have sought to promote self-reliance and foster such a spirit in the nation that the stronger would help the weaker, when the weaker was in need and deserved it, and the manner in which you have worked to those ends has made your name respected and honored throughout the world."

In his toast to the former President, Premier Lindman coupled Mrs. Roosevelt's name with the Colonel's, as a true wife who had contributed to her husband's success at every step.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT OBLIGED TO REMAIN INDOORS.

The weather at Stockholm on May 8, was rainy and blustry, and as the physician declared that exposure under such conditions would be bad for Mr. Roosevelt's bronchial tubes, which were slightly inflamed, he was obliged to remain indoors most of the time.

The Colonel only left his apartments once. He took lunch with Charles H. Graves, the American Minister to Sweden, at the Legation, and there met Sven Hedin, the explorer; Dr. Nordenskjöld, the Antarctic explorer; Admiral Palander Prof. Arrhenius, who is connected with the Nobel Institute, and other scientific and literary people. He intended to make a speech at the National Museum before the students and massed singing societies, but gave this up and instead bowed from the balcony of the legation to the students and singers, who gathered in the street below and sang selections.

The combined choruses rendered Swedish songs and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and at the conclusion of the singing Colonel Roosevelt expressed his thanks. The crowds on both sides of the water front facing the legation were estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000, the greatest crowd, Minister Graves said, he had ever

seen in Stockholm. The roofs of the houses and the shipping in the harbor were crowded and a mighty shout went up when the Colonel appeared.

Later he received in the legation the Swedish members of the Interparliamentary Union. Senator Beckman, addressing Mr. Roosevelt, referred to his services to the cause of peace, and the former President replied very briefly. Prof. Gunnar Anderson presented to him the first copy, just from the press, of the Norwegian Geological Survey, which had been specially bound.

Arrangements had been made for Mr. Roosevelt to go to the Riddarholmen, to place a wreath on King Oscar's tomb, but he sent Kermit in his place, the wreath being composed of palms and lilies and bearing no inscription.

The Crown Prince spent some time in the Colonel's room in the forenoon and had tea with him in the afternoon, at which also the Crown Princess and other members of the royal family were present.

After luncheon at the legation there was an exchange of stories, the Colonel being deeply interested in the experiences of Sven Hedin in Thibet.

Colonel Roosevelt left for Berlin on a special train at 11 o'clock the next morning. He was feeling well and in a joking mood considered himself altogether equal to the visit to Germany.

A heavy downpour of rain drove from the streets the crowds that had assembled to witness the departure of the Roosevelts, but the railway station was occupied to its capacity. Among the number who were on hand to say good-bye were Crown Prince Olaf, Premier Konow and others of the Swedish Cabinet, Mr. Graves, the American Minister, and Mr. Winslow, American Consul-General, with the legation and consular staffs, and many high officials of the government and city.

As the train drew out of the station a cheer was given. Immediately after the Stars and Stripes which had floated from many buildings during Colonel Roosevelt's stay, were hauled down and the Swedish national colors were placed at half staff for King Edward.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN GERMANY.

EMPEROR WILLIAM EXTENDS A CORDIAL WELCOME AT THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM—RUN PARALLEL COURSES—FIRST CIVILIAN EVER TO REVIEW SOLDIERS OF IMPERIAL GERMANY ARMY—SEES BIG SHAM BATTLE—ACCLAIMED AS “ROUGH RIDER”—LECTURES BEFORE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN ON THE WORLD MOVEMENT—EMPEROR PAYS HIGH HONOR AT CONFERRING OF DEGREE—DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT had the world for an audience. His two speeches at Paris and Berlin received such universal attention and comment as no man in this day and generation has won before. These discourses are level to the comprehension and conviction of the vast mass. Platitudes they may hold, but platitudes well expressed, are the mental food of the multitude.

At Berlin he precisely expressed the profound belief of men and women as to modern civilization. They see its advance. They know its perils. They desire a remedy.

The “fighting edge” gives it to them, and expresses what most believe and desire to practice. Colonel Roosevelt’s advice, assertion and attitude irritate many cultivated, educated, wide-horizoned men. They hate to be reminded that there are evils. They abhor the preaching of homely duty. Provision for a family, the daily virtues, personal self-sacrifice, protest against the ease, comfort and advantage which sap national strength, are not to the taste of those who win life’s worldly prizes.

But the multitude hear this gladly. They love it. They follow it. The two speeches Theodore Roosevelt has made have “immensely”—to quote his favorite word—increased his grip on the plain people. His doctrine is their doctrine. His preaching is their creed.

The "fighting edge"—a phrase likely to live—the mass believes in as much as it cherishes the daily duties. The instinctive difference between modern civilization and old is that the old was not aware of its peril and the new civilization is awake to it. Rome felt secure until Alaric was at the gates. Modern civilization is astir with alarm.

When Theodore Roosevelt urges and exhorts to the life of active readiness for conflict he would be but a voice poured on the free winds far, were it not that this doctrine is in all the air. Look at the prodigious pains and effort in the past thirty years to maintain physical stamina. Playgrounds and gymnasiums, the sports which fill newspapers by the page, college athletics and personal exercise, attention to hygiene and struggles with disease, universal interest in physical records, games, drills, new appliances and apparatus, the world-wide attention to matches and competitive events, all bespeak the same anxious desire to keep up the "fighting edge."

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE APPROVED.

Armies are being remodeled. Navies are rebuilt. The training of soldiers and sailors is more severe than ever before. Lands like Australia are drilling every school boy. Compulsory military service, once condemned, is approved. The national army is lauded in England as a national school, and in this country there never was so much effort to maintain a high physical type.

This is universal. It exists everywhere. When Colonel Roosevelt urges it he but sums the universal practice. The civilized world grows physically stronger every decade. The one need is that all this shall bring a moral ardor in the attack on wrong and misdoing. Grave danger exists in every civilization and every city that men will accept evil and condone wrong, let thieving continue and corrupt profits swell while the vast mass acquiesces.

The tendency of the past and present in law and government is towards centralization. The homogeneousness of nations has been more firmly established, the law codes of different countries more closely assimilated, the methods of war and peace in all nations are

following the same general development toward a common standard and the peoples of the world, although differing in language, blood and history, are drawing near to what the great poet called the "federation of the world."

The career of ex-President Roosevelt is the pride of all admirers of robust, courageous personality. Edward VII claimed allegiance and honor from all mankind who knew his worth and public service, irrespective of national limits. The leaders in literature, art and science contribute to the heritage of the world, not of any nation.

Linguists are seeking a common language for international use and a destructive earthquake involving loss of life and property, whether at Messina or San Francisco, awakens the sympathy and opens the purse of all civilization. The telegraph obliterates time and distance and nations are linked together as never before.

A WORLD'S TRIBUNAL.

This admitted tendency to unification in progress and sentiment emphasizes the question why in the matter of international jurisprudence the nations cannot come to some understanding by which the dread perils of war may be relegated to the past with the horrors of the Inquisition and the barbarities of the Middle Ages.

As States in our own nation have their Courts for the adjustment of disputes, when dissatisfaction arises with the decision of the State Courts or the case is beyond their jurisdiction, an appeal to the National Supreme Court effectually settles the question and the decision is binding on all the parties in interest; so might the nations, when differences arise, appeal their cases to a high international tribunal, whose edict should be final.

This Court composed of honorable and able representatives from every leading nation could properly solve the problems that arise between nations by carefully weighing the evidence and the equities of the cases and, backed by the united powers of the nations represented, enforce its just decrees.

This is no fancy picture, being already presaged by The Hague

conference and able, wise and diplomatic statesmen could readily formulate such a plan on practical lines and in intent and purpose the poet's dream would be realized.

“Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.”

Greek met Greek when the Kaiser and Colonel Roosevelt clasped hands on the marble steps of Frederick the Great's historic New Palace at Potsdam. The meeting between the world's two chief exponents of the strenuous life was cordial and friendly in the extreme. Clad in a picturesque white uniform of the Garde du Corps, with a helmet surmounted by a shimmering silver eagle, the Kaiser looked every inch the War Lord immortalized by myriad photographs as he and the Colonel stood shaking hands vigorously and enthusiastically for almost a full minute.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC GREETING BY THE EMPEROR.

His Majesty generously exceeded conventional requirements by waiting for his guest's approach at the outdoor steps instead of remaining within. As the result of scrupulously secret preparations, the complete details of the long waited for event perhaps will be never known, even the services of a master of ceremonies to make the presentation being dispensed with, so none can repeat the exact language of the greeting.

Colonel Roosevelt, who arrived in Berlin on May 10, and spent the forenoon at the American Embassy, was escorted to Potsdam by General Alfred von Loewenfeld, the personal representative of the Emperor.

The Colonel was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt and Kermit; Mr. Hill and Mrs. Hill; Captain Samuel G. Shartle, the military attache, and Lt. Commander Reginald R. Belknap, the naval attache of the American Embassy.

As their carriages drove into the courtyard Emperor William

appeared at the principal entrance of the new palace and descended to meet his guests.

Preceded by the Lord Chamberlain, Count Zu Eulenberg, and Master of the Imperial Household, Baron Von Lyncker, the Emperor, with Colonel Roosevelt at his right, entered the palace, and, passing through the large apartment popularly known as the shell room, showed his guests into the smaller salon beyond.

Mrs. Roosevelt entered on the arm of General Von Loewenfeld, and in turn was followed by Ambassador and Mrs. Hill, Miss Roosevelt and Kermit, Captain Shartle and Lieutenant-Commander Belknap and Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, with Prince Solms-Bareuth.

Within the salon the party was received by Empress Augusta Victoria, Crown Prince Frederick William, Crown Princess Cecilie, Princess Victoria Louise, Prince Joachim and Prince Oscar.

ENTERTAINED BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

The luncheon that followed was attended by a large number, including many government officials and others prominent in public life. There were six tables.

At one of these were seated the Emperor, with Mrs. Roosevelt at his left and the Crown Princess on his right; the Chancellor, General Von Plessin, Kermit Roosevelt, Count Zu Eulenberg, Mr. Hill, General Loomenfeld and Lieutenant-Commander Belknap.

At another table the Empress was seated between Mr. Roosevelt and the Crown Prince. The young Princess Victoria was seated at the Colonel's left. Others at this table were Miss Roosevelt, Captain Shartle, Foreign Minister Von Schoen; Mrs. Hill, Prince Solms-Bareuth and the Countess Keller.

When the luncheon was over the Kaiser took possession of the Colonel, and, piloting him into a corner, engaged him immediately in the most animated conversation. History probably will be deprived of knowledge of what was talked about, but whatever it was both the Emperor and the Colonel resorted frequently to gestures with arms, fists and heads to drive home their meaning and emphasize their points.

Then the Emperor motored with the Roosevelt family to the Sans Souci Palace for a look at the royal residence, hallowed with memories of Frederick the Great. The Colonel recalled the claims of the Kaiser's great warrior ancestor to American interest, how Frederick forbade England's hired Hessian troops to cross Prussian soil and his profound admiration for Washington. Then, after a visit, which had lasted from one o'clock till five, the Roosevelts motored back to the American Embassy in Berlin in one of the imperial automobiles.

Whether it was due to his elocutionary contest with the Kaiser or to the raw, rainy weather which prevailed in Berlin throughout the day, the Colonel reached the Embassy considerably hoarser than when he arrived in Berlin early in the forenoon. His throat was so sore he found it difficult to speak with any trace of freedom or good humor to Commander Peary, who was awaiting the ex-President, the explorer having delayed his departure for Rome two days for the purpose of greeting the Colonel.

ROOSEVELT AND KAISER RUN PARALLEL COURSES.

On his return to the Embassy the Colonel submitted to an examination at the hands of Professor Fraenkel, one of Germany's most celebrated throat specialists. Doctor Fraenkel found him suffering from an acute case of laryngitis, an after effect of bronchitis, of such a type as commonly attacks persons who have dwelt some time in the tropics.

Theodore Roosevelt and the German Emperor are the same age—fifty-one—and both were born on the 27th of the month; Roosevelt in October, 1858, and the Emperor in the following January.

Both were married on the 27th of the month, the Colonel in October 1880, and the Emperor in the following February. As boys each is said to have had the same favorite author—James Fenimore Cooper.

In their fondness for out-door sports the Colonel and the Kaiser display similarities. Both are fond of riding and hunting and they each play tennis cleverly, and, although Roosevelt has the

advantage of greater experience, the Kaiser would give him a good run at his favorite game.

Both know the technical points of a warship from keel to mast-top, and both agree that the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse. Both believe in the "simple life." Both are family men. The Kaiser is the father of seven children and the Colonel of six.

For five hours on May 11, the flower of the Kaiser's army, 12,000 cavalry, artillery and infantry, of the guard, waged mimic war for the edification of Colonel Roosevelt. The battle raged with realistic fury from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon, and while the countryside reverberated with the roar of artillery and the crackle of rifle fire the man of San Juan and the German War Lord surveyed the thrilling panorama on horseback from an eminence which commanded the entire position.

THE COLONEL DELIGHTED WITH THE MANOEUVERS.

The two men were scarcely ten feet apart at any time during the manoeuvres and they chatted as excitedly as boys.

The Kaiser seemed proud to show the efficiency of the various branches of his army, his only disappointment being the failure of the balloon corps aboard the military dirigible Gross III to appear. The balloon ascended from its headquarters at Tegel, but a fierce gale forced the crew to abandon the flight to Doeberitz.

It was a spectacle which kept the Rough Rider's blood tingling from start to finish. No single item in his long programme of African and European honors had made a stronger appeal to his imagination.

The Colonel donned an American campaigning outfit for the occasion, khaki jacket and riding breeches, with tan leggings and boots and his familiar black slouch hat, "our national headgear," as he described it. One of the Emperor's automobiles called for him at the Embassy at seven o'clock. Professor Fraenkel had taken a look down the Colonel's throat before breakfast and found his laryngitis had receded sufficiently to permit him to take the field without danger. The weather, moreover, had turned gloriously

fine during the night, and the morning was like summer at Oyster Bay.

The Colonel was accompanied to the battleground to Doeberitz, midway between Berlin and Potsdam, by his German aide de camp, Lieutenant Colonel Von Koerner; ex-Ambassador Henry White, the American Military Attache in Berlin, Captain Shartle, and Kermit.

Diplomatic circles were amazed at the unyielding determination of the Kaiser to furnish a great military spectacle for the Colonel. Diplomats absolved Colonel Roosevelt completely for any consequences which may ensue because he is on record as having given the Kaiser ample opportunity to cancel his Berlin visit. The party reached the field a little before eight o'clock and mounted chargers specially selected from the Kaiser's stables.

HORSES FROM THE KAISER'S STABLES.

The Emperor was already on hand, mounted and in the uniform of a general of infantry, with a large band of crepe on the left arm of his overcoat. With him, also on horseback, were the Empress, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, Princess Eitel Frederick, Princess Victoria Louise and the Kaiser's son, Prince Adalbert. As soon as the Emperor's party had exchanged greetings with the Colonel the Kaiser and the ex-President rode off to Mill Hill, from which they were to watch the day's operations.

The Kaiser's face glowed with pride as he watched his two sons, one a major of an infantry regiment, assigned to the attacking force, the other, Eitel Frederick, leading the cavalry in the defense, pitted against each other in a thrilling conflict held solely for the Colonel's delectation.

By nine o'clock the battle was in full swing. Two hours later the engagement became general. The theoretical objective was the repulse of the hostile forces advancing on Potsdam from the east. The operations covered an area of nine square miles of territory, ideally suited for the most varied sort of tactics.

At noonday the heavens were rumbling with the roar of long range artillery and the barks of the machine guns and musketry.

The Colonel was enthralled. His field glasses raked the horizon restlessly, and as the invading cavalry, with 3000 lances glinting brilliantly in the midday sun, drove home the final attack through the jaws of the defenders' artillery, the commander of the Rough Riders shouted his joy in staccato outbursts to his proud and smiling Imperial host.

Other features of the manoeuvres that greatly interested the Colonel and which the Kaiser explained to him in detail were the work of the telegraph, telephone and other technical branches. The Kaiser's intimate knowledge of every phase of army work was a surprise to the Colonel, despite the Kaiser's reputation for being a close student of military questions.

At two o'clock the "Cease fire" was sounded and then the troops of both armies joined in the march past the Emperor and the Colonel, the latter doffing his black sombrero in salute as each set of regimental colors filed by.

"MEIN FREUND ROOSEVELT."

When the march was over the Kaiser, surrounded by a glittering galaxy of several hundred staff officers, turned to the Colonel, removed his own helmet, and said, "Mein freund Roosevelt," so much in German, then in English, "I am happy to welcome you in the presence of my guards. We are glad you have seen a part of our army. You are the only private citizen who ever reviewed German troops."

The Kaiser then addressed his officers, saying: "We have been honored to-day with the presence of the distinguished Colonel of the famous American Rough Riders.

This bouquet of pleasantries brought the day's stirring events to a finish. The Kaiser and the Colonel said: "Auf wiedersehen to-morrow," and motored back respectively to Potsdam and Berlin. In accordance with his policy of refraining from comment on the entertainment provided him, Colonel Roosevelt would only opine on returning to the Embassy that it had been "a most interesting day."

Asked how he had liked the specimen of German charger

which he had ridden, the Colonel said: "Oh, bully, by George! Ai! And what a corking five hours in the saddle, too."

That night the Roosevelts dined with the Hills. The guests included in addition to the ladies and gentlemen of the Embassy, Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Foreign Secretary and Baroness Von Schoen, Seth Low and wife, Henry White and wife, American Consul General Thackara, of Berlin, and the rector of Berlin University.

President Taft, on May 11, appointed Theodore Roosevelt special administrator of the United States to attend the funeral of King Edward. Colonel Roosevelt accepted the commission in a cable message to the President.

"THE WORLD MOVEMENT."

Colonel Roosevelt delivered a lecture on May 12, on "The World Movement," at the University of Berlin, and received from the University the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Emperor William honored the occasion with his presence. It was the first time that His Majesty had graced a conferment, and the courtesy was significant in view of the fact that the German court was in mourning for the monarch's uncle.

The ceremony of conferring the degree was staged and conducted with impressive simplicity. There were no flags or emblems of royalty and the government. The walls of the Aula were bare except for the rows of busts of Germany's scholars and scientists.

By a curious coincidence, Colonel Roosevelt spoke in the Aula, or hall, where the Kaiser, on October 19, 1906, rose dramatically, after an address by Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, and cried for three cheers for Theodore Roosevelt.

The only touch of color was furnished by the Senators of the University with their robes of scarlet and blue and the five heads of the student corps, who wore blue jackets, white breeches, jack boots and parti-colored sashes.

Four hundred guests of the University, who held cards of admission, were seated when Emperor William, accompanying the Colonel, entered from a side door of the hall. As they appeared

the University choir chanted, "Heil Dir Im Siegerkranz" (Hail to the Conqueror's Wreath), the Prussian National Hymn, to the strains of "America."

The Colonel occupied the seat at the reading desk and at his side stood the heads of the student corps with drawn swords. This striking guard of honor remained standing and almost immovable during the entire lecture and ceremony.

The Emperor took occasion to congratulate the Colonel upon his lecture and its delivery so courageously accomplished under distressing physical conditions. He talked with the former President for six or eight minutes. The auditorium was filled to its capacity of 1,200 persons by the faculty of the University, students and guests.

OUTLINED THE LIFE OF THE COLONEL.

The rector, Frich Schmidt, opened the program by giving an outline of the life of the Colonel from the time that he was a delicate child until he became an African Nimrod. When he had finished this sketch he introduced the former President, who was received enthusiastically.

The Colonel appeared in the pink of physical condition. His voice husky at first, gained steadily in clearness as he proceeded, and he was able to deliver his complete written thesis of 9,000 words. To this he added extemporaneously from time to time by way of emphasis and explanation.

Colonel Roosevelt found his voice much improved when he rose that morning and said that he felt perfectly able to deliver his address. Until then there was doubt whether the Colonel would be able to keep his engagement, and when it became known that he expected to do so there was much elation among the University officials and others who had looked forward to the address with eagerness.

Word that the Colonel would be heard was communicated swiftly throughout the city in the forenoon, and when at the hour appointed he reached the University the historic Aula was occupied by a distinguished company.

"To-day I am in Berlin University," began the speaker.

"Yesterday I was in the open air university of the German army and sat at the foot of the great master of that university."

The Colonel said that the German Emperor had often been held up before him as a statesman who was doing things which he, the speaker, should do.

"I remember," he added, "that my friend, Dr. Pritchard, then President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston, told me of the Emperor's interest in and knowledge of technical education.

"While in Africa I used to think that there was something wrong with the mail if it did not bring me a letter from Benjamin Ide Wheeler telling me of his admiration for some feature of German life and of the Emperor's extraordinary qualities and kindness."

Then he launched into his lecture on "The World Movement," sketching the ancient and mediaeval civilizations, pointing to the causes of their rise and fall, and drawing lessons to show how the civilization of to-day might endure.

DID NOT BELIEVE CIVILIZATION WOULD FALL.

He declared he did not believe this civilization would fall; that it was in the power of the peoples of to-day to preserve their culture and achievements for all time. They had, he declared, the power to hew their fate, if they had only the wit and courage to do so.

He dwelt upon the necessity of keeping keen the "fighting edge," and asserted that development must be broadly along all lines. Arms must not be forgotten for science and commercialism must not supplant entirely the "virile fighting virtues." He showed how Greece and Rome had decayed because mercenaries had supplanted the citizen soldiers of pioneer and glorious days. He pointed with emphasis to the exactly opposite tendency of modern days, illustrating with the American Revolution and the Civil War.

Politics were purer, he declared, and were not used so much now as in the past for financial gain, although wealth still had great influence in public affairs. In another digression from his set

speech and following his remarks concerning military virtue, the former President said:

“ I saw some of your German troops march before the Commander-in-Chief yesterday. I cannot understand how any German could look upon those soldiers without a feeling of pride at the physical and intellectual character of those soldiers from the farm and shop, serving their time and then returning to their other work to be replaced by other and younger men. I can see only hope for the future with such men.” The audience vigorously applauded Colonel Roosevelt’s remarks concerning mothers and housewives.

PRINCIPAL THEMES OF THE COLONEL’S ADDRESS.

The Colonel in his address presented the following thoughts:

“ Personally, I do not believe that our civilization will fall. I think that, on the whole, we have grown better and not worse.”

“ I think that, on the whole, the future holds more for us than ever the great past has held.”

“ Assuredly the dreams of golden glory in the future will not come true unless, high of heart and strong of hand, by our own mighty deeds we make them come true.”

“ We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary atrophied.”

“ We, the men of to-day and of the future, need many qualities if we are to do our work well.”

“ One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge.”

“ When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into our manliness of fibre.”

“ If the average man will not work, if he has not in him the will and the power to be a good husband and father; if the average woman is not a good housewife, a good mother, then the State will topple, will go down.”

"The things of the spirit are even more important than the things of the body."

"It would be a bad thing, indeed to accept Tolstoi as a guide in social and moral affairs, but it also would be a bad thing not to have Tolstoi."

"We must remember that it is only by working along the lines laid down by the philanthropists—by the lovers of mankind—that we can be sure of lifting our civilization to a higher and more permanent plane of well-being."

"Unjust war is to be abhorred, but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it; and woe thrice over to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge, loses the power to serve as a soldier."

"In the Grecian and Roman military history the change was steadily from a citizen army to an army of mercenaries. The exact reverse has been the case with us in modern times."

RECEIVES DIPLOMA AS DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

"The single fact that the old civilization was based upon slavery shows the chasm that separates the two."

"Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousand fold the intensity with which it acted in former ages."

"Frowning or hopeful, every man of leadership in any line of thought or effort must now look beyond the limits of his own country."

Dr. Roethe, dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, followed the Colonel, and closed a discourse in German by addressing the former President in Latin. The dean caused a laugh among the Senators when in his Latin effort he used a feminine ending for a masculine noun, and so furnished the only pleasantry of two hours and a half of oratory.

As Dr. Roethe handed the new doctor his diploma the choir sang the German national hymn and the audience gave three cheers. The exercises ended with the singing of "The Star Spangled Ban-

ner " by the choir. The assemblage waited until the Emperor and Colonel Roosevelt had left the hall.

The Colonel and Kermit were guests that night of Chancellor Von Bethmann-Helweg at a dinner at the Chancellor's palace. The others present included the American Ambassador, Mr. Hill; Count Zeppelin, Herr Delbueck, the Vice-Chancellor; Admiral Von Tirpitz, Secretary of the Admiralty; Herr Dornburg, Minister of the Colonies; Baron Von Rheinbaben, Minister of Finance, and many others noted in official and commercial life.

The Colonel displayed the greatest interest in Bismarck's working and living apartments. A reception followed the dinner, many of the members of the Reichstag and Landtag being presented to the former President.

VISITS HOME FOR WORN-OUT WORKERS.

The Colonel in company with Burgomaster Kirchner motored the following morning to Buch, a suburb, where a colony of 1200 worn-out workers, men and women, are maintained in relative comfort at the expense of the city of Berlin. The subject of public dependents was being pursued by the former President, who while in Denmark investigated a similar institution.

The public charges at Buch are made up of the aged, the infirm and those temporarily incapacitated for work. They are not only supported reasonably, but in case of sickness receive thorough medical treatment.

Returning to Berlin the Colonel was the guest at luncheon of Ambassador Hill at the American Embassy. The luncheon party was a large one. During the luncheon the Colonel proposed a toast "to the health of His Majesty the German Emperor and the future of the German people."

At the reception which followed, the Colonel received a delegation from the Interparliamentary Union, who were introduced by Prince Von Carolath-Beuthen. Replying to an address presented him by the delegates, the former President said that the general demand for peace only excited the derision of practical men, but when peace was worked for by practical men such as the delegates,

with definite aims and methods, the results were splendid in their fruits.

Profesor Brant, President of the Shakespeare Society, presented the Colonel with a parchment creating the recipient an honorary member of the society, which, the document stated, constituted "a close tie between Germany and the English-speaking world."

Late in the afternoon the Colonel held a reception at the home of Lieutenant Commander Belknap, the American Naval Attache at Berlin, where he met many high officers of the German navy and military. At this reception one of the officers, acting on behalf of Emperor William, presented Colonel Roosevelt with several photographs, showing the American ex-President and Emperor William together at the Doeberitz manoeuvres. The photographs bore the autograph of the Emperor.

DINED AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

The Colonel and his family dined in the evening at the French Embassy, the guests of Jules Cambon. This dinner was private, and besides the Roosevelts was attended only by Ambassador and Mrs. Hill and the staffs of the French and American Embassies.

Amid the quiet surroundings of the Roosevelt Library at the University of Berlin, the Colonel on the morning of May 14, again tackled the correspondence which had outrun him from the moment he emerged from the African jungles. He failed to catch up, but before the noon hour he had made great progress.

Later, the former President received and had a chat with Professor C. G. Schilling and Paul Niedieck, two of Germany's best-known hunters of African big game. The Colonel had luncheon as the guest of Joseph C. Grew, second secretary of the American Embassy. Other guests were Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, American Ambassador Hill, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hill, Henry White, former American Ambassador to France, and Mrs. White, and Professor and Frau Schilling. Professor Schilling, with a stereopticon, showed some flash-light pictures of jungle animals and presented the Colonel with five of the collection.

The Colonel concluded the afternoon with a visit to the zoological gardens. He began an inspection which lasted an hour and was interrupted by a cloudburst, the Colonel taking refuge in the ostriches' house. The Colonel talked so knowingly and interestingly about the exhibits that the presence of attendants provided to explain things was quite superfluous.

During the day Emperor William sent to the Colonel a vase from the royal porcelain works. The vase is three feet in height, and bears upon one side a likeness of His Majesty. On the opposite side are two views of the imperial palace in Berlin, one from the bridge of the Elector, showing the equestrian statue of the great elector, and the other the palace terrace, with the statue of William of Orange. The following day at noon the Colonel and his party started for London. There was a large crowd at the steamboat landing to bid the Colonel goodbye.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing to his journal of the strenuous days that the Colonel has inflicted upon the reporters in their efforts to keep up with the Roosevelt procession, said:

"This is indeed a singular adventure upon which we are engaged. It is useless to pretend it is not royal progress, for what further marks of distinction could any sovereign receive than to travel in royal trains, dwell in king's houses, be welcomed by Kings, Queens and Princes, drive in state carriages amid flags and cheering crowds, and have miles of warships manned for him, and it was not only the ex-President who was honored as if he were a reigning monarch—Mrs. Roosevelt, with her charm and quiet dignity, was honored equally; her bright, unspoilt, attractive son and daughter were honored, too. The whole affair was quite unique."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN ENGLAND.

AS "FUNERAL AMBASSADOR" IS WELCOMED BY LORD DUNDONALD
RECEIVED AT THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE BY KING GEORGE V—
VIEWED THE LYING-IN-STATE OF KING EDWARD—PROTECTED
BY RED COATS AFTER THE MANNER OF ROYALTY—CELEBRATED
ENGLISH UNIVERSITY CONFERS HIGH HONOR—DOCTOR OF
LAWS—RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON. ¹

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S amazing receptions in Europe have made a breach in court etiquette the magnitude and importance of which few Americans can understand.

No similar honors ever before paid by royalty to an ex-President. Crowned heads visit Paris incognito to avoid raising any awkward issue as to the precise position of the ruler of the French Republic. It was years after France became a Republic before any European sovereign of the first rank visited Paris in state.

An ex-President has in the past only been recognized as a very distinguished private citizen whom the sovereign of the country he visited met with a gracious and friendly welcome. To European eyes it seems very strange that crowned heads should have met Theodore Roosevelt at railroad stations and, still more, that he was asked to review troops in company with the Emperor of Germany.

These are trifles to an American. They should be trifles everywhere. But in Europe questions of etiquette and precedence are not trifles. They are realities. They control affairs. They affect the public imagination. They influence events. Members of the royal caste of Europe, numbering many hundreds of men and women, hold themselves apart from all the world.

Never since Benjamin Franklin upheld the glory and dignity

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of the new-born republic have the power, majesty and achievements of the great American nation been more forcibly presented to the people of the Old World than they were by our greatest President, Theodore Roosevelt.

As a publicity promoter the honored Colonel of the Rough Riders was in the vanguard. He made every hamlet in Europe ring with praises of this country and its people.

Soon after his arrival in London he was received in Marlborough House by King George and met Queen Mary. This was regarded as an exceptional compliment, and the two engaged in an extended conversation.

The entrance to the city of the distinguished American was a quiet one and in marked contrast with his appearance at other capitals and with what would have been made of the occasion but for the death of the British King.

THE COLONEL AT THE BIER OF KING EDWARD VII.

Conducted privately to the throne room in Buckingham Palace, Theodore Roosevelt, who arrived in London, on May 16, was permitted to look upon the face of King Edward VII. The Colonel, unattended by any of his party stood for several moments beside the coffin and then, with head bowed, moved slowly away.

In the course of the day the Roosevelts called upon the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Clarence House. They also called upon the Crown Prince and Crown Princess Christian of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Fife, and at Buckingham Palace inscribed their names in the visiting books of Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, and Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway.

They had just returned to Dorchester House when they received a return call from King Haakon, who greeted the special Ambassador and his wife as old friends. While luncheon was being served the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught

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called. Mrs. Roosevelt went to Buckingham Palace again in the afternoon and paid a visit to Queen Maud.

Never before had London newspapers spoken in such praise of Roosevelt as they did the next day. There were column editorials devoted to character studies of him and without exception they were friendly in the extreme.

Everywhere the utmost satisfaction was expressed that he was chosen to represent the United States at the king's funeral.

Several newspapers said that in happier circumstances the former President's arrival would have been marked by a generous tribute of public enthusiasm, and that coming as the chief mourner of the United States the welcome, while less elaborate, is none the less sincere.

THE COLONEL RECEIVES CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Colonel Roosevelt was guarded by four stalwart scarlet-coated English soldiers for two days preceding and continued until after King Edward's funeral. In placing this guard over America's special envoy the Colonel was accorded the same distinction enjoyed by Kings and other royalties who were in London for the funeral. The same militant scene at Dorchester House was to be seen at Buckingham and at other places where royalty was quartered.

The Colonel had a lengthy audience with King Haakon of Norway and he also met King George of Greece. With all the members of the American special embassy he wrote his name in the books of King Alfonso of Spain, Prince Henry of Prussia, Grand Duke Michael and other royalties.

The Colonel was busy the following morning in his own room attending to his correspondence. He took luncheon at Dorchester House. The guests included Augustine Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Lewis Harcourt, the First Commissioner of Works. After the luncheon, the kings of Denmark and Greece called on the Colonel. Before they left, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Kaiser, called, and he was quickly followed by Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN ENGLAND.

Later on, the Colonel, accompanied by his own staff and Mr. White, the special diplomatic delegate to the funeral of King Edward; Major T. Bentley Mott, the American military attache at the American embassy at Paris and the gentlemen assigned to his suite by King George, went to "inscribe." The kings of Portugal and Belgium, the Chinese and Japanese princes and a few other special representatives at the funeral were there at the same time.

As the Colonel was leaving Buckingham Palace after "inscribing," he encountered the Kaiser, who greeted him warmly. Taking the Colonel by the hand, he led him away to his own apartments, where he kept him in conversation for three quarters of an hour.

At night the Colonel dined at Buckingham Palace, where King George gave the first dinner of his reign. It was a great banquet, with a numerous company of guests, comprising all the royal and other special representatives at the funeral.

ANCIENT POMP AND CEREMONIAL.

With pomp and ceremonial borrowed from the past ages mingling in picturesque contrast with modern mourning, the British Empire on May 20 surrendered up its royal dead. Edward VII, the thirty-sixth in the line of sovereigns of England since the conquest of the dauntless Normans, mourned by the world at large, lies in a crypt in St. George's chapel royal.

The streets of London were lined with 30,000 picked troops, called to restrain the great crowds as well as to protect Kings, Princes and other royalties as well as distinguished representatives of foreign governments who followed the coffin of the dead King.

The royal carriage in which the Colonel rode received even more attention than any of the kings who rode in the funeral procession. The London public had the processional personnel at its fingers' ends, calling off accurately the exalted men who appeared.

All the reigning monarchs, of course, were on horseback, but Colonel Roosevelt, in accordance with conventions, occupied a carriage, with the windows open, thus affording a brief glimpse which disclosed him talking animatedly with M. Pichon, the French

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envoy, and Sanad Khan Montaz Es Sultaneh, who represented Persia, the trio comprising the total number of special envoys.

At Windsor the Colonel joined the foot procession to the tomb, later participating in the royal luncheon at Windsor, where more than one hundred kings, queens, princes and princesses sat at ten tables. The Colonel sat at the table of King George.

Everyone in attendance admitted that the Colonel was the dominating figure. The royalties who had not yet been presented crowded about him eager for an introduction. The former President was literally besieged by royal questioners to learn his views of European politics, but he was on his guard and countered by questions regarding the duties and burdens of kingship.

MR ROOSEVELT INTERESTS A NOTABLE GATHERING.

For more than an hour this crossfire of questions continued and finally developed into the distinctive feature of the luncheon. So interested did the notable assemblage, the greatest gathering of royalty ever seen at such a function, become in the Colonel that for a time the note of sorrow over the burial of King Edward was lost sight of. Roosevelt's personality swept everything else aside. That which impressed the Colonel most was the demeanor of the people, the solemn dignity of the ceremony.

Mrs. Roosevelt spent an hour or more on May 25 in the company of the Queen Mother Alexandra, at Buckingham Palace. The call was made on the invitation of Her Majesty, who, when she received the Colonel expressed the hope that she might see his wife.

The conversation between the two had a wide range. The Queen Mother was especially interested in her visitor's description of the place occupied by women in the United States. Her Majesty also inquired about Mrs. Roosevelt's journey to the Soudan to meet her husband and listened with evident pleasure to the experiences related.

The London Daily Telegraph, in a long editorial eulogy of the Colonel, describes him as the most powerful statesman in the English

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speaking world. "His personality," it said, "is better known throughout the globe than any other, except the German Emperor and in some ways he is the stronger marked of the two and he could, if he pleased, become the Warwick of American politics."

The Colonel came forth from the seclusion imposed upon him by England's mourning requirements in pink and scarlet, his gorgeous new LL. D. robes being a little more brilliant than the other accessories attending his initial public appearance in England to receive the Cambridge honors.

MR. ROOSEVELT RECEIVES A "ROISTERING" WELCOME.

As he trod for the first time the paths used in student days by John Harvard and other famous men he saw in the middle of the walk a Teddy bear, placed there with an extended welcoming paw by the roistering "undergrads." Later in the Senate House, where were assembled masters of colleges, dons and a few fortunate Americans who alone of the applying hundreds succeeded in procuring cards, he gamely survived the ragging by the undergraduates crowding the oaken galleries, from whence Teddy bears, suspended from strings, were made to pounce down on him as he sought to depart dignifiedly in the scholastic procession.

Good naturedly he waived the privilege of capturing the biggest bear as it dangled purposely within reach, the custom being for newly-made doctors to take such a souvenir. So his neglect aroused renewed shrieks of laughter attending the traditional tomfoolery.

The expression of prophecy that Englishmen would refuse to take Mr. Roosevelt overseriously apparently is contained in verses dedicated to him and published in Cambridge's organ, the "Gownsmen":

"The lion and the unicorn will scatter for their lives
When the mighty big game hunter from America arrives:
But his prowess in the jungle is as nothing to his fame
In the copybooks cum Sunday chapel missionary game.
Oh, we're ready for you Teddy. Our sins are all reviewed;
We've put away our novels and our statues in the nude.
We've read your precious homilies, and hope to hear some more.
At the coming visitation of the moral Theodore.

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“No, seriously, Teddy, we’re proud to have you here;
Your speeches may be out of date, your methods may be queer;
But you’ve done some pretty decent things without delay or fuss,
And you’re full of grit inside, and that’s what appeals to us.
So we’re ready for you, Teddy, but take my good advice,
Though sin is really naughty, we find it really nice,
So, when you come to speak to us in Providence’s name,
Give the goby to the Sunday chapel missionary game.”

The ordeal perhaps was most trying as the Colonel stood alone facing the public orator, who in fluent Latin recited the ex-President’s achievements, the galleries alternately applauding with indorsement or mischievousness. He said: “Mr. Roosevelt is a friend of peace and a friend of the human race.

MR. ROOSEVELT, THE MIGHTY HUNTER, EULOGIZED

“He has waged war on the wild beasts of the forest, whether denizens of his own Rocky Mountains or of the land described by Horace as the nurse of lions. His courage has been witnessed by Africa, whence he has lately returned with spoils won in British dominions. His fame has since been attested by Europe, which has received him with royal honors during his splendid progress from Italy to Scandinavia. Colonel Roosevelt is a faithful friend of the British Empire and of all good men throughout the world.”

After a tour of inspection of the buildings and grounds the Colonel was a guest of Cambridge Union, a student club, where the enthusiastic reception so enthused him that he made a half-hour instead of a five-minute speech, as planned.

He covered a wide range of topics, from football and lions to good citizenship and the strenuous life. He wished that Americans could learn from Cambridge how to make football less homicidal.

Theodore Roosevelt startled the whole world when, in ancient Guild Hall, replying to a speech giving him the freedom of the city of London, he admonished England that its rule in Egypt was not what it should be, declaring with emphasis that “you have erred and it is for you to make good.”

Throughout his speech, which caused much surprise, the Colonel

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gave England some bold advice as to her duty toward her most troublesome dependency in Africa. It was, he said, either right or not right for Great Britain to be in Egypt and establish order there. If it was not right she should get out.

He declared that Great Britain has given Egypt the best government that the country has had in 2000 years, but in certain vital points it had erred. Timidity and sentimentality, he said, might cause more harm than violence and injustice. "Sentimentality," he added, "is the most broken reed upon which righteousness can lean."

Mr. Roosevelt denounced the Nationalist party of Egypt as neither desirous nor capable of guaranteeing primary justice. It was trying, he said, to bring murderous chaos upon the land.

THE COLONEL EXPRESSES KINDLY FEELINGS.

In the course of his speech the Colonel said: "I am especially appreciative of to-day's honor because it is a sign of the good-will tending to knit speakers of the English language. I prefer to talk to-day regarding matters of real concern to you rather than merely to express thanks and eulogy.

"I have recently spent nearly a year under the British-African protectorates. Your men in Africa are doing a great work for the British Empire and for civilization. The nations which are conquering the savage lands for civilization should work together. Mankind is benefited by the French occupation of Algiers and Tunis, just as mankind is benefited from England's work in India, which is similarly for the interests of civilization.

"The work that England and Germany is doing in East Africa will succeed and the East African highlands can be made any white man's country. Every one has benefited since America took possession of the Philippines. The East African settlers remind me of the frontiersmen that built up the western part of America. They are of the same sturdy, fearless type.

"Regarding Egypt, I speak as an outsider, but this is to your advantage, as I speak without national prejudice, and also as a well-wisher to the British Empire. I speak not only as an American but

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as a radical, a real and not a mock democrat, who feels that his first thought is bound to be for the welfare of the masses of mankind, and who wars against violence and injustice in accordance with the principles by which while President I acted toward the Philippines.

"You treated the Pan-Egyptian movement and religious struggles fairly impartially. Instead of acknowledging this, a section of the natives took advantage of this treatment for the development of an anti-foreign movement. Premier Boutros Pascha, a competent official, an upholder of the British rule and a worker for his countrymen, was murdered because of these facts. The attitude of the Egyptian Nationalists regarding the murder of Boutros shows that they are not only not desirous, but are incapable of granting even primary justice.

THE COLONEL'S PLAIN EXPRESSIONS.

"If you feel that you ought not to be in Egypt and have no desire to keep order there, by all means get out. If you feel that it is your duty to civilization to stay, then show yourselves ready to meet the responsibility of your position.

"You saved Egypt from ruin, yet if not governed from the outside Egypt will again sink into chaos. Some nation must govern Egypt. I hope you will decide that it is your duty to be that nation."

The body of the magnificent Guildhall was filled by 12.15 o'clock, when the Lord Mayor, Sir John Knill, and Lady Knill entered and took seats in the center of the dais. Then the guests of honor who filled the dais were announced separately. They included many Americans.

Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the chamberlain of London, then presented a copy of the resolution in a gold casket to Colonel Roosevelt. After a tribute to the memory of King Edward the chamberlain paid a glowing eulogy to Colonel Roosevelt and concluded by presenting him with the casket, at the same time offering him "the right hand of fellowship."

Colonel Roosevelt, who had arisen, grasped the Chamberlain's hand and the Colonel, with notes in his hands, commenced his ad-

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dress, first referring to the suddenness of King Edward's death, at whose funeral, he said, he had the high honor to represent the American people. The address occupied forty-eight minutes in its delivery.

A few presentations of those present were then made to the Colonel, after which Lord Mayor Knill and the Colonel, preceded by the city swordbearer, the mace bearers and the reception committee and followed by the company that had been seated on the dais, left the hall and drove to the Mansion House for luncheon.

The Colonel, with Ambassador Reid on his left, rode in the Lord Mayor's semi-state carriage drawn by four horses. The Lord Mayor's famous fat coachman, in his cocked hat, plush breeches, silk stockings, plush coat and white wig, sat on the driver's box.

A COMMENT FROM THE "MORNING POST."

The London Morning Post, in commenting on Colonel Roosevelt's speech said: "The people of this country are grateful for the friendly appreciation expressed by Mr. Roosevelt in Guildhall of the way the British public servants administer the regions intrusted to their care in British East Africa, Uganda and Egyptian Soudan.

"Colonel Roosevelt had also a criticism to convey and a suggestion to make that is a delicate task for a guest and an outside observer. He grappled with it in the only possible way. He explained that he felt debarred from any expression that would be other than sincere.

"Mr. Roosevelt thinks the British Government is too tender-hearted in its dealings with Egypt, and he thinks the so-called Nationalist agitation receives too much toleration, and that it should be kept down with a strong hand.'

The London Times said: "It would show a sad lack of humor, but then a great many among us are deficient in that saving grace, to take in bad part criticism which is sincere. Well informed beyond all question and thoroughly friendly, Mr. Roosevelt has reminded us in a most kindly way of what we are at least in danger of forgetting

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and no impatience of outside criticism ought to be allowed to divert us from considering the substantial truth of his words."

Colonel Roosevelt was the only guest at a luncheon given in his honor the following day by the Irish Party at Carlton House. The original scheme was to entertain him in the House of Commons when the whole party could be present, but the adjournment of Parliament made this impossible.

John Redmond occupied the toastmaster's chair. There were also present John Dillon, T. P. O'Connor, Joseph Develin and fourteen other members of the Irish party. The table was decorated with Irish flags and floral designs of Irish harps and Teddy bears. Each person, including the Colonel, wore a buttonhole bouquet of shramrock and violets.

Mr. Redmond welcomed the Colonel as a life-long friend of the Irish people. In replying, the ex-President said there was another tie between them, the tie of blood, for he was partly of Irish descent. He also said in the Cuban campaign the Irish soldiers were among the best in his regiment and that in his Cabinet there had been several men of Irish descent.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE WORLD."

This is the lifework, which the logic of events and the known course of international affairs are preparing for our great ex-President.

To this end, his trip abroad has been directed.

To this end, Secretary Knox launched his proposal for a permanent international tribunal now accepted by all the Powers.

To further this, the House Committee on Foreign Affairs at Washington, on June 2, favorably acted on a resolution proposing a special commission of five members to endeavor, by a mission abroad, to unite foreign nations in a common effort, first to limit navies, and, second, by international agreement to constitute "the combined navies of the world as an international force for the preservation of universal peace."

Many Representatives in Congress would like Colonel Roose-

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velt to accept the presidency of the proposed Peace Commission. The real negotiations for international peace gravitate by certain and inevitable steps towards the selection of Theodore Roosevelt as the first "Chief Justice" of the world's first permanent international court.

Such a court is now certain. This is settled. Details are undecided. Even so important a matter as the precise number of Powers to be represented in the court has yet to be determined. A denial would be as yet easy as to any positive assertion, beyond the broad fact that such a court is now accepted by every Power whom Senator Knox asked to agree to a permanent international tribunal.

PROVISION OF THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

The first Hague Conference provided for the machinery by which a list of arbitrators, two from each country, was provided, from which a Peace Court could be selected when needed. The second Hague Conference left this machinery unchanged, but added, the United States proposing and Germany adding its powerful influence, a permanent admiralty court, ready to act as a tribunal of last resort when war came.

Secretary Knox proposed to seven Powers, England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Japan, a permanent arbitral court, each Power to name two members who will always be ready to hear cases and to be organized like other courts, with a docket, rules and a recognized procedure.

The colossal fact which ever-reaches all the rest and brings the world nearer peace than at any time in the History of Man, is that the Powers whose common action now governs the world and renders the opposition of any lesser power ridiculous, have agreed on a permanent court along Secretary Knox's lines, details to be decided later.

Germany was expected to refuse and Germany was almost the first power to accept "in principle." France accepted, but desired changes in the way in which the judges were selected so as to take care of the interests of the lesser powers.

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With Spain, France now has close treaty relations which render it necessary for French diplomacy to consider the Spanish dignity and punctilio. Italy followed Germany and France.

England is friendly to the proposal, but waits on the action of its Eastern ally, Japan. Japan's acceptance is certain when the final decision comes, because no one Power can stay out when the United States, Germany, France and Italy are agreed and Russia has added her assent, with Austria-Hungary practically included in the acceptance of Germany.

The formal proposal that Colonel Roosevelt be named for this post is believed to come from Germany. It matters little which Power speaks. The logic of events names Roosevelt. Beyond any other man, the world over, he is in line for the place. He satisfies Germany, and neither England nor France can object. Both would welcome him. No European can be named as Chief Justice for this post, for jealousies are too acute. Neither Russia nor Japan can object to the man who made peace between them.

MR. ROOSEVELT FOR PEACE AND ARBITRATION.

Theodore Roosevelt is no lawyer. No one ever charged him with being that. He is a man after the Kaiser's own heart. While Roosevelt is for peace and arbitration, the monarchs and generals commanding, feel that they "can do business with him." He brought peace between Japan and Russia, with energy and decision, but without ruffling a hair of either. He would not let Japan ask for too much. He made Russia concede enough. Neither lost in dignity.

At Panama, in Santo Domingo and in lesser international issues, Theodore Roosevelt satisfied Europe that he had no small scruples about getting things done, when great ends were in view for civilization and order. At the head of an international court he could view issues and disputed questions as a statesman called to grave responsibilities and not as do lawyer and judges, called solely to pass on the law between individuals.

Every man in Washington who knows affairs, every diplomat,

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every one called to international issues, sees in Theodore Roosevelt the one man who comes from a free, self-governing country and yet would be accepted by the Rulers of great countries.

All Roosevelt's trip has been directed to this end. Read in the light of this proposition and this future post, how masterly are his speeches! The peace-loving people have got to accept the great peacemaker.

His speeches at Cairo and Guildhall on Egypt have stilled all fear among the colony-holding nations that the new international court might be used to raise issues as to subject nations. At Berlin, Germany, Roosevelt had a good word for compulsory military service and standing armies. At Paris he saw in France the world's intellectual leadership. The dread of the small lands he has stilled by his utterance on international peace and arbitration at Stockholm. He invoked a great past at Rome and the industrial future at Brussels, with a few judicious words which showed he had no prejudices regarding the Congo.

This would be a life position. It would carry a salary commensurate with its importance. What is of far more weight in dignity, in world-wide influence, in historic prestige and in genuine importance and actual power, nothing would equal it.

Much on the court has yet to be settled. The smaller powers are certain to protest. Powers with great territorial possession like Holland and Belgium are certain to protest. All South America will be loud in objection. The United States wishes no disorder there.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF ROOSEVELT.

The British Weekly thus speaks of our ex-President, whose visit to Europe has touched the hearts of the people, both high and low, in such a remarkable degree:

"The attraction of Mr. Roosevelt is that he is America in the flesh. When he speaks the American nation speaks. Therefore we in Europe pay him heed, as we ought to, for the attitude of the American people concerns us all. Red-blooded, warm-hearted, reckless and wise, fierce and kind, a man of the world in the best

sense, with high ethical standards and sincere religious convictions, Mr. Roosevelt does honor to a country where he is beyond comparison the most outstanding man, and of which, to all appearance, he might be, if he chose, President for life. Mr. Roosevelt is a true friend of peace, though very far removed from Quaker principles. There is something wholesome, breezy, and invigorating in his talk, whether one agrees with him or not. All that his critics can say is that he speaks platitudes, but platitudes need to be spoken till they are carried into practice."

Colonel Roosevelt's addresses since his return from the wilds of Africa have been a great contribution to the moral forces of the present time. He has spoken under circumstances not given to any other man, and he said the best things in every place, who else than he could have spoken as he has done?

On June 7th Colonel Roosevelt was the guest of the University of Oxford, where he delivered his Romanes lecture, and the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of civil law.

THE LECTURE AND CONFERMENT.

The lecture and the conferment constituted the main feature of the day, but it did not complete the program, which was as crowded as any that the distinguished American had undertaken in his European travels.

Oxford was glad to see our former President and made the fact known. First there was a reception given by the Mayor of the corporation at the town hall. The auditorium was filled to its limits, and when the guests appeared the audience joined in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

From the town hall the Colonel made hurried visits to the leading colleges and to other places of historic interest.

He was entertained at luncheon by the American Club, leaving soon afterwards for the Sheldonian Theater for his lecture and the ceremonies that added a D. C. L. to the other honorary titles that have been bestowed upon him.

The Colonel's subject was "Biological Analogies in History."

He said: "An American who, in response to such an invitation as I have received, speaks in this university of ancient renown cannot but feel with peculiar vividness the interest and charm of his surroundings, fraught as they are with a thousand associations. Your great universities, and all the memories that make them great, are living realities in the minds of thousands of men who have never seen them and who dwell across the seas in other lands. Moreover, these associations are no stronger in the men of English stock than in those who are not.

"My people have been for eight generations in America; but in one thing I am like the Americans of to-morrow rather than like the many of the Americans of to-day, for I have in my veins the blood of men who came from many different European races. The ethnic make-up of our people is slowly changing, so that constantly the race tends to become more and more akin to that of those Americans who, like myself, are of the old stock but not mainly of English stock.

MUTUAL RESPECT, UNDERSTANDING AND SYMPATHY.

"Yet I think that, as time goes by, mutual respect, understanding, and sympathy among the English-speaking peoples grow greater and not less. Any of my ancestors, Hollander or Huguenot, Scotchman or Irishman, who had come to Oxford in 'the spacious days of great Queen Elizabeth,' would have felt far more alien than I, their descendant, now feel. Common heirship in the things of the spirit makes a closer bond than common heirship in things of the body.

"More than ever before in the world's history, we of to-day seek to penetrate the causes of the mysteries that surround not only mankind but all life, both in the present and the past. We search, we peer, we see things dimly; here and there we get a ray of clear vision as we look before and after.

"We study the tremendous procession of the ages, from the immemorial past when in 'cramp elf and saurian forms' the creative forces 'swathed their too-much power,' down to the yesterday, a

few thousand years distant only, when the history of man became the overwhelming fact in the history of life on this planet; and, studying, we see strange analogies in the phenomena of life and death, of birth, growth, and change.

“ It is this study which has given science its present-day prominence. In the world of intellect, doubtless the most marked features in the history of the past century have been the extraordinary advances in scientific knowledge and investigation and in the position held by the men of science with reference to those engaged in other pursuits.

“ I am not now speaking of applied science—of the science, for instance, which, having revolutionized transportation on the earth and the water, is now on the brink of carrying it into the air; of the science that finds its expression in such extraordinary achievements as the telephone and the telegraph; of the sciences which have so accelerated the velocity of movement in social and industrial conditions—for the changes in the mechanical appliances of ordinary life during the last three generations have been greater than in all the preceding generations since history dawned.

SCIENCE CONTROLLED BY CONDITIONS.

“ I speak of the science which has no more direct bearing upon the affairs of our every-day life than literature or music, painting or sculpture, poetry or history.

“ Now I am willing that history shall be treated as a branch of science, but only on condition that it also remains a branch of literature; and, furthermore, I believe that as the field of science encroaches on the field of literature, there should be a corresponding encroachment of literature upon science; and I hold that one of the great needs, which can only be met by very able men whose culture is broad enough to include literature as well as science, is the need of books for scientific laymen. We need a literature of science which shall be readable.

“ So far from doing away with the school of great historians, the school of Polybius and Tacitus, Gibbon and Macaulay, we need

merely that the future writers of history, without losing the qualities which have made those men great, shall also utilize the new facts and new methods which science has put at their disposal.

“Rome fell by attack from without, only because the ills within her own borders had grown incurable. What is true of your country, my hearers, is true of my own; while we should be vigilant against foes from without, yet we need never really fear them so long as we safe-guard ourselves against the enemies within our own households; and these enemies are our own passions and follies. Free peoples can escape being mastered by others only by being able to master themselves.

INTERNATIONAL INTERESTS INVOLVED.

“We, Americans, and you people of the British Isles, alike, need ever to keep in mind that, among the many qualities indispensable to the success of a great democracy, and second only to a high and stern sense of duty, of moral obligation, are self-knowledge and self-mastery. You, my hosts, and I may not agree in all our views; some of you would think me a very radical democrat—as, for the matter of that, I am; and my theory of imperialism would probably suit the anti-imperialists as little as it would suit a certain type of feeble imperialist. But there are some points on which we must all agree if we think soundly.

“The precise form of government, democratic or otherwise, is the instrument, the tool, with which we work. It is important to have a good tool. But, even if it is the best possible, it is only a tool. No implement can ever take the place of the guiding intelligence that wields it.

“There are questions that we of the great civilized nations are ever tempted to ask of the future. Is our time of growth drawing to an end? Are we as nations soon to come under the rule of that great law of death which is itself but part of the great law of life? None can tell. Forces that we can see and other forces that are hidden or that can but dimly be apprehended are at work all around us, both for good and for evil.

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“After the French Revolution in 1830, Niebuhr hazarded the guess that all civilization was about to go down with a crash, that we were all about to share the fall of third and fourth century. Rome—a respectable but painfully overworked comparison. The fears once expressed by the followers of Malthus as to the future of the world have proved groundless as regards the civilized portion of the world; it is strange indeed to look back at Carlyle’s prophecies of some seventy years ago, and then think of the teeming life of achievement, the life of conquest of every kind, and of noble effort crowned by success, which has been ours for the two generations since he complained to high Heaven that all the tales had been told and all the songs sung, and that all the deeds really worth doing had been done.

A NATION’S REVITALIZATION.

“A nation that seemingly dies may be born again; and even though in the physical sense it die utterly, it may yet hand down a history of heroic achievement, and for all time to come may profoundly influence the nations that arise in its place by the impress of what it has done. Best of all is it to do our part well, and at the same time to see our blood live young and vital in men and women fit to take up the task as we lay it down; for so shall our seed inherit the earth.

“While freely admitting all of our follies and weaknesses of to-day, it is yet mere perversity to refuse to realize the incredible advance that has been made in ethical standards. I do not believe that there is the slightest necessary connection between any awakening of virile force and this advance in the moral standard, this growth of the sense of obligation to one’s neighbor and of reluctance to do that neighbor wrong.

“Every modern civilized nation has many and troublesome problems to solve within its own borders, problems that arise not merely from juxtaposition of poverty and riches, but especially from the self-consciousness of both poverty and riches. Each nation must deal with these matters in its own fashion, and yet the spirit in

which the problem is approached must ever be fundamentally the same.

“ It must be a spirit of broad humanity; of brotherly kindness; of acceptance of responsibility, one for each and each for all; and and at the same time a spirit as remote as the poles from every form of weakness and sentimentality.

“ As in war to pardon the coward is to do cruel wrong to the brave man whose life his cowardice jeopardizes, so in civil affairs it is revolting to every principle of justice to give to the lazy, the vicious, or even the feeble and dull-witted, a reward which is really the robbery of what braver, wiser, abler men have earned.

SPECIAL PROBLEMS AND SPECIAL DUTIES OF OUR OWN.

“ But in addition to these problems the most intimate and important of all which to a larger or less degree affect all the modern nations somewhat alike, we of the great nations that have expanded. that are now in complicated relations with one another and with alien races, have special problems and special duties of our own.

“ You belong to a nation which possesses the greatest empire upon which the sun has ever shone. I belong to a nation which is trying, on a scale hitherto unexampled, to work out the problems of government for, of, and by the people, while at the same time doing the international duty of a great Power. But there are certain problems which both of us have to solve, and as to which our standards should be the same.

“ The Englishman, the man of the British Isles, in his various homes across the seas, and the American, both at home and abroad, are brought into contact with utterly alien peoples, some with a civilization more ancient than our own, others still in, or having recently arisen from, the barbarism which our people left behind years ago.

“ This is what our peoples have in the main done, and must continue to do, in India, Egypt, and the Philippines alike. In the next place, as regards every race, everywhere, at home or abroad, we

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cannot afford to deviate from the great rule of righteousness which bids us treat each man on his worth as a man.

“ This has nothing to do with social intermingling, with what is called social equality. It has to do merely with the question of doing to each man and each woman that elementary justice which will permit him or her to gain from life the reward which should always accompany thrift, sobriety, self-control, respect for the rights of others, and hard and intelligent work to a given end.

“ The foreign policy of a great and self-respecting country should be conducted on exactly the same plane of honor, of insistence upon one's own rights and of a respect for the rights of others, as when a brave and honorable man is dealing with his fellows.

THE COLONEL'S PERSONAL HONOR.

“ Permit me to support this statement out of my own experience. For nearly eight years I was the head of a great nation and charged especially with the conduct of its foreign policy ; and during those years I took no action with reference to any other people on the face of the earth that I would not have felt justified in taking as an individual in dealing with other individuals.

“ I believe that we, of the great civilized nations of to-day, have a right to feel that long careers of achievement lie before our several countries. To each of us is vouchsafed the honorable privilege of doing his part, however small, in that work.

“ Let us strive heartily for success, even if by so doing we risk failure, spurning the poorer souls of small endeavor who know neither failure nor success. Let us hope that our own blood shall continue in the land, that our children and children's children to endless generations shall rise to take our places and play a mighty and dominant part in the world. But whether this be denied or granted by the years we shall not see, let at least the satisfaction be ours that we have carried onward the lighted torch in our own day and generation.

“ If we do this, then, as our eyes close, and we go out into the

darkness, and other hands grasp the torch, at least we can say that our part has been borne well and valiantly."

There were more applications for admission to hear Colonel Roosevelt's lecture at Oxford than when Mr. Gladstone gave the first Romanes lecture and the theatre was fuller than when Prof. Huxley gave the second lecture or when Mr. Balfour gave the lecture in November, 1909.

As Colonel Roosevelt stood before the chancellor, Lord Curzon, the latter addressed three Latin hexameters to him, which translated were:

"Behold, vice-chancellor, the promised wright
Before whose coming comets turned to flight
And all the startled mouths of sevenfold Nile took fright."

Lord Curzon then addressed Colonel Roosevelt, his first word "strenuissime" being declaimed in an indescribably whimsical fashion, which brought a roar of laughter. The address was spoken in Latin. It may be translated:

LORD CURZON'S ADDRESS.

"Most strenuous of men, most distinguished of citizens to-day playing a part on the stage of the world, you who have twice administered with purity the first magistracy of the great republic and may perhaps administer it a third time, peer of most august kings, queller of men, destroyer of monsters, wherever found, yet most human of mankind, deeming nothing indifferent to you, not even the blackest of the black, I by my authority and that of the whole University admit you to the degree of doctor of civil law, honoris causa."

Colonel Roosevelt's last day in England was one of seclusion and rest. He was the guest of Sir Edward Grey at the latter's home in Hampshire and together the two tramped through New Forest, the ancient royal hunting grounds, rich in its fauna and flora, and of absorbing interest to entomologists.

In characteristic fashion Colonel Roosevelt deprived Londoners of the opportunity of giving him a sendoff. Before the people were

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aware of his intention he had left the city, and not a dozen persons knew the time or the manner of his departure.

When the Colonel arrived at Southampton in the morning he immediately joined his family and then the entire party went to the steamship dock. There was a large crowd waiting, and he was greeted by the Mayor and the Sheriff of Southampton. To the Mayor the former President said:

"I would like to express through you, Mr. Mayor, my thanks to the people of this country for the way in which I have been received and to say what pleasant memories I shall always retain of the last portion of my sojourn in England.

"Of course, it was begun under the saddest of circumstances. When I came as the representative of my people to express their sympathy for your country in its hour of affliction I was glad to have the chance of being the American representative here at such a time; and since then your people have received me with such cordial and courteous hospitality that I cannot sufficiently express my appreciation in words."

After cordial farewells to Sir Edward Grey, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur H. Lee, formerly Military Attache of the British Embassy at Washington, and other friends who had come to say good-by, the Roosevelts embarked upon a tender and were carried out to the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. The vessel sailed soon after they had gone aboard.

ROOSEVELT MADE "HIT" AS STOKER ON OCEAN LINER.

Every one of the great number of people aboard the huge Kaiserin Auguste Victoria had a chance to see and hear Colonel Roosevelt.

On June 15, he completed his round of the ship by a visit to the stokehold where he grasped the grimy hands of the stokers and chatted with them as though they were the crew of his own private yacht.

The visit to the stokehold was one of the most interesting events of the trip, and the stokers did their best to show their

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appreciation of the honor. Those who were on the off shift tidied themselves up as much as possible, but Roosevelt seemed even more anxious to shake the hands of those who were actually engaged in feeding the huge furnaces. As one of these laid down his shovel, Roosevelt grabbed it up and showed that he knew something about the knack of stoking by "sifting" several shovels of coal over the glowing bed of coals.

The stokers cheered the Colonel heartily when they saw that he was "one of them." The captain of the ship accompanied the colonel on his rounds through the stokehold.

After his visit below he held an informal reception on deck for the first and second class passengers. This with his visit to the steerage on the preceding Sunday, cleaned up the colonel's reception list. All aboard ship claimed personal acquaintance with their distinguished fellow passenger.

The Colonel's Guildhall speech led to a long discussion of Egyptian affairs in the House of Commons on June 13, the Conservatives demanding to know what course the Ministers proposed to pursue, and some of the members denouncing what they termed Mr. Roosevelt's interference.

Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the Opposition, expressed warm appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt's sympathetic and kindly treatment of the subject. There was nothing in the speech, he said, to which the most sensitive Briton could take exception. The situation in Egypt, he declared, called for prompt action, and he hoped the government would take steps to give support to the British representatives there, without which they will be helpless.

Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, replying to the criticisms in behalf of the Government, announced that Mr. Roosevelt's speech had been communicated to him before it was delivered. He had seldom listened to a speech with greater pleasure. Its friendly intention, he said, was obvious, and, taken as a whole, it was the greatest compliment to the work of one country ever paid by a citizen of another.

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"The Daily Mail" printed a long summary of some of the impressions Colonel Roosevelt derived from his tour as recorded in several conversations with a well-known writer. The manner in which his Guildhall speech was received convinced Colonel Roosevelt that he was fully justified in delivering it. It also increased his respect for the nation, which was not too proud to listen to criticism as well as praise. He expressed warm admiration for the public men he met and of the attitude of the nation.

So long as British public men keep their high ideals of public duty and so long as Britons breed a race of tall, straight, clean-limbed men and gentle, sweet-faced women, Colonel Roosevelt said he would not heed the rumors of creeping paralysis and would not believe that the British empire was anywhere near an end.

The Colonel declared that all over Europe he found evidence that ethical standards were higher probably than ever was known before. Ideas which are religious in the highest sense are spreading. The rulers of every land were inspired by noble purposes and a strong sense of duty of which very few examples could be drawn from earlier times.

Regarding Colonel Roosevelt's future the correspondent said: "The Colonel intends to work away quietly at his conservation policies. He has no intention to live in the public eye, and if it were left to himself to decide he would not think of a third Presidential term as even a possibility. The question is whether the people of the United States will not decide it for him.

"He would be quite content to live his life quietly and happily in his home and with his friends. With a thousand interests to keep his mind active and his sympathies keen no man was ever less dependent upon the excitement and rewards of public life. He could do without them perfectly well."

The correspondent, however, found it inconceivable that the world would not make further demands upon such a man. He concluded enthusiastically: "If America were so unappreciative of greatness as not to call on him further, let us have him back in Europe."

NATION GREETS COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

RECEPTION UNEQUALLED IN COUNTRY'S HISTORY ACCORDED RETURNING HERO—MILLIONS CHEER HIM—GUNS ROAR—WHISTLES SHRIEK GRAND GREETINGS ON LAND AND WATER—PAGEANTS MARK HIS TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the most distinguished citizen of the United States, is once more at home. He was received at New York with the nearest approach we can arrange to the triumphs with which Rome honored its generals on returning from a conquest of the world. Theodore Roosevelt has stirred Africa and Asia and has conquered Europe and the American people could not with self-respect pay less honors to their most striking representative and embodiment than he had received from foreigners.

The people like him. They like him for his frankness, his colloquial language, his free and easy air, his lack of conventionality and ceremony and officialism. Perhaps they liked him best of all because the national traits are uncommonly well developed in him. He presents strikingly the national virtues. He is strong, breezy, good humored and quick in resentment, informal and can on occasions be chiding and reproofing.

Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is enormous and it is deserved. It is creditable to the American people that they like him, even if he has limitations, and some of them rather conspicuous. He was honored in Europe because he was an ex-President of the United States, but they liked him personally. Undeniably he made a tremendous impression all the way from Cairo to Oxford. He added to our national prestige.

Mr. Roosevelt is a man of great force and of uncommonly likable qualities. His countrymen are proud of him and they are immensely pleased that he made so much of a sensation in Europe.

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The following appeared in the editorial column of the New York Times: "New York's welcome to the returning ex-President of the United States will fitly represent the feeling of the whole country for its most illustrious citizen. Whatever of political purpose may underlie the great civic demonstration, there is no doubt of the sincerity of the public's esteem and affection for Mr. Roosevelt, which it so vociferously demonstrated. His compatriots are not all of one mind as to his ability as a constructive statesman, and the value of his services to the Nation. But while his faults may be obvious, his merits are equally clear, and they are of a kind that appeals strongly to the sentiment of the American multitude.

THE COLONEL UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO THE PRESS.

"As for the publicity accorded the world over to every act and utterance of the ex-President, it is only fair to say that he has done much more for the newspaper press than the press has ever done for him. He is the most alert, interesting, and conspicuous private citizen in the world. He is accounted by many the greatest man of his era in this country, by some enthusiasts the greatest in its history, and he has won this superlative measure of esteem, not by any deliberate bid for public approval, not by craftily ministering to supposed popular prejudice, but by his broad humanity, his unquestionable patriotism, the wholesome cleanliness of his life, his mental as well as physical vigor, and his courage. Few can help sharing in the enthusiasm of his welcome.

"Mr. Roosevelt has been absent nearly fifteen months. Much of this time was spent in the African wilds amid the rigors of primitive life which few of his fellow-citizens would care to encounter. He has since been received with tremendous acclaim in nearly every European State, and, unlike most travelers, has been giving rather than receiving impressions. His utterances have been eagerly heard and widely reported. The small amount of hostile criticism, of equally small importance, inspired by his impulsive speaking has been lost in a great chorus of praise.

"Academic and civic honors have been showered upon him,

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and, although he has borne himself always as the plain American citizen, he has received the tribute generally paid in Europe only to royalty. No other citizen has ever caused such a furor abroad. Yet except for a few startling sentences in his speeches at Cairo and at the Guildhall in London, he has expressed only those ideas of human progress and the requirements of modern civilization he has often expressed before, and has been, in every aspect, the Roosevelt we have known so long.

“ Politics, as we have said, played but an insignificant part in his reception. The programme of the ceremony had been in preparation a long time, to be sure. But the enthusiasm displayed was not of the quality that can be artificially stimulated. We must take it as a spontaneous outpouring of popular feeling.

COMMENT OF A WELL-KNOWN PHILADELPHIA EDITOR.

The following article was written by a well-known Philadelphia editor: “ It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of the nation are turned toward New York. It is equally within the truth to say that the sturdy, vigorous American whose home-coming was marked by such an outburst of tumultuous enthusiasm has even a greater degree of popularity and influence among the masses of his own countrymen than when he left the soil of this Republic on the tour which has taken him over half the world.

“ Absence has not diminished his prestige, but increased it. Whether Roosevelt has been facing lions in Africa, meeting monarchs in Europe, or admonishing distinguished audiences in the older centres of civilization, his acts and words have been keenly noted by a large majority of the nation over which he presided as Chief Magistrate. Distance has magnified his personality, emphasized the aggressive virility which is his foremost characteristic, and added to the interest with which he has been regarded.

“ This is an undeniable fact. It cannot be questioned by those who oppose his policies and condemn his methods as a public leader. It is accepted with jubilation by the enormously greater host of those who attach little importance to errors that he has committed,

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but who look upon him as the champion of the rights of the common people, the determined foe of unjust privilege, and the militant exemplar of civic righteousness. It is a remarkable position which Roosevelt occupies and one that has great opportunities for useful service."

The New York greeters poured into New York City by the thousands. New York never really knows when it is crowded. That is why the resident who strolls the streets casually doesn't know that the town is filling up like a balloon.

Down in the Wall Street section were hundreds of a decidedly Western aspect sauntering through streets where the New Yorker always feels that it is necessary for him to walk at a third sped clip. They were seen also, thousands of them, in upper Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

The clerks of the Fifth Avenue hotels had their troubles. All the clubs from out of town wanted outside rooms in the Fifth Avenue hotels, and they wanted rooms on the lower floors. It was not their purpose to stand in line along the curb as the Colonel passes. It was their intention to greet him joyously from the windows, from which they waved flags and sent forth wild yells of greeting.

THE ROUGH RIDERS' HEADQUARTERS.

The Rough Riders, strangely enough, were quartered in the staid Buckingham, at Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue. The Buckingham is what one might term a hotel of the old school. The wild and breezy atmosphere that the Rough Riders bring with them appeared strangely out of place in this placid place of abode.

Fifty former members of the Rough Riders swept into the hotel as if they were charging up San Juan Hill again. Twenty-five, including Colonel "Aleck" O. Brodie, of St. Paul, Minn., who succeeded Colonel Roosevelt as commander of the regiment, arrived in advance of the others, and there were some fifty or more who live in and near New York. They were all there, and such a round of handshaking the hotel clerks admit they never saw before. San Juan Hill was recaptured a dozen times between 6 and 11 o'clock.

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Captain Arthur F. Cosby, in the dual capacity of a Rough Rider and secretary of the Roosevelt Reception Committee, was on hand with Colonel Brodie to welcome the newcomers, most of whom had arrived on the special car in which they traveled from St. Louis. They stopped over in Washington a few hours to meet President Taft.

The newcomers had some rare experiences to tell when they had begun to unbosom themselves. But the talk lingered longest about 'Theodora, the new daughter of the regiment, less than forty-eight hours old, with a bank account of \$41. This is how she came to be the daughter of the regiment:

While the train was speeding east between St. Louis and Cincinnati a baby girl was born in the coach just ahead of that bringing the Rough Riders. Several of the wives of the Rough Riders heard the news, and "Bill" McGinty, described by Colonel Roosevelt as the best broncho-buster in the world; Louis Maverick, of San Antonio, Texas, whose father gave his name to unbranded cattle, and a lot of the others formed a committee to start the young woman in life with a bank account.

AN ADOPTED BABY GIRL IS NAMED "THEODORA."

When the wives of the Rough Riders conveyed the purse to the mother and told her the Rough Riders wanted to adopt the little pink stranger and name her 'Theodora in honor of the great "Theodore," the mother sent back word that she would be "delighted."

Many of the Rough Riders wrung the hand of Warren Crockett until his knuckles cracked. Crockett is a deputy collector of internal revenue in Marietta, Ga., and for the eleven years since the war has been chasing moonshiners in the mountains of that State. He arrived in New York ten days in advance of the Colonel's arrival, and went to Yonkers to visit some friends, when he was taken ill. They put him in a hospital, and the doctor told him he was still suffering from the effects of the yellow fever he caught in Cuba, with a touch of appendicitis.

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"But I am going to ride in that parade on Saturday," Crockett told the doctor. But the doctor said if he did it might kill him.

"I lay there two or three days," Crockett said in telling about it, "and then when the doctor wasn't about and the nurses weren't over watchful I slipped on my clothes and here I am. And I am going to ride in that parade if it does kill me."

Among those at the Buckingham was Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., son of John D. Crimmins, of New York. Captain Crimmins, who is an old Rough Rider, was on his way to Alaska, where he has been ordered by the Secretary of War on special duty.

And then there was Guilford Chapin.

"Look at that little cuss. He was the oldest man in the regiment. Look at the beard on him. We called him grandfather," said one Rough Rider.

OLDEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

"Yes," said Chapin, "that's my name, G-u-i-l-f-o-r-d Chapin," from Nutriosis, Arizona. Yes, sir, I reckon I was the oldest man in the regiment. I'm sixty-three now; that makes me fifty-one when I went in. But I didn't tell 'em that. I didn't go back to the Bible. I gave my military age, forty-two—just right to slip in."

Among the Rough Riders from New Mexico were former Governor George Curry, of New Mexico, who was a captain in the regiment; Major W. H. H. Llewellyn, Lieutenant D. J. Leahy and Captain Fred Muller.

Curry had led an active life since the war. He went out to the Philippines in the volunteer army, became Governor in turn of three provinces, and was chief of police in Manila for three years. He was engaged in writing his reminiscences of the Philippines.

Captain Muller brought along the flag which was presented by the ladies of New Mexico to the second squadron of the regiment.

"New Mexico furnished more than 300 of the 1,200 Rough Riders," said Curry. "It's a pretty long way for our boys to travel to get to the reunion, but all the boys would have liked to get here."

The morning mist hung low over the bay when the Kaiserin

Auguste Victoria, the Hamburg American Liner that bore the former President loomed up at Sandy Hook. It was just 6.30 when the press tug J. K. Gilkinson sighted the incoming steamer, and a few minutes afterward a salute of twenty-one guns boomed forth from the gray battleship South Carolina. Five torpedo boat destroyers, the Flusser, Reid, Smith, Lamson and Preston were hovering around as a naval escort for the liner.

Decked out from stem to stern with flags of every color and nation the Kaiserin dropped her anchor off Quarantine at 7.55. Another salute for Colonel Roosevelt had boomed from the muzzles of Fort Wadsworth, and he stood gazing till the last flicker of smoke had died away.

WELCOMED BY THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit, Theodore, Jr., Mrs. Alice Longworth, and Miss Alexander, the fiancée of young Roosevelt, with half a dozen intimate friends were in earnest converse on the deck of the Manhattan with the returning big game hunter a few moments afterward. The committee boat Androscoggin with Cornelius Vanderbilt and a couple of hundred members of the Reception Committee named by Mayor Gaynor was speeding down the bay and at 8.45 a gangplank was swung from the Manhattan to the committee boat.

From every point of the compass steamers were coming up to witness the debarkation of Colonel Roosevelt from the Manhattan. The air reverberated with the shrieks of steam whistles and cheers could be heard on every side. All eyes were on the silk-hatted, frock-coated figure of Mr. Roosevelt.

As the gangplank was made fast he looked up and beamed at the row of committee members leaning over the Androscoggin's side. Suddenly he made a dash toward Collector Loeb.

"Hey, Billy, Billy," he cried, startling his former secretary with the suddenness of the call, "Don't forget my overcoat."

A little laugh went round the boats as the faithful Loeb took charge of the coat, and then while another salute of twenty-one guns

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split the ears from the South Carolina, Mr. Roosevelt made his way to the deck of the Androscoggin. A cheer that was taken up by thousands of throats on the nearby vessels rang from end to end of the committee boat.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, as chairman of the committee, met the home-coming hunter at the starboard gangway. Colonel Roosevelt extended his hand, but Mr. Vanderbilt held back for a moment.

"As chairman of the committee appointed by Mayor Gaynor to receive you on your return," said Mr. Vanderbilt in a quiet tone, while every other voice on board was stilled, "I have the honor of presenting you with this badge on behalf of the committee."

Mr. Vanderbilt opened a little black case and took out a gold medal similar to the badges worn by members of the committee. This he pinned on the lapel of Mr. Roosevelt's coat, and then he shook the Colonel's hand.

UNABLE TO EXPRESS HIS APPRECIATION.

The ex-President bared his head and his sun-tanned cheeks glowed with pride. With the incisive manner that characterizes his speech, punctuated by snaps of his square jaws, he replied:

"I'm sure I am glad to thank you and to see you. I appreciate all the committee has done. I cannot express myself with sufficient emphasis and appreciation."

A volley of cheers marked the end of the little speech and Col. Roosevelt was hurried through the surging throng of reporters and committee men to the stern of the Androscoggin. There, standing under an awning, he began a reception.

Meantime in the still waters of the harbor there was a great churning of screws and paddles and the water parade began to form in line. The revenue steamers Calumet and Hudson led the procession, and between them, a little astern, came the U. S. steamer Dolphin, Secretary Meyer's boat. The battleship South Carolina, a great wave rolling from her bow, steamed gray and forbidding behind the Dolphin, followed by the torpedo boat destroyers and two patrol boats.

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When so much of the line had been formed the Androscoggin slowly turned her nose toward the North River and set out in pursuit. The revenue steamer Seneca, with another load of committee members and a battalion of newspaper men and photographers, steamed along behind in line with the Mohawk, another revenue steamer, and back of them came the Manhattan with the family and intimate friends of Mr. Roosevelt on board.

That closed the official list of parading vessels, but in a line that stretched for miles back of the Manhattan was the Albany and a fleet of private yachts, tugboats and other vessels under command of Commodore F. B. Dalzell, on board the tug Dalzelline. As the Androscoggin steamed leisurely up the river the twelve divisions of following vessels made a magnificent tail to the procession, dressed up in multi-colored bunting.

THE COLONEL HOLDS A RECEPTION.

All interest was centred in the group at the stern of the Androscoggin. There, flanked by Cornelius Vanderbilt and Captain Cosby, the secretary of the committee, with Collector Loeb and Commodore R. A. C. Smith standing in front of him, Colonel Roosevelt was busy shaking hands and greeting those on board as they passed in line before him.

Captain Cosby alone of the committee was not attired in the traditional frock coat. An old Rough Rider, he had donned the uniform of the corps for the occasion, and the Colonel slapped him on the back and shook him with both hands in sheer glee at the sight of the beloved khaki.

An old friend of the Democratic side of the House to be welcomed was James W. Oliver, the Assemblyman known as "Paradise Jimmy." Oliver looked ill as he stepped up to clasp the Colonel's hand. He was met with a handclasp as gentle as a woman's, yet full of the characteristic Rooseveltian heartiness.

"Ah, Jimmy," said Mr. Roosevelt, "it's really a pleasure to see you again and have you welcome me. How goes it with you? He and I, you know," was added, with a glance at the reporters,

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"were together in the Legislature in the old days, and I can tell you we never allowed the Constitution to come between friends. Did we, Jimmy?" Another clasp of the hand and Oliver had given way to another committeeman.

There passed before him fully two hundred men, Governors, soldiers, lawyers, secretaries, bankers—men of many walks in life. For each he had a little word as he gave the strenuous handclasp. For Governor Fort of New Jersey Mr. Roosevelt's welcome was particularly hearty, and he caused a laugh when a young man announced himself as from the University of California.

"That university ought to be mighty grateful to me," said the Colonel, "for I sent it an elephant. The first time such a gift was ever made to a university, I believe, and furthermore, it was not a white one."

A WORD FOR EVERYBODY.

President Miller of Bronx Borough got a hearty greeting, just as did Beverly Robinson, lawyer, who was reminded that he was with Roosevelt on Marcy Mountain when the news of the shooting of President McKinley reached them. The newspaper men got a kind word, and Colonel Roosevelt spoke of having "four of the elect of the guild" with him as constant companions "from way above Khartoum."

Walter S. Page, publisher, was told that Mr. Roosevelt "wanted to see him soon about that book," and a professorlike man was assured: "Yes, I like my Romanes lecture the best of all. It was the more finished." Brig.-Gen. Wingate was informed that the Sirdar of Egypt had sent his best regards; Henry Clews was greeted and told to give his daughter "my best love;" Frank Tyree, a former Secret Service agent, was reminded of old days; Joseph Murray, a Republican district leader, was thanked for having been Roosevelt's sponsor in political matters as a youth, and Gov. Mills of New Mexico, was thanked for coming so far. To a man who who wanted him to come out to Arizona, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"Yes, I feel fine, and I can't look as fine as I feel; but, there are

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limits to my physical powers, sir, that is all." Former Senator McCarty of Kentucky, also was heartily greeted, and former Judge Elbert H. Gary was slapped on the back and told to "look cheerful." Alfred Lauterbach came in for a strong grip.

All the handshaking was done by the time the Androscoggin had got close to Fourteenth Street on the North River, and then Colonel Roosevelt made for the captain's bridge. The shores of New Jersey, like those of New York and Brooklyn, were black with people, and the noise of the shrieking steam whistles was deafening.

Opposite Fourteenth Street it was decided to turn back, instead of going on to Fifty-ninth. Time was passing and the Colonel was due at the Battery at 11 o'clock.

Punctually at 11 Mr. Roosevelt reached that place, left the boat and went to the stand where Mayor Gaynor was awaiting him. The Battery Park and surroundings were jammed with spectators and the cheers were ear-splitting. Then calm was restored and Mayor Gaynor delivered his short address of welcome.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S WELCOME.

Mayor Gaynor welcomed Colonel Roosevelt in less than one hundred and fifty words and the Colonel began his reply immediately. His voice was a little hoarse, but he spoke with his usual force and declamatory effect. A big cheer and a loud laugh went up when he said with emphasis: "I enjoyed myself immensely."

Mayor Gaynor, in welcoming the Colonel said: "We are all here to welcome Mr. Roosevelt to New York. We have watched his progress through Europe with delight. Wherever he has gone he has been honored as a man and as an exponent of the principles of the government of this country. He was received everywhere in Europe and honored as no man from this country ever was honored. We glory in all that, and it only remains for me to say now, Colonel Roosevelt, that we welcome you home most heartily, and we are glad to see you again."

Replying to Mayor Gaynor, the Colonel said: "I thank you, Mayor Gaynor. Through you I thank your committee and through

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them I wish to thank the American people for their greeting. I need hardly say I am most deeply moved by the reception given me. No man could receive such a greeting without being made to feel both very proud and very humble.

“ I have been away a year and a quarter from America and I have seen strange and interesting things alike in the heart of the frowning wilderness and in the capitals of the mightiest and most highly polished of civilized nations. I have thoroughly enjoyed myself, and now I am more glad than I can say to get home, to be back in my own country, back among people I love. And I am ready and eager to do my part so far as I am able in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic Republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities.

DUTY OF CITIZENS.

“ This is the duty of every citizen, but it is peculiarly my duty; for any man who has ever been honored by being made President of the United States is thereby forever after rendered the debtor of the American people and is bound throughout his life to remember this as his prime obligation, and in private life as much as in public life so to carry himself that the American people may never have cause to feel regret that once they placed him at their head.”

After the brief exercises at the Battery the land parade started. Because of the great number of organizations from all over the country that wanted to march, the parade was limited to little more than an escort. A selection was made, therefore, and these bodies were lined up on both sides of Fifth Avenue.

The parade was led by a squadron of mounted police, followed by the Squadron A mounted band. The Roosevelt Rough Riders, who were holding their first reunion since 1905, came next, escorting their former Colonel.

The Rough Riders had assembled under Colonel Alexander A. Brodie, who was a major in the old regiment. The men came from all over the country, though mostly from the West. Colonel Brodie

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is now a lieutenant colonel in the regular army station at St. Paul, in the adjutant general's office. About one hundred and fifty former members of the regiment rode in the parade, wearing new uniforms, but carrying the tattered old battle flags. The Abernathy boys, who came all the way from Oklahoma on horseback, were in the parade.

The Colonel's carriage followed immediately behind the Rough Riders. Mayor Gaynor and Cornelius Vanderbilt were with him. In the carriages immediately following were the representatives of the President and the various States. The committee of the New York Senate and Assembly occupied five carriages. The three hundred members of the reception committee followed, and after them marched the Seventh Regiment Band of one hundred pieces.

A high tribute was paid to Theodore Roosevelt by Governor John Franklin Fort, who addressed a throng of Freemasons at the ceremonies of the laying of the cornerstone for the first Masonic Temple in East Orange. He declared that the ex-President was an ideal Mason and the leading citizen of the world.

GREATEST CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

The Governor offered his eulogy by a coincidence from the very platform from which a week previous he had roused the enthusiasm of another crowd, by calling for three cheers for Roosevelt and leading them with a will. The Governor alluded to the time when the Fredericksburg Lodge of Masons in Virginia celebrated its sesquicentennial. Roosevelt, then President of the United States, addressed the celebrants, but in the lodge he was not "The President," but just "Brother Roosevelt."

"I say to-day that that same man is the greatest citizen of the Republic," said the Governor. "He is the greatest citizen of the world, and recognized as such, I believe, in every nation. I thought of that occasion at Fredericksburg when to-day I saw 500,000 paying such a glorious tribute to one single man."

Fully a million and a half people stood and waited for the moment when, in ship, or in carriage, the returning Roosevelt should

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come within their field of vision, and when he did the noise broke loose. Bands blared, cannon roared, and sirens screamed, but above their din rose the steady continuous thunder of human welcome.

"Oh, you Roosevelt," "Good Old Teddy!" rang the five mile chorus, and through it all he rode bareheaded, flushed with the pride of hero-worship, bowing to right and left, picking out here and there some enthusiast for special notice, a wave of the hand or a wide smile.

Theodore Roosevelt is little changed from the man who sailed for Africa fifteen months ago. A little more grizzled perhaps, as to the framing of his upper lip, a trifle heavier in the shoulders from the muscle forming strenuousness of big game hunting.

HE'S THE SAME OLD ROOSEVELT.

But the flat topped head was flung back as defiantly as when of old he faced an audience, the glistening teeth flashed as brightly under the gold rimmed glasses, the blue gray eyes smiled out with the same magnetic brilliancy and the stubby sun-scorched fingers gripped in handshake with all the tensivity of yore.

Ideal weather marked the passing of the show. "Roosevelt luck," his admirers called it, and not until the parade had disbanded and Rough Riders and Spanish War Veterans had dispersed did the sky open its flood gates and drench the streets with a furious down-pour. But Roosevelt Day was over then to all intents and purposes, and the crash of thunder and blaze of lightning were deemed by many to be only the closing salute of the clouds.

Mr. Roosevelt may well have felt a deep inward satisfaction at the quality of his welcome home. There were the parades on land and sea, there were the crowds, the shouting and the bands, there was, moreover, that sincere heartiness of greeting without which all these ceremonies would have been but a hollow formality. No circumstance appropriate to a triumphal re-entry was wanting. Mr. Roosevelt's city and Mr. Roosevelt's country rejoice that he has

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come back safe and sound from his voluntary yet most agreeable exile.

Now that his remarkable journey has come to an end, his countrymen will inevitably turn their thoughts to the future. They wonder what part he is to take in their affairs. The conjecture that he himself is thinking of the future would not violently strain the probabilities, we presume. It is one of Mr. Roosevelt's peculiarities that he keeps thinking himself, and that he keeps others thinking.

He has said that he shall say nothing about politics for at least two months. That resolution was wise and prudent, no doubt, though he may find it hard to keep it to the letter. It is another of Mr. Roosevelt's peculiarities that he is apt to give the country early information of what is going on in his mind. It is doubtless safer for him and for the country that this is so. It tends to the avoidance of surprises and gives time for preparation.



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